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PETER MEYER-DOHM

THE FRAGRANCE OF THE HEART

Encounters with Dadaji

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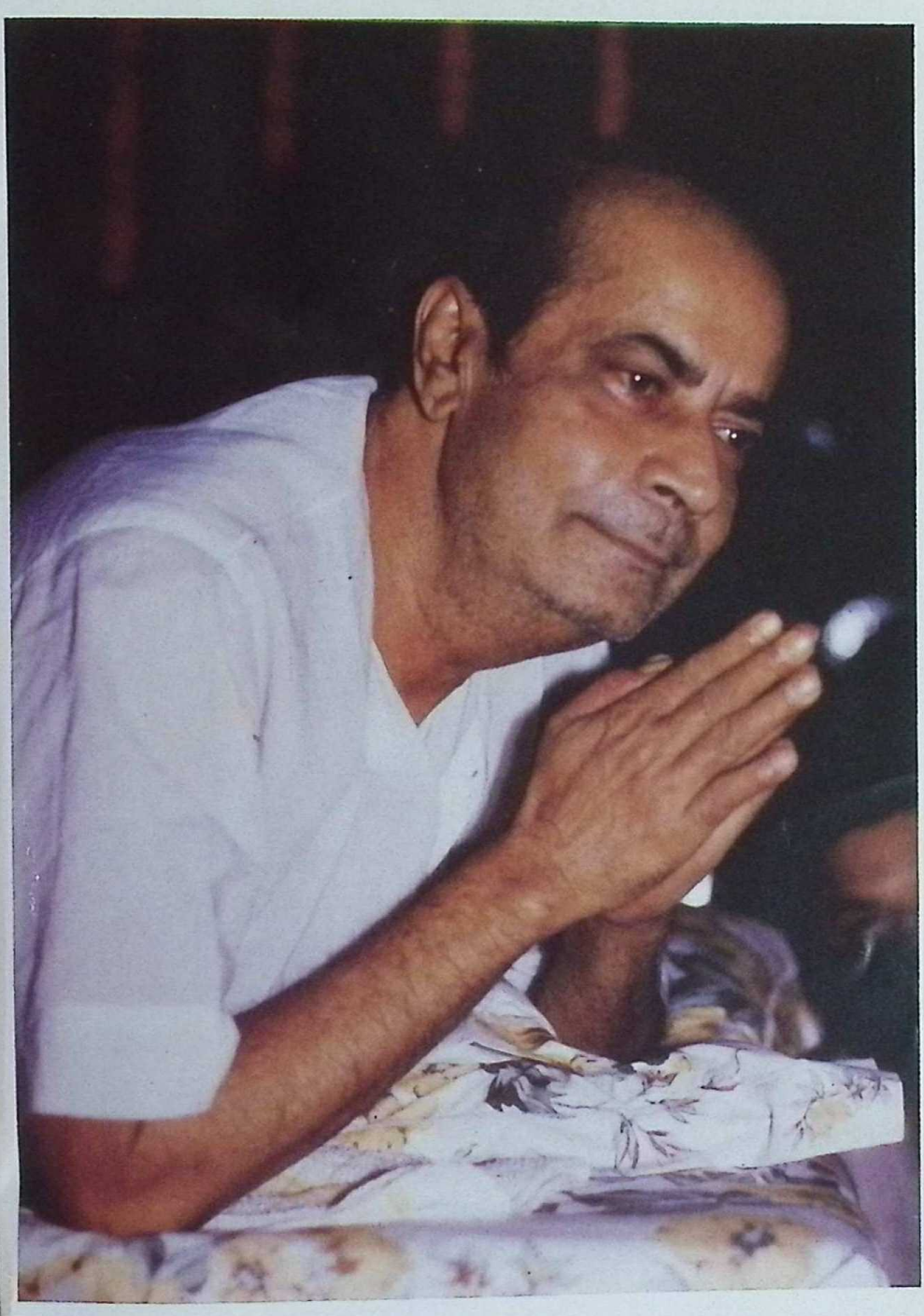

Dadaji

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Address :
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PREFACE

This is a book with a unique history. It was orgininally planned in 1979 as an economist's contribution to the understanding of our human role as 'householder' on this Planet Earth. From the beginning it was a loosely defined venture, because I wanted to write this book incorporating the philosophy of Dadaji, whom I met for the first time in June 1978. I, the economist, was not successful in this approach, for I found myself writing a Love Story - the best description of my relationship with Dadaji and with God.

Real Love Stories always have a certain intimacy, both when they happen between human beings and between a human being and God. For a long time I shied away from publicly discussing my deep emotions and profound experiences with God. Indeed, it took many years and a great deal of courage before I inwardly agreed to go along with the plan to make my voluminous correspondence with Dadaji, together with my diary commentaries available to other readers. Some of my letters to Dadaji were published, but, in my opinion, didn't make full sense without what Dadaji had written in response. Furthermore, a correspondence disconnected from the context of real life, as I reveal in my diaries, does not relay to the reader the full fragrance of love that permeated my life as my relationship with Dadaji blossomed.

Until now, I have unconsciously, and at times consciously, tried to hide behind academic and professional reputation and the facade of a self-controlled, rational human being. However, the present book was born due to the wonderful and often amazing experiences occurring in this Love Story and the growing certainty that others can and should participate in it.

When I finally started the book in 1987 I found it, so to speak, already written. I was able to draw upon my diaries, Dadaji's letters to me and mine to him, and a large number of other letters and notes. Yes, as Dadaji wrote to me in late 1979, the book was aleady written; it only hat to await the "Fragrance of the Heart" to see the light of day. In the following years, writing became a natural part of

my daily routine, as the decision unfolded to write the story of my experiences with Dadaji as authentically and openly as possible. Astonishingly, this had been all foreseen by Dadaji. The writing took several years because of my professional duties as an economist and corporate manager required most of my time.

I must confess that at first I found it difficult to be as open as this Love Story demands. I hadn't read anything else of this kind and therefore couldn't take refuge behind a familiar example. My wife Uta and my close friends were very helpful throughout. Whenever I got 'weak knees' during the march through the chapters of the manuscript, I found myself encouraged and helped by extraordinary strong waves of love, which welled up again and again with remembering Him - God, The Supreme Being or however you may call this Transcendent Force. I'm having the same experience while writing this preface.

Although my mother-tongue is German, I wrote this book in English to give Dadaji's many English-speaking friends the opportunity to read it. Sadly for me, the book is now finished after Dadaji's passing in 1992. As English is my second language, I'm extremely thankful to Ann Mills, who edited the wonderfull book on Dadaji, *The Truth Within*, that she was available to edit my book. In her I found someone very close to Dadaji, who was able not only to correct my English, but also give many invaluable hints to clarify and deepen the text. I have to thank her for all her patience and unfading friendship.

I also have to thank my dear friends Abhi Bhattacharya and Prof.Dr.Lalit Pandit for many clarifications, Abhi being the one who is a real treasure trove of stories about Dadaji. Dr.Nanilal Sen was also helpful with his comments that arose from his deep philosophical understanding of the message of Dadaji. The list would be far too long if I were to go on mentioning names of those who helped me here and there with special contributions, sometime unaware that they were helping me. I can never forget her, "through whom I chanced upon His Love", as Dadaji once wrote to me - my wife Uta. Without her critical encouragement and steady loving

companionship throughout these many long years of personal transformation, I would not have dared to write this book.

Who might enjoy reading this book? I need not stress that the story about my encounters with Dadaji will be of special interest to those have come to know him either in person or through other books. They share my admiration and love for him and thus will have an easy affinity for my Love Story. This includes countless people in India who met him or heard Dadaji's name. Many visitors outside India also came to Calcutta to see him, and he met housands more over the 12 years when he travelled in Europe and the United States.

Amongst those coming in personal contact with Dadaji were many prominent scientists and academicians, who wrote also articles about him like Ilya Prigogine, Linus Pauling, Eugene N.Kovalenco, Pauline Arneberg, Sarvepalli Radhakrishnan, and others. Dadaji was very interested in members of the academic community, but also in well-known writers like Henry Miller, Kushwant Singh, and Harindranath Chattopadhayaya who wrote articles testifying to their admiration for Dadaji. And there are a multitude of people from all walks of life - judges, scientists, administrators, managers, politicians, medical doctors, artists, musicians, students, engineers, journalists, housewives - who came into close and intimate relationship with Dadaji. Some met him in prson and others through publications, or through friends or relatives. I don't know whether this book will reach many of them. Nevertheless, I hope that it will and that it may remind them of the wonderful elder brother.

Those people who may pick up this book although they have never heard of Dadaji are likely to be divided into a number of groups. There are people who are Indians or have at least some familiarity with Indian culture; their acceptance may be easy. But I want to notify them that I'm neither an Indian nor an Indologist, i.e., an expert in Indian culture and philosophy. these readers may find Dadaji's interpretations of the age-old concepts and indeas not in line with Indian tradition. Another group of readers are scientists who may miss scientific jargon, method and terms, or reference to the findings of modern science. I don't know whether my story is

acceptable to them or not. It tells about a reality which isn't of the mind and it contradicts many scientific findings. But this I cannot help.

I feel that one group of potential readers may be very unhappy with my book. This is the group for whom God has His special habitat in churches, temples, and Ashrams, and who acknowledge priests and Gurus as mediators between them and God. Dadaji has always spoken strongly against such "religious exploiters". Yet, I know of a number of Christian priests who are very liberal and not content with religious hierarchies and dogmas. They would enjoy my book. All others in this group are likely to be angry with me, their brother.

I sincerely hope that one group, to which I belong myself, will savor this book - those who love God, those who are in tune with Him, who alone is the Guru and the Truth within us. God is with us all the time, 24 hours a day till the end of our days. Dadaji constantly spoke about Him as our "nearest and dearest". And Dadaji lives Him so much that I have difficulty discriminating between him and Him. It is my great hope that more and more women and men will come in conscious touch with that inner source which is He, which is Love.

Destedt, *Spring 1993* Peter Meyer-Dohm

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We have come here to make love to Him,
to be bathed in His Love and to vibrate His Love
through the actions that come our way.

Dadaji

CHAPTER ONE

No human being can ever be a Guru

The combination of a strong inner prompting and professional duties took me to India for the first time in 1962. Many other visits followed, mainly due to my academic profession, the study of economics of education and economic development processes in the those days so-called 'Third World'. In India, I never actively sought contact with Gurus, Sadhus, or other 'holy persons', but deliberately left it to 'chance' whether I crossed their paths, and in fact this rarely happened. I was told of and read about the many astonishing powers ('Siddhis') which are attributed to such people, but these 'miracle powers' never aroused my curiosity. In this respect it was less a question of doubt, rather something akin to disinterest. More important to me were the encounters with people, in the course of which my heart grew warm because I was able to experience wisdom, kindness, and love - radiant love. And this was what happened when I met Dadaji - not in India, but in Germany.

One morning in June 1978 a call came. At that time I was Rector of the Ruhr University and happened to be the President of the Bochum branch of the Indo-German Society which sponsors activities to strengthen the cultural contacts between India and Germany. The call was from Dr. Chandrakant Khetani, an Indian doctor in the neighboring town of Witten. He said, "There is one Dadaji coming. I have seen him in London yesterday and he asked me to prepare for a meeting of people with him. I know you have good relations with the press and I want to make an announcement that anyone who wishes to come, can come to my house to see Dadaji, Saturday afternoon."

I was a little annoyed that I was being involved and told Dr. Khetani, "You shouldn't do that. You never know who will come for such a meeting. Better you come to my house and we'll see what can be done." After that call I was really angry with

myself that I had invited him to my house to talk about a thing which did not interest me at all. In the evening, Dr.Khetani came with a lot of newspaper clippings showing a good looking gentleman called Dadaji in different poses with prominent personalities, and reporting about miracle healings and so on. Having been to India already several times, I had some understanding of Indian culture, but what Dr.Khetani told me about this man - that he was able to materialize objects and to make inscriptions on watches at the touch of his finger, and above all, he healed incurable diseases - sounded a little bit strange and didn't make sense to me.

I was very reluctant, yet gave Dr.Khetani some addresses of members of the Indo-German Society, so that he might approach them with his invitation. Dr.Khetani wanted to know, "Will you come?" I said, "No, I don't think so as I may have business." After the visitor had gone, I told Uta, my wife, about the whole thing, and that we in the Indo-German Society should always try to stay clear of such influences of travelling Mantra-sellers and pseudo-Yogis. But my wife said, "Let us go there." After some hesitation I agreed, glad to enlist her judgment and her intuitive assessment of people.

On June 10, 1978, we went to Dr.Khetani's house and knocked at the front door. Nobody answered. I quickly said to my wife, "Let's go home, he is not here." But she replied, "Having come all the way here, I now want to enter this house!" She was very much decided. So we went around the house and found a back door. Upon ringing the doorbell, Dr.Khetani invited us in and introduced us to Abhi Bhattacharya, a prominent Indian movie star, who was travelling with Dadaji. After climbing a narrow staircase, we found fifteen or more members of the Indo-German Society already present, some being Indologists, academic specialists in the field of Indian culture and religion. I didn't feel well, because I had given their addresses without quite knowing what might happen.

What happened then was an American, the bearded Harvey Freeman gave us a longish report about Dadaji, not leaving out the unexplainable healings and other miracles. After an hour, I began to wonder when this Dadaji would appear. Just then an Indian gentleman came on the scene, clothed in a sort of toga-like sheet, and reclined on a couch that had been prepared for him. This was Dadaji. I looked at him, while he gazed over the gathering of visitors, not fixing on anybody in particular. Then, he lit a cigarette. I was alarmed. A Guru smoking! I was a non-smoker, but a Guru smoking - that must be something special! Very interesting!

The American gentleman went on and on. Suddenly Dadaji said, "Stop!" Then he asked smilingly, in unbelievably broken English, for questions. Nobody was ready to start. So I asked him to tell us more about the "Name of God" that Harvey Freeman had mentioned. Dadaji seemed to hesitate and Harvey intervened, "The Name is within you." No further explanations.

A friend of mine inquired whether Dadaji was practising Yoga. Dadaji asked back, "What is Yoga?" And after a short pause he added, "Every profession, our daily work is Yoga." I asked, "Is the whole life Yoga?" Dadaji said, "Certainly!" Another question was, "What do you think about ceremonies?" Dadaji was very much against ceremonies and rituals as means 'to come to God'. He frankly told us, "All this is bluff and very egocentric." Dadaji commented strongly and sarcastically on the business of Yoga and Mantras, "All these so-called and self-styled Bhagwans, Maharishis, Babas and Gurus are bluffing innocent people to make money! No human being can ever be a Guru!" I was fascinated by these strong statements, not so much because Dadaji was ringing my bell, rather I had the feeling of listening to a compelling authority.

There was a gentleman from the field of Indology who asked a question. I have forgotten the real content, but something about the axis of the earth and how according to Indian scriptures our globe is fixed in the universe and so on; indeed, it was very complicated.

I couldn't clearly make out what he wanted to ask. Dadaji looked at him and started with his broken English that hardly made sense. It was an embarrassing situation. I found myself raising my arm and asking Dadaji, "May I try to explain in English so that you may check what I'm saying?" Then I felt even more uncomfortable, because I had promised to answer a question I myself had not fully understood, and to do this in a language which is not my mother tongue. Dadaji was smiling and leaning back on the couch. He didn't fix his eyes on me. So, I boldly started and, I think, gave a fairly good explanation. At least to me it sounded good. And, it was new to me also, for at that moment I heard it for the first time. The gentleman nodded and I had already forgotten what I had said. From that moment on I didn't concentrate on the following questions and answers, because I was quite taken aback by my own very special experience and was pondering on what had just happened to me. Dadaji was lying there, sometimes smiling, sometimes looking out of the window. Then I heard another question; again I tried to help, and it again clicked.

This meeting with Dadaji scarcely met the usual expectations attached in the Western longitudes to the popular Indian export called 'Guru'. He was more like an 'Anti-Guru'. After two hours, those people had left who had either waited in vain for some 'miracle' to happen, or who from the first had their doubts about the genuineness of this man, having missed hearing interpretations of holy scriptures and words of wisdom from an eloquent master. He also didn't sell any techniques for spiritual upliftment.

The number decreased even further when Dadaji asked who would like to partake of 'Diksha'. I didn't know what this question meant but nevertheless expressed my willingness, as did my wife and three or four others. Dadaji stood up and said, "Come." So we went to the upper story of the house, where in his room Dadaji indicated for Uta and me to sit near him on the floor, one on each side, and he placed a hand on each of our heads. He said, "This should be photographed." I objected, because I saw myself pictured in the

newspapers. But Dadaji calmed me down, "It is only for me." Who knows, I thought, can you believe somebody who says, "It's only for me?" And for what purpose? While I was still protesting there was a silent moment and the picture was taken. What could I do? Years later Dadaji showed me the picture, "Do you remember how you protested against it?" Then we went to sit outside Dadaji's room in a small vestibule. I was still not feeling good about the photo. On the other hand, meeting this Dadaji was something very special.

Dadaji came to us and explained what he had already said to the gathering downstairs: "No human being can ever be a Guru. It's not me, not this simple, illiterate man - it is He, who is the Doer. I do not know how things happen, I'm only a witness of His deeds." And then he told us something about a picture of Sri Sri Satyanarayan, which was hanging on the wall. When Dadaji says 'He', this personification or symbolic representation of Ultimate Reality or Truth is meant, this was my understanding. "He alone is the Guru," Dadaji repeated many times, "the Guru inside us. Truth cannot enter your mind through your ears. It cannot be told that way and understood. It only comes from within."

After some time Dadaji asked Dr. Khetani whether the 'Puja-room' was ready. When Dr. Khetani nodded assent, Dadaji led me into a small room, emptied of all furniture. At one wall I found the picture of Sri Sri Satyanarayan. In front of it was what looked like a small altar with three lighted candles, fruits, nuts, and other 'Prasad' (offerings).

Dadaji asked me to sit to his left on a small mat. He now took his clothes off and sat down next to me. He advised me to bow deeply before the representation of the 'Ultimate Reality' and passed his hand upward along my spine. After I sat erect again, he also made some strokes over my chest and my heart. Then he gave me a piece of blank paper, which I had to hold between my palms while uttering "Ram, Ram, Ram", an invocation of God very common in

India. Soon I heard some voice inside me. He told me to look at the paper and I found two names in red Roman letters on it: "Gopal Gowinda." It was what I had heard inside me. This was the 'Manifestation of Mahanam'. Dadaji told me never to forget to remember these names while in-breathing and out-breathing.

The idea came into my mind that the two names belonged to Lord Krishna. Dadaji seemed to have grasped this thought, for he said, "Not Krishna, but His Essence." During the manifestation of Mahanam a wonderful, very special fragrance filled the room. It seemed to emanate from the man at my side. "Tell everything to your wife, she got Mahanam together with you," Dadaji advised.

Years later an Indian friend and professor in Bombay, whom I had come to know previously through Dadaji, told me that Mahanam always appears written on the blank paper in red ink and in the mother-tongue and script of the receiver. Having taken his academic degree from the Swiss Technical University in Zurich and thus knowing still a little German, he made me aware of the fact that I myself read "Gowinda" on the paper, the German version of the English transcription 'Govinda'. I personally was not used to nor aware of the German spelling. But now back to my story.

It was Dadaji's nearness which was for me the real experience: the appearance of a man radiating love. I left the room deep in thought and again joined Uta in the vestibule. Later on, after the others also had Mahanam, I was again called into the 'Puja-room'. I had to bow before the picture, and Dadaji sprinkled some water on my head; again the emanation of the fragrance occurred. "I have come to Germany only for you, for I know you since a long time," Dadaji said. "You only have to do your duty - but remember Him always. And now you will get Charanjal," he added. He took a bottle of fresh, clean water which I had to taste. The bottle was closed properly and Dadaji held it in his hands. The water seemed to become opalescent. On opening the bottle again, a wonderful fragrance came out of it. Dadaji told me this 'Charanjal' could be

helpful for my wife, when she had to go to the hospital, as previously planned, for a surgical operation. Dadaji left the room with me and went to Uta to present her a necklace with the picture of Sri Sri Satyanarayan. He also made strokes along her spine, over her chest and face, filling her too with his fragrance. Then we went home feeling richly rewarded.

For a Central European all this is very unusual and yet the experience had nothing unreal about it. In the original sense of the word it was natural and took place in a kind of mental sobriety, far removed from any emotional rapture. I attended to everything that happened with heightened awareness, registered it all as facts without surprise, photographed all the proceedings within myself such that even today I can see them clearly. It was a kind of attentive distance from which I observed. And when I ran over everything in my mind the following day it was not the actions and incidents, the 'miracles', which counted, but it was Dadaji's own person, his emanating love and kindness. In the foreground was something which it is difficult to describe - a feeling of sublime happiness. That was also the impression of Uta, who had experienced the meeting with Dadaji as deeply as I had.

When I woke up the following Sunday morning, I felt a bit uneasy, for my first idea was how to explain to others what had happened the evening before. But then I became aware of the wonderful fragrance, which emanated from the cushion and the bed. This was great! And I felt ready for any battle to come.

Like many others I did my daily duties, but in addition I was following an inner urge to discover myself. As far as I can see now, this had a double cause - an inner and an outer. The latter has something to do with my boyhood during the Nazi regime and the Second World War. I belonged to the large group of children under the impact of the Nazi ideology, ready to fight for what we believed

to be 'the right of the German people'. When the cruelsome war was over, we had to realize that our naive idealism had been exploited by the worst type of nationalist, militarist and racist regime. We were bound to live in a destroyed country with the memory of Auschwitz and other signs of utmost barbarity.

I was just fifteen years old when the war ended, and through my parents I came into contact with the Deutsche Friedens - Gesellschaft (German Peace Society), a pacifist organization. But these people did not meet my expectations because of their somehow narrow-minded political ideology. Later I came to know about Mahatma Gandhi and in him I found a person with a deep spiritual background - somebody to revere. His ideas of an ideal social order based on all-embracing love and understanding - Sarvodaya or 'Welfare of all' - were for some time very attractive for me as an alternative to capitalism and communism. But how to transform society? During my university studies of economics and social sciences, some more ideological questionmarks were added to my search for self-awareness.

In the meantime, I had grown into the understanding that, as J.Krishnamurti put it, "the individual problem is the world problem." You have to change yourself in order to change or help the world. Thus I began an intense practice of Yoga over many years and in my leisure time studied Indian philosophy. In 1958, I joined the German Section of the Theosophical Society Adyar as a member, an organization with the motto 'There is no religion higher than Truth'.

Prominent amongst the authors helping me to discover the age old philosophical and religious treasures of India, and thus strongly influencing my inner relationship to this country, was the philosopher and educationist Sarvepalli Radhakrishnan (1888 - 1975), the internationally renowned ambassador of Indian culture to the West. Having taught for a long time at Oxford, he was especially competent to compare *Eastern Religion and Western Thought,* as

was the title of one of his books. Many of his works were translated into German and I was very impressed by his books *Recovery of Faith, A Hindu View of Life,* the two volumes of the *Indian Philosophy, Religion and Society* and *An Idealist View of Life.* I struggled my way through his scholarly written, voluminous commentary on the *Bhagavadgita.* When in 1962, S.Radhakrishnan became President of India, it was very much applauded by European intellectuals seeing a 'philosopher on the throne'. He was in this office till 1967. I was surprised to learn, S.Radhakrishnan wrote in an article after an encounter with Dadaji in 1973 in Madras: "It is really a superbly unique experience to meet Dadaji even for a short while. It is, in fact, not meeting, but mating as he explains so often... Dadaji is a miracle wound up in infinite miracles that defy the comprehension of the greatest seers of ages." ('Dadaji - A Miracle', in *The Poona Herald,* August 29, 1973). But these words became known to me only when I visited Dadaji in Calcutta for the first time.

My growing interest in Indian philosophy and religion, in Yoga and theosophy may not be understandable without what I call the 'inner cause'. As long back as I can remember during my boyhood I always had the feeling of God being very near. This certainty resulted in sudden outbreaks of joy. Having been brought up in the traditions of the Protestant church, the opening verse of an old hymn used to always well up in those blessed moments when I experienced Him suddenly within myself: "Gott, Deine Guete reicht so weit, / so weit die Wolken gehen; / Du kroenst uns mit Barmherzigkeit / und eilst, uns beizustehen." ("Lord, Your kindness extends so far, / as far as the clouds do go; / You are crowning us with your compassion / and hasten to our aid.") At those moments everything around me seemed to speak of Him, whether it was nature in flower or the ruins of the terrible war. Later, as an adult, I learned that it was better to keep such joyous experiences to myself. In our Western society much that has a foundation in Reality is dismissed as emotional gush - and mockery can hurt a lot! It was impossible for me to argue with others about Him. But with

those very close to me, I could not hide my inner joy and unshakeable certitude that God is very near.

Such joyous upsurges led me always to adoration of Him, who, from my point of view, could not be the property of only one religion. Church began to be experienced by me more like a hindrance between Him and me, although I had and still have a deep inner relation with Jesus Christ.

There is not the space to describe the whole way I had to travel before I had my first encounter with Dadaji. But, when I met him I was at that time, in addition to daily duties, involved in deep studies of theosophical and other esoteric literature. I had many breathtaking experiences with some special type of Yoga, as well as with meditations of my own design. I used to live under a daily 'spiritual' discipline, but all that people knew was that I was 'in love with India'. India had become for me, as an economist, my favorite country for research into economic development, and as a result I came into contact with some very impressive people, mostly scientists and philosophers.

My encounter with the Indian subcontinent was so important because there I found people, sometimes among intellectuals as well, who felt and thought about God and Truth in a fashion similar to myself, and who spoke quite openly about their inner experiences and their inner goals. One has to discover India with one's heart, and in this I was successful from the first day.

In short, I was in search of Him inside and outside, and I believed in the responsibility of each person to develop himself or herself as the only way to help humanity. If you don't constantly try to mold yourself, to open yourself for 'what passeth all understanding', you are betraying Him.

I had no problem in bringing this philosophy in line with my duties as a member of the University and as a family man. The only thing

was that, beside my wife and a small group of friends, I didn't have people to talk to about my own inner experiences. These experiences belonged to a totally private region.

This was the situation when I met Dadaji in Witten in 1978. I was not then able to grasp the real meaning of his words when he said, "To remember Him is enough," and that "one need not search for Him, because He is with us 24 hours a day." I rather went on with my daily discipline of Yoga and meditation and thought this to be in line with his philosophy. Mahanam thus became part of the daily meditations and I observed an intensification of results. I'm able to follow this development because of my diary.

Still under the spell of the meeting with Dadaji the day before, I noted down a changed version of a biblical text, 1. Cor. 13, which I love very much.

Diary June 11, 1978

> Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and did not remember Him, I am become as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal. And though I have the gift of prophecy, and understand all mysteries, and all knowledge; and though I have all faith, so that I could remove mountains, and did not remember Him, I am nothing. And though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and though I give my body to be burned, and did not remember Him, it profiteth me nothing.

This exercise moved me very much and so I went on :

> It is He, who has helped us in eternal times; He, who has been called by different names, being veiled by them also; He, who is Mahanam, the Word; He, the Spark from the Flame, and the Flame Itself; the All-

One, the Eternal; in whom we live and move and have our being; He the All-Embracing.

Although I had been told by Dadaji that it was enough to remember Him as Mahanam and to do my duties, nevertheless the question arose for me: Is it really enough 'only' to remember Him? In the following weeks I had my doubts about that, and so I went on with my daily Yoga exercises and meditations, as mentioned before. And I noted down statements, to which I can no longer subscribe: "God has a plan, and this plan is evolution" (Diary Aug. 26, 1978). Such a statement maybe understandable in the light of Teilhard de Chardin, to cite a more commonly known Catholic author, whose books I read many years ago. Evolution is the central topic not only of Western thought; some parts of the Indian philosophy have it also. As an economist specializing in development research, I also had in mind certain models of social and economic development. It took me a long time till I understood Dadaji, looking at the topic of 'evolution' not from the Darwinian or a planner's point of view.

But the most important misinterpretation of what Dadaji said was to consider Mahanam as some sort of 'Mantra' (sacred formula or rhythmically chanted prayer). Mahanam, having thus become part of my daily meditations, had nevertheless an unforeseen effect. I discovered all Indian gods were not only different symbols of the One Ultimate Reality, they were also interrelated and replaceable by one another. While in meditation visualizing vividly Lord Subrahmanya (a god mainly revered in South India under the name Kumara-Muruga) sitting on his throne with Vel, the famous lance in his hand, I all of a sudden saw him as the Lord Krishna with his flute. But more important than the image of the god was the strong white light, seeming to radiate from a source behind it and dissolving the image within a short time.

I may be asked how one comes to such an experience. I'm afraid I can't give a satisfying answer. Experiences of this kind are to such an extent interlinked with ones own inner development and

perception that it would take a lot of time to analyze their origin. The following explanation should suffice.

Many years ago I came to ask myself what I really knew out of my own direct perception and what was only secondhand knowledge. I met so many people merely following traditions or holy scriptures and uttering beliefs they had not tested themselves. I questioned what do I know *myself,* what are my *own* experiences? Or are I just repeating stories I have heard or read, behaving as if they were my own?

On the one hand, I met people with an unshakeable belief in a certain picture of the world they learned from religious leaders or religion. They always referred to holy scriptures or the testimony of others having had access to 'higher worlds'. On the other hand, there is the fascinating history of mystics and seers, or Rishis (sages) and other people with their own inner vision. It offers a kind of promise that firsthand knowledge can, in fact, be obtained under certain conditions.

It may be that I would not have decided to go my own way and experiment with a lot of methods, partly self-developed, had I not been confronted unwillingly with my own fascinating experiences of Oneness with everything around.

In the course of my search, I came into a, let me call it, sympathetic, relation with Lord Subrahmanya. But I never became one of his adherents and never took part in his cult. For me Lord Subrahmanya was one of the symbols or personifications of God that I found very loveable. He is looked upon as the 'embodiment of everlasting fragrance of life', the 'symphony of beauty, truth and love'. For the Tamils in South India, Muruga is also the Flaming God (Cevvel), the supreme source of energy killing Avidya (nescience or ignorance) with his lance. The holy scriptures depict him as a great integrator among the divinities. In him the two streams of grace are united as embodied in Shiva, his father, and Parvati, his mother.

Just as the Christian meditates on Jesus Christ, the Holy Mother Mary and the Saints, I did on Lord Subrahmanya, because his image and the history and stories behind it spoke to me arousing loving devotion. In the Hindu tradition this emotive state of the mind is called Saguna-Bhakti (loving devotion to a personal deity). In the *Bhagavadgita* (Song of the Divine), the most important scripture of Hindu religion, it forms together with Nirguna-Bhakti (loving devotion to the unmanifest and impersonal God or Ultimate Reality) a special path of Yoga, the Bhakti-Yoga.

Let me repeat: I was never one of the conventional adherents of a Subrahmanya cult. I was aware of the many other approaches to God. So I was able to adore the Christ, Buddha, Krishna and others at the same time as representatives of the One Ultimate Reality. But, I felt very much attracted by Lord Subrahmanya.

Shortly before I met Dadaji for the first time, I became aware of the fact that the image of a god is also some kind of a limitation.

> Diary May 29, 1978
>
> The image of the god can be a hindrance on the way to Truth. Therefore the image has to be 'penetrated': Truth lies behind it. But what about God as a person...? It must be possible to go beyond the 'invented personification'.

After having 'added' Mahanam in a Mantra-like manner to my daily meditations, I one day was sitting in front of the picture of Sri Sri Satyanarayan which Dadaji had given to me. The picture seemed thoroughly unusual. The simple print does not show any jewel-clad divinity, nothing extraordinary or deeply symbolic - at least at the first glance. A modest, elderly man, wrapped in yellow cloth, sits on what looks like a square hewn stone, a gently glow around his head.

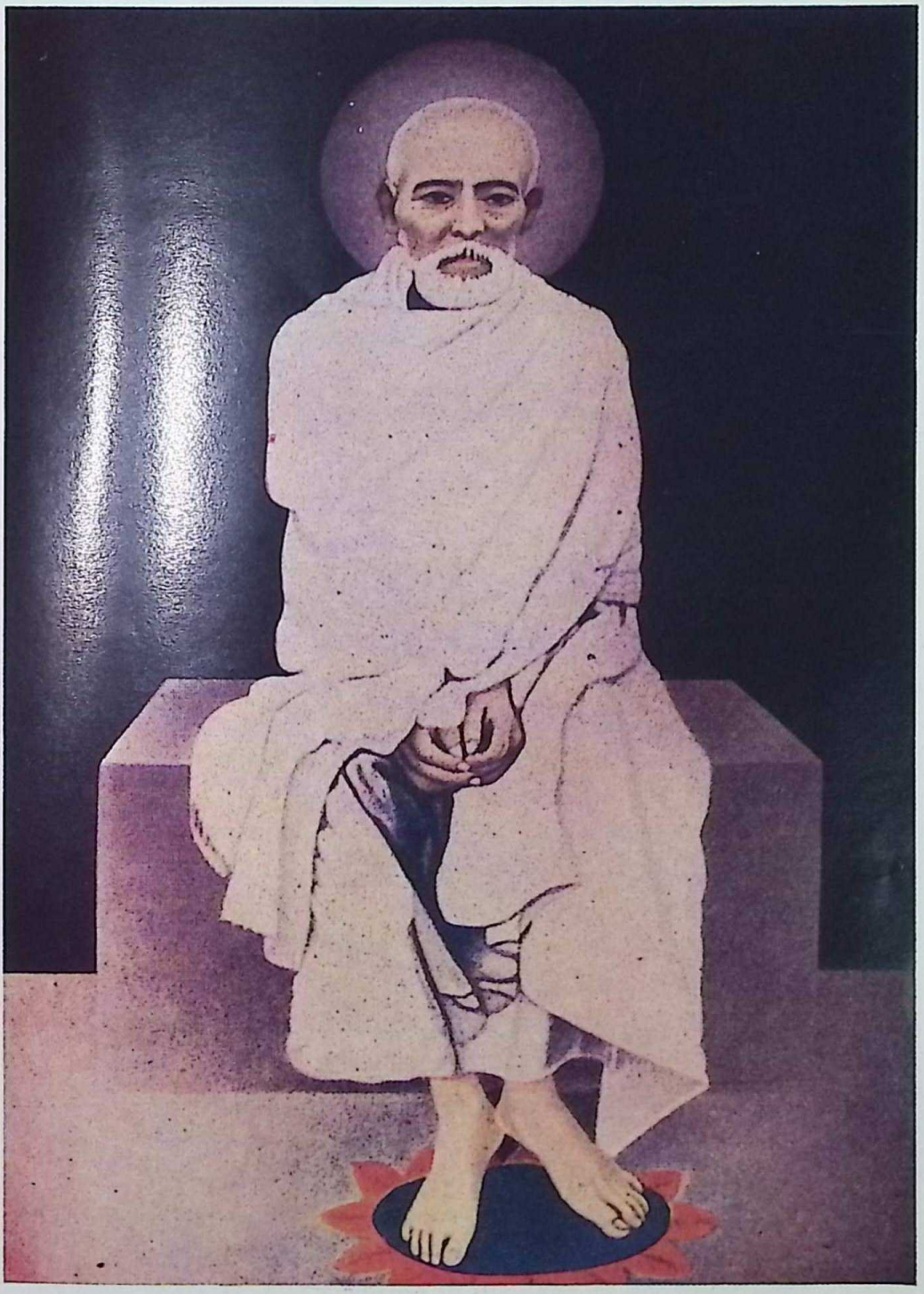
I had been unsuccessful in getting any closer to the meaning. But as I sat gazing at the picture in a state of absorption of the mind, a strange change took place. The figure moved into the background and was superseded, as it were, by a clear geometrical picture. Behind the top of a clearly outlined isosceles triangle, which stood over a square, there shone a brilliant circle like a rising sun! A fascinating experience, which suddenly brought the content of the picture home to me, because the square, triangle, and circle spoke to me as symbols of the material and spiritual worlds and the Ultimate Reality - and, more important still, 'behind' these symbols, as an expression of Truth, was Silence. All this together, the person, the symbols, and the 'dimension of no-symbol', made up the profound experience.

This was in September 1978. Shortly before the experience with the picture of Sri Sri Satyanarayan, I made an entry into my diary to preserve a certain insight which suddenly had come to my mind during meditation.

> Diary September 4, 1978
>
> Expect nothing while in meditation. Expectations are mental pictures, fed out of the past, and a hindrance to direct perception. The danger of mystifications is very great.

One day when I sat down to watch an eclipse of the moon I felt an intense longing for Him - not as a person or an image, but for His Love.

> Diary September 16, 1978
>
> I can watch a lunar eclipse from my window. Slowly the shadow of the earth moves over the moon and reminds me of the sun, which is shining also at night - the moon is the witness, when the earth is not hiding



Sri Sri Satyanarayan

its light. Sometimes the light, which I perceive inwardly, shines moonlike - indirectly. How will it be when the day is coming? Then everything is under a new light and the mirror of the moon - this 'glass darkly' - is needed no more.

The next day during meditation, all of a sudden, I saw a smiling Dadaji. It was a very vivid picture, but between him and me was some sort of fog, making him at times not fully visible. Thus the strong wish arose to write him a letter.

Bochum, September 17, 1978

Dear Dadaji,

Today I had a strong feeling of your very presence and I hurry to write to you. I regret very much not being able to visit Calcutta for the Sri Sri Satyanarayan Puja in October, but I hope sincerely to see you at the end of December or the beginning of January, provided you will be in India.

I am planning my itinerary at the moment and would like you to give me some possible dates. I want to thank you for your visit to Germany, which made me witness of the remarkable phenomena you were able to produce. But, more important than this was the 'philosophy' you gave expression to by your very being. It was this what attracted me most. When you mentioned your knowing me already for a long time, this was quite natural for me, for I know Him - maybe under another name - for very a long time. We are always in search of our own Truth which is His Truth, and sometimes we feel more than on other days that there is love dwelling in the cave of our heart and waiting to be let free. Some days the sky is clouded,

but we know that the Eternal Sun is radiating invisibly through our clouded consciousness. We are able and ready to go our way alone, but we are longing for his light. He has been near to me in some bright moments and I was left with the urgent wish to dwell in Him all the time, giving expression to His Eternal Presence, letting Him shine through me, for He is within my heart and in the heart of all creation.-
My wife and I thank you again very much for having had the opportunity of meeting you!

Fraternally Yours

Peter Meyer-Dohm

Two months before I had tried to formulate a letter to Dadaji as an answer to a printed invitation to attend a gathering called Sri Sri Satyanarayan Puja, in Calcutta. At that time I was not ready to go, but in the meantime I had made up my mind to participate in a scientific Seminar in the first half of January 1979 in Madras. This would give me the opportunity also to visit Dadaji in Calcutta.

After having sent the letter I was growing restive in expectation of the answer. I had some strong experiences of Dadaji being very near and touching me. One day again there was, totally unexpected, this wonderful feeling of Oneness with nature around. But the most astonishing perception occurred one day after having completed my exercises and meditations.

Diary September 22, 1978

I sat down and the picture of Sri Sri Satyanarayan came into my view. There I saw the figure wandering towards me - no, it seemed to glide through the room - and to enter my heart in an indescribable way. From that moment onwards I seemed to grow into the figure which was all around, filling everything. It was a strange, radiating feeling....

On 10 October 1978, I got Dadaji's reply to my letter.

Calcutta 25.9.78

My dear Peter,

Your letter dated Sept. 17.

How nice of you to write such an exquisite letter! It displays in bold relief how simple and outspoken you are in your conviction and emotional anchorage. It is no wonder, then, that you will have a strong feeling of His, - not of his fragile body assuredly - presence now and then. Yes, you are cut for service to Truth in quest of which you have dedicated so many years of your life. Nothing strange that your Dadaji should know you for a very long time. How fascinatingly you write: 'in search of your own Truth which is His Truth'! People generally forget that to conceive of Truth in one's own image is to deceive oneself. Truth cannot be achieved; it can only be lived. He is in you and you are in Him. It is our duty to let His Truth and Love be manifested through us. So, complete surrender in love to Mahanam, which is the warp and woof of our existence, is the only way. You may very well come to India and Calcutta in December or January as it suits you best. Don't you worry, the Lord will take charge of your board and lodge and other comforts. You are like a son or a younger brother to me, whichever way you take it. Leave everything to Him and you will have the best arrangements possible.

My love to you and your wife.

Fraternally Yours

Dadaji

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My heart made a leap of joy when I read Dadaji's warmhearted lines. His sentence, "Truth cannot be achieved; it can only be lived", seemed to me most important. Was I really aware at that time what it meant? Did I not still do many things 'to achieve Truth'?

Diary October 8, 1978

I'm standing in flames - there is no other way to describe it. And when the word 'I' appears from my pen, this is only a vehicle of the consciousness, which is flooding directly and clearly out of the fountain behind the 'persona', and is also tinged by the colors of the mask this 'persona' is. So much is new to me, full of miracles; my gesture is amazement! At the same time I want to bring this inner awareness into connection with the realities of the day...

Near the end of October, during the 25th Anniversary of the Indo-German Society in Stuttgart, I met Dr. S., who had also taken part in the meeting with Dadaji in Witten. He had been one of those who 'had their doubts from the beginning about this gentleman from Calcutta'. So he made inquiries about Dadaji in India.

Diary October 29, 1978

Dr. S. surprised me with a letter from a friend of his from Calcutta, reporting negatively about Dadaji. Some time back there had been a case against Dadaji allegedly having cheated somebody, but in India this could easily happen to anybody. In the letter Dadaji was called a dubious man of bad report, one of the Gurus travelling in foreign countries trying to win over prominent and wealthy people instead of caring for the broad and spiritually poor masses. The letter was full of prejudice and defective information. I had

a strange feeling when I read the letter: What is the truth? I have to depend upon my own judgement... One has to go again and again through tests.

By the way - Mahanam is extraordinary! It gets hold of me and makes me radiate with joy! What is needed? Needed is that we don't miss ourselves, for then we miss also Him. I'm confident about this and very thankful to Dadaji.

Later, after having come into closer contact with Dadaji, I learned from Abhi Bhattacharya the whole story about the case, which was referred to in the letter to Dr. S. There had been a man very close to Dadaji, who together with an Officer of the Crime Branch in Calcutta, a devotee of a well known Guru, had tried to defame Dadaji by representing false facts to the Government. Dadaji was arrested for allegedly forging a will relating to a small property and of misleading the people as a Messiah. This was in 1973 and the newspapers were full of scandalous accusations against Dadaji. After an arrest of two days his name had reached every house. It was a shock for many semi-believers and they left him. All this took place during the Emergency period in India, but when this was over, the judgement came clearing Dadaji fully. The person conducting the case against him was suspended.

The following weeks, the time before I left for India, brought one and the same experience in changing forms. This can be shown with two entries from my diary.

Diary November 11, 1978

It was a wonderful feeling of golden silence, of 'being in good hands', which still continues. Beginning to write this is like returning into some denser matter, but this feeling stops immediately when I pause. Love borne by certitude - Bhakti (loving devotion). No space, only One Here. Resistance only strengthens

love. There is no distinct center - everything is center: everywhere. I have to tell that everything happening is good: Don't worry.

To worry means narrowness - Love widens. Nothing is narrow, all is wide. Widen up, be lovers! Freedom is wideness, its order is He.

Diary December 9, 1978

One word in the foreground of my thinking: certitude... During the daily business and in all communications I realize this fundamental certitude: God is within, I am in Him. And He radiates, radiates Love. Thus I'm making statements here and there as startling as the certitude, with which I advocate insights I would not have dared to utter some time ago.

One has to leave oneself to Him, has to listen to His silent voice: dependencies are melting away, freedom is born together with a fundamental certitude.

Certitude: This was the overwhelming feeling when I thought of the forthcoming meeting with Dadaji in Calcutta. Up to now I added new ideas, revolutionary ideas, to old ones. Or to put it in biblical terms: I filled old wineskins with new wine. I did not know that the old wineskins were bound to burst. Still, I was right with my feeling of certitude, for this certitude didn't leave me, although in the coming encounters Dadaji was ready to destroy many of my superstitions and misconceptions. It is the certitude of being in His Love which helps us to come ultimately to the understanding: I do know nothing.

CHAPTER TWO

Not meeting, but mating

When I arrived at Delhi airport on Thursday, 28 December 1978, I enjoyed thoroughly being once again in India, although it was a very early hour and I hadn't slept on the plane from Frankfurt. On the way to Delhi I was already in a high mood looking forward to having the exciting experience of seeing Dadaji again. While waiting for my connecting flight to Calcutta, I strolled through the airport building feeling full of joy inspite of my tiredness. I had the wonderful awareness of already being welcomed by Dadaji.

Then the hours of patient waiting were over and I boarded the Airbus to Calcutta. After the take off I tried to recollect what I knew about Dadaji. It was not that much: His name Amiya Roy Chowdhury, and that he owned a toy-shop in the New Market of Calcutta, being a family man with two children. He was living at Prince Anwar Shah Road in Calcutta. That was all I knew. I began to ponder about that fact. Yes, he had condemned all Guruship and sectarianism-but, what if I would find him nevertheless as a head of a sect - a Guru in disguise? My mind was busy inventing several possible complications. All my certitude was gone and I felt very uneasy, recollecting some bad experiences with followers of Bhagwan Rajneesh, with the Mantra-sellers of Maharishi Mahesh Yogi and their trademark 'Transcendental Meditation', and with the 'Moonies', the devotees of the dubious Reverend Moon. Did I know those people around and behind Dadaji? I should test him out and be very cautious. But, would Dadaji have time for me? At last I comforted myself with the idea that I would first try to explore the place where Dadaji was living and then decide whether to see him or not.

It must have been my over-tiredness together with what we call the 'rational mind', which made me think along such lines.

Anyway, for some time I was full of doubts I never had before regarding my forthcoming encounter with Dadaji. Then I fell asleep.

The plane had already landed when I woke up. All uneasiness had gone and I was open again for the adventure ahead. Waiting for the baggage, in the large crowd of visitors I saw two gentlemen looking at me and waving their hands. I had been identified with the help of the photo taken in Witten. They introduced themselves as H.P. Roy and Gyan Ahluwalia, and explained Dadaji asked them to receive me at the airport. Their message: Dadaji was glad to see me soon, but first I had to be brought to the Oberoi Grand Hotel.

I was not prepared to stay in such a luxurious place, where at that time the daily rate of a room equalled the monthly income of the policeman at the crossing, who may have to feed a family with three children or more. I didn't need Western luxury to feel well in India, on the contrary - it was a kind of obstacle. But I found out that a room had already been booked, and it seemed to me that I was not quite successful in making clear my own views to the two gentlemen. I was angry with myself for not having asked colleagues from Calcutta University, whom I also wanted to meet, to arrange a bed for me in the University Guesthouse.

I only shaved and had a quick shower in my room for I was anxiously expecting to meet Dadaji. It was quite a drive through the crowded streets of Calcutta to Lake Gardens. We passed by the Ramakrishna Mission Institute at Gol Park, a place I remembered from my first visit in 1962 to be very nice.

Dadaji was living in a spacious, but unpretentious house on the broad Prince Anwar Shah Road. I was so nervous about seeing Dadaji that I didn't easily manage to get out of my shoes. When you are in a hurry the laces get knotted . I started hating the Western habit of wearing such shoes and the Indian habit of

removing them at the housedoor. My companions having easily slipped out of their footwear were waiting patiently, watching me solve my difficulties. Finally I was asked to proceed to the upper story.

In the middle of the house is a big staircase and I started to climb the steps. Half the way up I saw Dadaji coming out of one of the rooms at the upper floor. I heard him crying something and then I rushed upwards into his arms. Never I will forget these wonderful moments! Embracing each other we were standing in a thick cloud of fragrance, and this very special fragrance - 'His fragrance' - didn't leave me the whole day. Afterwards, in the hotel, I found out what it was: Dadaji's hands were imprinted on the back of my jacket in fragrant, honey-like nectar!

I don't know how long we stood embraced, Dadaji kissed me on the forehead and seemed to be mad with joy. He was talking in Bengali, his mother tongue, so I could not understand what he was saying. "Dadaji is glad to see you", H.P. Roy needlessly remarked. My only reply was, "So am I." But the nonverbal communication between Dada and me didn't need such explanations...

I was led into a room with a big bed, upon which Dadaji took his seat. I sat down in front of him and was introduced to Dr. Lalit Kumar Pandit, a Professor of Theoretical Physics at the Tata Institute of Fundamental Research, who had just come from Bombay together with H.P. Roy, a very successful businessmen. Both were sitting together with me on the floor.

Dadaji first inquired about the health of Uta, who had undergone a surgical operation shortly after Dadaji's visit to Germany. He also wanted to know about our twins, Johannes and Sita, and our youngest daughter, Veronika Rukmini, an Indian girl. And he was eager to learn about my journey and whether the hotel was alright. Before I could answer he added, "Sorry, I didn't get a room

in the Ramakrishna Mission, it was already booked out." I only said, "Everything is O.K., Dadaji," but when in the evening I recollected the scene, I found that I had not mentioned my preference for that place to anybody before.

Like many others who have met Dadaji, I experienced him to be a 'family-man' who likes to hear detailed stories from the daily family life. When he lighted a cigarette and reclined on the bed, I told him that his habit of smoking had been a special sign for me - typical Gurus don't smoke. Dadaji laughed, "I'm not really a smoker. Why should I go against the desire for a cigarette? It's only for taste."

He was curious to know about the impact of the meeting in Witten, so I told him how people had reacted. When I asked him why he had mentioned at that time about knowing me for a long time, he only silently looked at me. After a long pause he smilingly started to tell about a plan to visit Germany earlier in 1973 or 74. One Professor Banerjee had mentioned my name to him. It was very easy for me to find out that this had been Professor H.N. Banerjee, Director of the Department of Parapsychology of the University of Rajasthan in Jaipur, whom I had met there in 1967. At that time I was collecting material on the socio-economic development of Rajasthan, working for some weeks on the University Campus. Since then I had lost sight of him. And I told Dadaji how Professor Banerjee, who at that time was very interested in extra cerebral memory research, had used me for an interview with a "real Indian Saint", Sitaramdas Omkarnath, who had visited Jaipur in September 1967.

Dadaji was very annoyed hearing me talking about a 'Saint'. "Tell me, what is a saint? I don't like all these saints, Babas, Bhagwans or what other title they may have. We are all saints, for He is in all of us! At the moment of calling somebody a 'saint' you are creating differences and the term 'no-saint'."

Indeed, he was very angry and went on: "Don't run after Gurus. They will only tell you: Follow me ! Very often it is only said

indirectly, not openly." He was talking for a while in Bengali to H.P. Roy, then turned again to me and said with a smile, "Also don't believe in Dadaji. Only believe in Him. He is within you, He loves you. No person can be a Guru; He alone is the Guru."

Bewildered I asked Dadaji, "Why should I not believe in you? I strongly feel you are right with what you say." Dadaji started laughing and clapped his body with his hands and then touched me. "Do you know what this is? You will say, a body. Nay, it is an Ashram (abode of a spiritual teacher), the real Ashram! This is His real Ashram - not the costly buildings financed by the devotees of the Gurus. I again tell you, don't run after Gurus. He is with you, all the time, and my son Peter knows it well!"

"But, if He is within my body, how can I discriminate between Him as an inner voice and what is coming from my own mind?" I asked.

"There is no need of discrimination, for everything is He. You'll go astray by discriminating between Him and you. With this all kind of exercises start - Nama - Japa (constant repetition of Name) and Tapasya (penance) -, all expressions of vanity and egoism, divorcing us from Truth. He loves you, and He is doing Nama-Japa within your heart, 24 hours of the day. Only be aware of this: He loves you. Is this not enough?" And he added for H.P. Roy: "My son Peter will follow only his inner voice and never act against it."

Dadaji's English was not very good, so he sometimes spoke in Bengali and H.P. Roy did the translation. When he was ready with it, Dadaji inquired, "Am I right or not?" Before I could give an answer, he wanted to know, "What is the problem? Why do you hesitate? This man (he pointed to himself) doesn't know all the theories Pundits (Sanskrit scholars) find in holy scriptures and which you may have in mind."

"But, Dadaji, I don't disagree with you that we are loved by Him. I only have the idea of being obliged to do something myself..."

"What to do?" he interrupted me. "Something to transform myself - like Yoga, meditation, and so on," I said and told Dadaji about my own exercises. Indeed, I never had serious doubts about my being on the right path before I met Dadaji. I believed I had command over a vast knowledge obtained from theosophical and so-called esoteric literature. Thus I felt able to answer many of the questions Dadaji was asking about details, and to explain things to him I myself had not understood fully. While talking to Dadaji, an insight slowly was born that I was myself living in a world of illusion.

Dr. Lalit Pandit intervened: "As far as I'm able to understand, it is your problem not to be content with His Love. You want to do something to come nearer to Him." "Exactly that's the point, " I replied, being very thankful for this clarification. And I went on, "We have to cooperate with Him, and for this task we have to change ourselves. Through meditation..."

Again Dadaji jumped on me. "What are you talking? Meditation is nothing but idleness! Do you have time for such a thing? You have a family, you have your professorship, you have so many important duties - is this not enough? Understand: He is weeping for you all the day! He is within your very heart - outside the reach of the conscious mind, beyond the mind. He loves you, because He is Love! Only dwell in his Love: Remember Him always! That's enough and your foremost duty."

In writing this down I'm afraid I have not stressed enough a very important point: When you have tried all your life to come nearer to Him, it is not an easy task to realize that you, in fact, can do nothing except to always remember Him.

One wants to be active, and our whole culture is telling us that we have to overcome ourselves, that we are the doers, that we have to work and to strive to reach Him. Of course, there is His Grace helping us, but we have to struggle on our way to Him.

Sitting in front of Dadaji I felt as if I was in between two 'truths'. On the one hand a voice from the deep recesses of my heart was telling me that Dadaji was correct one hundred percent; on the other hand, my mind was not ready to give up all the knowledge obtained over the years about techniques of self-culture and so on. Dadaji's statements were strengthening the voice of love from deep within, and the 'buts' of the possessive mind became weaker and weaker.

"And now you go and have your meal," Dadaji ended our discussion. And he advised H.P. Roy to take me for lunch to a restaurant well known for its Tandoori chicken. "But, Dadaji, I'm a vegetarian," I remarked. "Oh, that's easily changed. First you start with some light meat dishes, with fish... See, you cannot enter heaven by the kitchen door!" he lightly replied.

I was alarmed very much by this and with tears in my eyes I said, "Dadaji, I love animals! I can't eat them." All of a sudden Dadaji changed his expression. He took me into his arms and told H.P. Roy, "You are responsible that Peter will get a clean vegetarian meal!" Tenderly looking at me he closed, "And now go".

Back in the hotel for a little nap after the delicious lunch, I went through the article by S. Radhakrishnan, Ex-president of India, titled *Dadaji - A Miracle,* from which I have already quoted in the previous chapter. I was utterly surprised to find, with my favorite and admired author, the following description of Dadaji which in many details met my own experience in the morning: "To see him is an occult vision, to go near to him is a soul-stirring pilgrimage and to listen to him is to be bathed in the musical cadence of the Omnific Word. His star-bespangled smile is a miracle, the worlds cannot contain or comprehend. And his eyes? Their bewitching beauty, their fathomless depth in stillness, their aromatic incense of compassionate love have no reckonable compeer. Yet he is a man giving out airs of simplicity and normalcy to his very marrow. A picturesque figure, he dons

a Dhoti or Lungi (men's traditional, skirt-like, wrap around attire worn from the waist and hanging to the ankles) and a half-sleeved Kurta (collarless shirt). He wears no matted hair; nor is his body or forehead besmeared or marked with ashes or vermilion or sandal paste. Yet his body constantly emits a variety of fragrances never dreamt of in a perfumery. Now he is playful, and then he is serene and lost in infinity. He plays with fantastic miracles like a child with toys. And he constantly reminds his audience that he is nobody. It is the Supreme Divine Will that manifests itself as and when it chooses."

I was overwhelmed by the fire and the admiration speaking out of the lines of an author, who had to become 84 years old to discover the Ultimate Truth!

In the afternoon I again had an appointment with Dadaji at his house. He told me that he had sent away all visitors: only the companions of the morning were present. Dadaji inquired about the lunch we had and remarked that he appreciated my attitude of not going against what I felt to be right for me.

He was reclining on his bed and insisted I sit close to him. He reminded me of a passage of my letter from September saying that Dadaji's philosophy was more important to me than the miraculous phenomena occurring in his presence. He told me, "Miracles don't really matter. On the contrary, one could be misled by them. There are no wonders; in Him everything is possible. You only love Him!" Hinting at a remark I made in the morning about so-called 'Transcendental Meditation' of the Maharishi Mahesh Yogi, whose selling-agents promise that at a certain stage of development and after paying a very high fee, one could learn levitation, he went on, "Why should I float in the air? What nonsense! You never should want to do this!" He became very angry and made additional comments in Bengali for H.P. Roy and

Dr. Lalit Pandit. Then again he looked at me and said, "Levitation is possible, but understand: It comes when it comes."

Then we went on to talk about miracles and Dr. Lalit Pandit gave some examples. In my remarks I used the word 'Tamasha', which denotes the playful application of occult power. Dadaji commented upon this, "A Bengali word, which fits very well the miracles as many people understand them. No Tamasha! Tamasha for others, they will want more and more. No Tamasha for you !"

Dadaji leaned toward Dr. Pandit saying, "My son Peter doesn't need such thing to be with Him. But you will explain to him, how the picture of Sri Sri Satyanarayan came." The story is this: One day a photographer came to take a picture of Dadaji, who was sitting on the veranda. At first he failed, but then Dadaji remarked that the next picture would be alright. When the film was developed, the picture of Sri Sri Satyanarayan was on it instead that of Dadaji. "The picture was taken right there," Dadaji told me and pointed at a trunk. "It is the picture of Sri Ram Thakur," H.P. Roy added and told about his family which had been in close touch with - as I understood at that time - the spiritual 'predecessor' of Dadaji.

At that time I was not much interested in the 'forerunners' of Dadaji. Only in later years I became aware of the importance of two great names often mentioned by Dadaji. The first is Sri Krishna Chaitanya (1485-1533), later called Mahaprabhu (Maha: great; Prabhu: God) and also known in history as Gauranga or Nimai Pandit. He is considered to be an Avatar (incarnate or representative of God). Dadaji says about him, "One, who is nestled in Nama (Name), one, who propagates Nama is verily an Avatara-potency" (*On Dadaji,* Vol. IV, pg. 2).

Mahaprabhu preached, "Nama is the only path," and : "The greatest religion is the Religion of Love (Prema Dharma)." People

after him distorted his personality and teaching. The fanatic Hindus could never realize him. Dadaji says that Mahaprabhu " never gathered people around him to whisper Mantras into their ears. Nor did he assume a feigned appearance. He neither used any distinctive or colored clothes, nor did he mark his face or forehead with Chandra (sandal paste) or other paste" *(On Dadaji, Part II, pg. XXVI).* According to Dadaji Mahaprabhu was "pure Consciousness personified" as also Lord Krishna was *(The Truth Within, pg. 35).*

The second great name is Sri Ram Thakur (1860 - 1949), another Avatar in succession from Sri Krishna Chaitanya or Mahaprabhu. Sri Ram Thakur was even "beyond pure Consciousness". He is the immediate predecessor of Dadaji, as already mentioned. Sri Ram Thakur spoke of his own advent in a new body twenty-two years after his death, and Dadaji's first major manifestation occurred in 1971 *(The Truth Within, pg. 367).*

It is very interesting to note that Mahaprabhu, in fact, asserted he would be coming twice again in quick succession and in progressive ascendancy of manifestation. As said before, for a long time I didn't know about the succession of Sri Krishna Chaitanya, Sri Ram Thakur, and Dadaji, and also had no interest in it. Dadaji himself was such an overwhelming personality that I needed no testimony of this kind.

When I sat together with Dadji, I was still not able to grasp the connection between him and Sri Ram Thakur. So I asked, why in the Mahanam ceremony one had to bow before the picture of a human being. Was not God the only Guru? Dadaji smiled, "You are correct cent (100) percent! No worship of human beings!" I was a little bit perplexed, so H.P. Roy explained that God had been very visible in the person and life of Sri Ram Thakur, and those who need a picture may take this as a symbol of the Absolute. Dadaji added, "He is within you, and at the same time

you are in Him. As long as you go to a temple to meet Him there, you are running away from Him."

We had a long discussion about public worship, temples, and churches. Over and again Dadaji stressed the point that all these were obstacles, or worse, "nothing but business." "Organized religion is the worst thing one can imagine! It is the business of priests, holy men, Gurus, who are standing in between you and the Divine." And very angrily he added after a pause, "He has come to destroy all those organizations making money out of Him. They are part and parcel of our give-and-take society. This man (and again he pointed at himself) has nothing to do with all this fake worship. Nothings but self-aggrandisement of people! Who will worship whom? It is all One!" Although I fundamentally agreed with Dadaji, I could not sign this total condemnation. So I remarked that at least the Christian churches did many things in the field of charity.

"What is charity? What do you mean by charity?" Dadaji wanted to know. And he went on without waiting for an answer, "Charity you are speaking about, is also egoism. I give and you receive. You are dependent upon me. Because I have given away a particle of my wealth, I have a good feeling. I have done something for myself; I bought this feeling of being a good and charitable man. Many people try to buy a place in Heaven by such an attitude. This is all wrong!"

This seemed to me a very strong statement. In my opinion charity was a wonderful thing, the Christian virtue par excellence. Dadaji seemed to grasp my difficulties, for after a pause he went on, "You cannot avoid ego in all these matters. Listen, the most important thing is always the motive behind the actions. It is very good to help others, but don't run away from your duties in order 'to save humanity', to feel more important and more advanced than your fellow men."

I tried to make clear what I had learned in the meantime. "By remembering Him always, by being in His Love I will find myself in a circle of duties which are the right ones."

"Excellent!" Dadaji exclaimed, "You really don't have a choice." And after a while he added, "He is the sole Saviour of the world, not those pretending to be the saviours. Never run away from your duties, and never forget Him. He alone is the Doer."

In this connection Dadaji told a story about Swami Vivekananda (1863 - 1902), who undoubtly did a lot for the spiritual upliftment of the people. He became a much applauded and revered man, and internationally acknowledged Saint. But at the end of his days he remembered having done nothing for his own mother, and he felt very sad and guilty. On the one hand was his service to humanity at large that brought him fame; on the other hand was this very natural duty of love for his mother. Dadaji-hinting at a book *Swami Vivekananda - A forgotten Chapter of his Life* - didn't leave any doubt what in his view was the most important duty.

Dadaji lit another cigarette and said playfully, "You cannot escape Him. You cannot escape His Love. You are in His net since you are born. He is embracing you, do you feel it? And now you should go home and take rest."

Together with H.P. Roy and Dr. Lalit Pandit I had dinner - vegetarian, of course. This was a full day, an overwhelming experience. We had some further discussions to clarify what Dadaji said. When I reached the hotel I tried to note down some ideas in my diary, but then I found that I only mentioned some of the points. All the time I was sitting in a cloud of fragrance and felt the nearness of Dadaji.

Later, in bed, I tried to answer the question: What did I know myself about the matters which had been the subject of the

conversation with Dadaji? What did I know out of my own experience? I was ready to give an honest answer, and at once I saw myself merely presenting secondhand truths to Dadaji. I had, let me say, by ninety and more percent relied on what mystics, clairvoyants, Rishis, saints had said. All these truths were commonly accompanied with the remark that under certain conditions, not easily fulfilled, these insights could be proved by personal experience of the 'seeker'. And there was a thriving market, where techniques were sold to those 'seekers': meditation, Yoga and so on. In other words: Follow a fixed path and you will obtain the knowledge of 'higher worlds'. To be honest: Did I not also expect Dadaji to show me 'the right path' and techniques for further 'spiritual' development?

I heard Dadaji saying, "This all is false. Why do you want to do Tap and Jap (Tapasya and Nama-Japa)? It is nothing other than your ego and self-aggrandisement!" Inspite of the fact that my mental constructions had received many cracks and started to fall into pieces, I slept quite well!

When, on Friday morning, I recollected the encounter with Dadaji, I felt as if I had gone through some sort of test. I didn't know about the scores I had been able to make, it must not have been high, but I promised myself to rely in the coming days more on my inner voice than the (acquired) contents of my mind.

There was still this wonderful stream of love I had been aware of in the evening, and, of course, during the time I had been together with Dadaji. So I was longing very much to see him again.

I tried to concentrate upon my diary, but I couldn't. I was in a dreamlike state, bathing in His Love, washing away all shyness and instilling confidence in me.

"How was the night?" With this question Gyan Ahluwalia entered my room, having been sent by Dadaji to bring me to his house

on Prince Anwar Shah Road. I could hardly await to reach there. And, this time, I didn't have any problems with my laces, so I immediately rushed up the stairs into the arms of Dadaji and again I was immersed in a thick cloud of 'His fragrance'.

Dadaji sat down on his bed and seemed to radiate joy. H.P. Roy and Dr. Lalit Pandit were also there, and soon we were in the middle of a discussion about symbols. I tried to explain to Dadaji that symbols, as also rituals, for me had a deeper meaning and could be looked at as a language 'expressing the inexpressable'. Dadaji was not at all content with my explanations. So I told him about the experience with the picture of Sri Sri Satyanarayan, how I had seen a triangle, a square and a sun in the picture. I had the impression that Dadaji found this remarkable, but he didn't give any comment. He only asked, "And what was behind the symbols?" I was startled. "Sri Sri Satyanarayan, of course," I replied. Dadaji smiled and remarked, "He is beyond all symbols, beyond language, beyond expression. As long as you are able to explain the meaning of a symbol, you are confined to the symbol. Truth cannot be understood, it only can be lived."

"Truth or Satyanarayan passeth all understanding," I added. "Excellent, excellent!" Dadaji exclaimed and went on, "Look, there is only one Language, but due to the mind, many. And because of the many languages wisdom has become distorted." This reminded me of the miracle of Pentecost, when the Holy Spirit made the disciples of the Christ talk in other tongues, and I told Dadaji about it. He quietly commented, "This is a beautiful picture, but do not take everything you find in the scriptures as facts." And he started to talk about many misunderstandings which had crept into the Indian traditional scriptures like the Shastras, Puranas and other books. "Truth is always there, and sometimes mirrored rightly in this or that story. Most people approach it always with the mind, forgetting totally that Truth is beyond."

We talked about Pranava-the sacred syllable AUM -, the eternal word which contains past, present, and future, and the bird Hamsa, which in all its beauty symbolizes the life-force or vital breath (Prana), and also other things having to do with symbols. I have forgotten Dadaji's commentaries except that Krishna is Prana personified. Sometimes I found myself in line with him, mostly when I didn't use my store of knowledge but responded spontaneously.

During the discussion I became aware of a habit of mine which I started to dislike. It was the habit of showing to Dadaji that I already knew many things. There was again the idea growing in the background of my mind that I might, in fact, know nothing at all. I must say, Dadaji was very cautious in making me aware of this. He very lovingly tried to correct me, and again and again he encouraged me to express my opinions to him.

In the course of these discussions, all of a sudden, he started quoting from the *Bhagavadgita* in Sanskrit. The quotations were translated to me with the help of the others, and Dadaji tried to show the difference between the 'normal' or 'traditional' understanding and the true meaning. It was not at all easy for me to follow him, knowing no Sanskrit and not being well versed in this matter. He brought up quotation after quotation from Vedas and Upanishads, always pointing out the misinterpretations. At the end he asked Dr. Pandit, "Am I right or not, tell me!" "You are hundred percent right, Dada," came the answer. And then Lalit Pandit spoke about many instances, where Pundits of the highest rank had been taken aback by the interpretations of Dadaji. He mentioned many name out of which only that of Dr.Sarvepalli Radhakrishnan was known to me. All these persons had testified in writing to the extraordinary experiences they had with Dadaji. These writings are collected in the volumes *On Dadaji,* four of which were available at that time. Dadaji also spoke very lovingly about Dr. Gopinath Kaviraj, a foremost authority on Indian thought, who had known Dada under the name of Amiya Babu for many years before he became known as 'Dadaji'.

I must confess that I was turning a little bit giddy, confronted with all these facts. But the man in front of me didn't make the impression of a philosopher, Pundit or the like. He was radiating love, sheer love, and I heard my inner voice saying, "He loves you." All dizziness disappeared instantaneously! Dadaji bent down and gave me a kiss on the forehead and endorsed my inner voice whispering into my ear, "He loves you." And I understood, I'm loved by him and Him.

Somebody was interrupting us and Dadaji left the room. My companions asked me, how I was feeling. "I'm not able to express it, it is beyond words," I only could answer, "Dadaji is Love incarnate."

When Dadaji returned later, he asked me why I did not bring my wife with me, "She is such a sweet lady." And then he showed me a golden medallion with the picture of Sri Sri Satyanarayan. I took it for my wife with many thanks, and Dadaji requested that I show it to H.P. Roy and Dr. Lalit Pandit. "Do you like it?" Dadaji wanted to know, "Let me add something on the back." After I looked at the plain golden backside of the medallion, I cautiously gave it back to Dadaji. He only rubbed with his thumb on the backside and I found engraved on it: "Sri Sri Satyanarayan". I couldn't believe my eyes and showed it to H.P. Roy and Dr. Pandit. Both had observed the plain backside upon which the inscription had now appeared.

"Please, Dadaji, add to it: For Uta," I asked him. But he remarked, "No, this would spoil the specific purpose of the pendant." Dadaji mentioned Uta should wear it whenever she felt the wish to do so. "She will know what I mean," he added.

The following discussion was, as far as I remember, a little bit one-sided. My heart was so full that I could not but find again and again new expressions to praise Him and the immensity of His Love. Today I know that the nearness of Dadaji is unbelievably inspiring. From time to time Dadaji exclaimed, "Excellent, excellent!"

Before we left for lunch Dadaji asked me to write about "His Philosophy" and I promised to do so. When we took our leave he told my companions, "Be sure to go to a clean vegetarian restaurant!"

Diary December 29, 1978

> This afternoon I had an experience of a special, intricate, nature: Shopping for Uta and the kids and also for myself. Dadaji had insisted on making gifts. But I had difficulty taking gifts from him; to be showered with gifts is not easy to bear, and all the time I had been on the receiving end. At last we found a piece of Indian silk for Uta, bangles for Sita and Veronika, and shirts for Johannes and myself.

I went shopping with Gyan Ahluwalia and afterwards we went to a family's home where Dadaji was expected as a guest. He was already there, reclining on a bed. He made me sit next to him and I watched other arriving visitors touching his feet and bowing down deeply before him. I felt a little bit uneasy, for I had only embraced him in front of all the people present, not showing the possibly expected form of respect. Had this been proper behavior? I did not say anything, but Dadaji seemed to have felt that something was troubling me. Smilingly he said with a low voice, "You are my son and brother."

Then Dadaji started to tell something about me in Bengali. Sometimes the people laughed, but Dadaji remarked at the end, "I have only told nice things about you."

Somebody began to talk about Jesus Christ. Dadaji interrupted him, "Never talk about the Christ or Krishna without deep respect." Then he looked at me, "You don't know who really is

the Christ-not the man from the *Bible*." He took a cigarette box, opened it and held it before my eyes. "Look, this is Jesus Christ: Totally open to Him, but at the same time rooted in Prakriti (the world of physical nature). He is God become flesh."

After some time he went on saying, "The Christ is wonderful; but what we think about crucifiction is not correct. Crucifiction is not at the end; nay, life starts with it. You people are crucifying Him by not remembering Him."

Another visitor wanted to know something about the *Bible*. Dadaji replied that there is a "holy book" far older than the *Bible,* "It is identical with the Word, you know." I did not know what he meant, but was reminded of the famous opening verse of Saint John in the *Bible*: "In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God." Years later I learned from Dadaji that I wasn't far away from truth with this idea. He made me understand that Mahanam as Divine Power or Energy is revealed to our senses in various forms. "It is the Shabdabrahman of Vedanta (Shabda means sound, Brahma refers to God, the Essence of Existence), the Vac (primal sound as the Matrix of Creation) of *Rigveda,* and the Word of the *Bible.* Each of these terms is misleading, if taken in the literal sense. In it's true import, It (Mahanam) is identical with Truth" (*The Truth Within*, pg. 13).

Some portions of the discussion were in Bengali, so I could not follow. I used the time to look at the people sitting in front of Dadaji. Most of them were intellectuals, professors from university, judges and doctors. It seemed to me as if they looked upon Dadaji as an authority. The discussion was very open, interspersed sometimes by laughter.

After some time Dadaji looked upon me and took a sitting position. "Do you know what life is ?" he asked me, "It is the relationship between Him and a person." He took his cigarette box in one hand and the match box in the other. He then moved

both near to each other and again far. This he did several times- far away, very near, far away, very near. "It is neither perfect identity nor perfect diversity, it is a dynamic process. Have you understood?" Then he clapped both objects together and said, "This is the person finished! No, it is this," and he started again with the demonstration mentioned above. Then he took the cigarette box and the match box in one hand and pressed them together, "This is the false concept of static identity."

I will never forget Dadaji trying to explain the relation between God or Truth and us with the aid of a match box and a cigarette box! In the meantime I have grown with the help of others, especially Dr. Nanilal Sen, into a far deeper understanding of the matter, but I always see the shining face of Dadaji and the simple demonstration before my inner eyes.

As Dadaji himself said, he explained the "relationship between Him and a person." The bipolar movement of the mind is symbolized with the help of the cigarette box and the match box: Now to be drawn towards Truth, and then pulled away by desires and attachments, to move to and fro, back and forth impulsively, - that is the story of our lives. This becomes dynamic when we remember Him in all our movements. I understood Dadaji telling the story of Radha and Krishna in the Vrindavan forest with his demonstration. This story of Divine Love is told in one of the loveliest and most beloved poems of Indian literature, the *Gita Govindam* of Sri Jayadeva, which I read so many times before in the English translation by Duncan Greenless. In poetic form the *Gita Govindam* tells us how the mind, the female, becomes Manjari (yoked unto Him), then nascent Radha, and finally Radha being in love with Krishna, or God as Love. But, Dadaji says that the movement doesn't stop thereat. When Radha and Krishna blend and merge to be one, when the two sounds of Mahanam, - Gopal and Govinda - coallesce, it is beyond Vrindavan (the world); it is He, Govinda, beyond life. That is why Dadaji remarked, "This is the person finished." This cannot happen

during one's life time. So, he adds, "No, it is this" and starts the back and forth movement again. Both Radha and Krishna, the mind and Truth, are within every one of us. That is why Dadaji often says, "We are all two in one." Renunciation and asceticism kills the mind, without letting it enjoy His play of love and slowly move toward a dynamic union with Him. This results, as Dadaji said, from "the false concept of static identity", that is erroneously believed to be achievable by forcing the mind into a state of Oneness through the use of ritualistic 'spiritual practices'.

But all these learned comments did not come into my mind when I watched the movements of Dadaji's match box and cigarette box. It is as if he was giving an explanation additional to his words and movements on another level. Sometimes while breathing in and breathing out, I remember his enchanting smile...

One question I asked Dadaji myself, "Some people tell us to 'kill our desires', because they are obstacles on the way to Him. Is this correct?" Dadaji became very earnest and replied, "I tell you: Follow your desires. Why be against them? You are born with them and they are His gifts. They have come with you and you should be thankful for them because they are very helpful. Never go against your desires, or else your desires will kill you! Feed them properly and always remember Him. He will solve your problems, and your desires will help you to obtain Him."

After a while he added, "Why disagree with yourself? You have come here to relish His Rasa (essence or divine Love), to enjoy life, and to love Him. Everything you have come with is a precious gift. Looking at desires from that point of view will help you to lead a balanced life. At the end only one desire is left, the desire for Him and His Love."

Somebody wanted to know how to get rid of the ego. Dadaji asked, "How will you live without the ego? Ego is also created by Him. Those fighting against the ego are the greatest egoists. Have you

understood? He is with you, remember Him always, and he will free you from egoism. You yourself can do nothing. Never forget Him."

Again he talked to me about his visits to the Himalayas. There he had found Sadhus and other holy men in caves doing penance, trying to come into unity with Him. Dadaji said, "I was a very young boy at that time, but I asked those holy men, why they ran away from the world and their duties. They wanted to kill out desires for worldly things, and they are farther away from Him than anybody else. The world is created by the Almighty. Why come to a jungle to get His acquaintance? You have come here to do your duties, to accept His gifts." Again he came back to the core. "No man can be Guru. But", he said looking at me with a twinkle in his eyes and in a very low voice, "many people, also some of those present, have difficulties to accept that He alone is the Guru, He alone the Doer. - And now let's go home."

Dadaji rose from his bed. He went home and I went to my hotel. When I was alone in my room, sitting with my diary, I had difficulty remembering all that had been said.

All of a sudden I became aware of the coming day as being my last in Calcutta. I had to proceed to Hyderabad, where colleagues from Osmania University were waiting for me. The last two days had been totally taken up by Dadaji and the next morning I would be with him till I had to leave for the airport. There would be no time left for me to fulfil one wish of my wife, to see Mother Theresa. I consoled myself with planning to meet her next time in Calcutta, for it was clear to me that I would come again to Dadaji.

When I came to see Dadaji on Saturday morning, a well-known professor of Physics from the University of Calcutta, Dr. Satyen Bose, was present. "Ah, my son Peter is coming," Dadaji exclaimed and took me into his arms. Dr. Lalit Pandit had already left for Bombay and I also missed H.P.Roy. I was

introduced to Professor Bose, who had been, as I learned from Dadaji, near to Albert Einstein. Dadaji went on with his conversation with Professor Bose, but made me sit close to his bed.

After the visitor had gone, Dadaji looked at me asking a somewhat strange question, "Are you male or female?" I didn't understand, for I was sure that Dadaji knew my sex. There was a certain glitter in his eyes, when he stated, "You are female," and he went on, "only He is the male!" In that moment I remembered a lovely story from the *Gita Govindam* and replied, "Yes, I'm Radha! I'm longing for Him who is sitting in the Vrindavan grove, waiting for me ..." "...and this grove is your heart!" Dadaji finished joyfully.

After a pause he said, "I will show you something." He went to the other room and came back with a bundle of photographs. There were pictures showing Dadaji together with Sarvepalli Radhakrishnan ("Your favorite professor and author"), Western scientists, Ted Kennedy ("Yesterday I got a medicine sent by him", Dadaji remarked), Indian Ministers and other prominent people. "It is not because of this man (he pointed at himself), but because of Him. Only He matters, Dadaji is nothing." And he told me that he had to fight false prophets, enslaving religions, and Gurudom. All these are hindrances to self-realization. "Humanity is following false gods and because of this, is not able to accept the fact of fundamental Oneness. God is within you, and you are in Him." He looked at me full of love, "Salvation does not come from outside, Truth is within."

The next day in Hyderabad, I tried to remember what Dadaji had told me.

> Diary December 31, 1978
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> It is very strange: Dadaji answered all questions which I had formulated in my mind the evening before the last day and also in the morning at

breakfast, although I didn't mention them. It is difficult to note down all his words, because very often I didn't concentrate on details but on the atmosphere. So I only can pray to have gained the essence out of which everything springs. It might be also dangerous to follow slavishly his words, for he here and there remarked, "Don't believe in Dadaji, believe only in Him." And what shall I do with mental knowledge? "The letter killeth, but the spirit maketh alive," says the *Bible*. I'm not a devotee of Dadaji, I'm only longing for Him - and I love Dada. "All must come out of yourself," Dadaji said. Or should I better write "Your Self"...?

When Gyan Ahluwalia came and reminded me that we had to leave for the airport, I had the feeling that a great time had come to an end. I said good-bye to Dadaji, and he was very anxious to send me away quickly. "Otherwise you will not have enough time," was his argument.

We rushed down to the car; the driver started and I asked my companion, "Do we need so much time to go to the airport?" "It's my experience", Gyan replied, "that you had best follow Dada's advice, he knows whether there will be a traffic jam or not and how much time we need." I was not very content with this answer, for I had the feeling that after such a time of togetherness I should not have run away like this ..

There was no traffic jam on the way to the airport, as Gyan had expected, and I was teasing him about his belief. We were already near the airport hotel when we saw a man in the uniform of Indian Airlines coming down the road. Gyan stopped the car and introduced me to this man. "This is Capt. Billimoria who also knows Dadaji," and he told him that we were coming from Dadaji's house on Prince Anwar Shah Road. "What is your

destination?" the Captain asked. "Hyderabad." "Let me see your ticket." I showed him my ticket and he remarked, "I have just heard this flight will be late by four hours."I was taken aback, "Are you sure?" "Let me find out again," was his reply.

The captain took a seat in our car and we drove to the airport and went to the airlines office. There the Manager told us that the Captain was correct, but that Indian Airlines wouldn't announce this long delay. Because the message had only come a quarter of an hour ago they had not made any announcements at all. "We will say 'two hours delay' and then another two hours," the Manager explained to my astonishment.

After we left the office I asked Capt. Billimoria whether I could rely on the information of a delay of four hours. I did not want to miss the plane because a friend was waiting at Hyderabad airport. "The plane was not able to start, one engine has to be repaired," the Captain replied, "it is totally impossible that it could arrive in Calcutta earlier. You had better go to the airport hotel, it is the best place for waiting."

He accompanied us to the hotel, then Gyan asked the driver to drive the Captain home. We had just lost sight of the car, when the idea flashed into my mind to use the time for seeing Mother Theresa. Gyan promised to do his best to fulfil my wish, but we had sent the car away, and my baggage was gone with it. So we had to wait for the car. During lunch Gyan became very nervous, but I knew with absolute certainty that I would see Mother Theresa.

After a long time the car came back. Gyan had not been able to locate the exact place where Mother Theresa would be found, if she was not out of town. He had the addresses of several places where she could be at that time.

The driver did his best, and after a race against time he stopped at the nearest address, in front of a huge green door. Gyan jumped out of the

car, quickly crossed the street and opened the door. A second later he came out of it and waved me to join him. "She is here" he shouted.

I found Mother Theresa, a small lady with very kind eyes, inside the yard unloading a cart. She welcomed me and led me through her orphanage, which was inhabited by over a hundred babies and small children. I will never forget her going along the lines of cradles and talking to the children very sweetly. It was a unique experience to see so many joyful children and I wished my wife could have been present. In Germany we had been asked very often about the best way adopt of an Indian child. Thus we had come to the idea to get contact with Mother Theresa.

Mother Theresa was ready to help and informed me about the conditions for adoptions. I left my address with her and we went back to the entrance. There she pointed at the cart with the huge bags. "Our rice has come," she said, "do you feel His blessings?" And then she added, "In everybody I meet in the streets I see Him." I got her blessings and said good-bye.

Gyan Ahluwalia had waited outside in the car; now he proposed to go quickly to his flat to inform Dadaji by phone. When I told Dadaji that I met Mother Theresa, thinking that this would be a surprise for him, he laughed. "Did I not tell you, you need time?" And now I learned how it is to be embraced by phone. It was the most wonderful farewell I can imagine, and it took a long time. "Next time you come for a longer stay," he said and asked whether I had any wishes. No, whatever I wished had been fulfilled.

When I reached the airport, the plane was ready for boarding. After a pleasant flight I arrived at Hyderabad. My friend and colleague, Dr. Shantilal Sarupria, told me that he hadn't waited at the airport, for he had the idea to inquire by phone beforehand whether the flight would be late. But I had some difficulty in concentrating on the conversation, for my heart was still in Calcutta!

CHAPTER THREE

Seated in His lap always

On the first day in Hyderabad I was still under the spell of the encounter with Dadaji. It was not a sentimental feeling, but some sort of power, of fresh energy, which was flowing into my daily work. At that time I was engaged with the Aachen-Bochum-Osmania Cooperation Scheme (ABOCS), an inter-university scheme, and its development research projects; besides this I had many discussions with Dr. Shantilal Sarupria, my co-author of a book on regional socio-economic development in Rajasthan.

Although the Hyderabad days were fully packed with academic discussions and work, I always felt Dadaji's presence. On New Years Day, I sat down to write him a letter.

Hyderabad 1.1.1979

Dear Dadaji!

There is is no other way to express my deep gratitude for all the love I experienced during my stay in Calcutta, than to love Him the more and to long much more than before for His Truth. I am writing this letter with a thankful heart and in the knowledge that there is in fact no distance between you in Calcutta and me in Hyderabad, for I am aware of your presence in every moment and I feel you answering my questions inside me. This feeling is so strong that writing this letter is nothing but a material documentation of what you already know. There is a wonderful sense of inner freedom, connected with an inner strength and a presentiment of destination - these are gifts, most precious gifts I received.

As I spoke of the 'immensity of His Love', the term became more and more meaningful to me. His Love is like a shining ocean, and I am longing for a bath! I am so stuffed with Bhakti that nothing is left but to be in His service and to be a blessing for His people and His world. After I have received so much, it is my desire to give. You are so right: Follow your desires! Do not force them into a special pattern! In the moment I only desire to express what I feel of Him in my daily work: Shining love. Shining life. Shining light. All other business I will leave to Him. In remembrance of your loving kindness and your brotherly welcome to me every day, I promise to come back as soon as possible. I hope that all the work awaiting me will not 'eat me up' totally. But after October I hope to be a little more free - also for my family. Embracing you I am

Yours Peter.

Do you know how it is to be in love? I think this comes very near to what I felt, but, the beloved one wasn't Dadaji, although I remembered him very often during the day, and always with deep sympathy and thankfulness. Nay, it rather was an undirected love: I was in love with Life! I always felt Him to be very near, so that I had to smile often, again and again, even during earnest discussions. At such an instance one Indian colleague remarked, "You are in a good mood today." But I wasn't ready or able to explain the source of my 'good mood' to him.

My diary is full of remembrances of the days in Calcutta, which became more colorful as time went by, and I discovered the hidden meaning of some words and sentences I heard from Dadaji. Is it not true that very often one only feels illuminated after having, so to speak, digested mentally what has happend before? I was very much concerned with the question: Who is Dadaji? and did

not find an explanation other than to look at him as being very near to Him, being very much in Him, the Ultimate Reality. I pondered about the words of Dadaji, "Is God in me or am I in God? I'm so filled with Him, I can no longer differentiate."

My mind was not able to understand what I had experienced in Calcutta; it was something - beyond ... But nevertheless I tried over and again to understand, of course, in vain. Today I know how difficult it is for the mind to surrender. It's not our decision whether this occurs or not.

My mind was also very busy in the archives of memory and tried to use all the 'dry concepts' of secondhand knowledge I had in store to explain the unexplainable. Sometimes the mind came to rest with an answer, which shortly thereafter proved to be inappropriate. My memory readily presented pictures which seemed to fit what I was experiencing. My mind simply was not able to accept the truth that I know nothing. Years went by till I was ready to agree to this. But something near to this awareness dawned upon me during the days in Hyderabad.

On January 3, 1979, I took part in the 66th Indian Science Congress, Prime Minister Moraji Desai was present. One of the main objects of the opening session was the social responsibility of the scientist. The President of the Congress, Prof. A.C. Mehrotra from Delhi, read an impressive paper on the ethical basis of scientific work. On the one hand, I could only underline what he said, but on the other I felt like I was in church where the priests talk about what has to be done and everyone knows: Nobody does it. It seemed to me part of a conventional play in which we all are actors, looking at ourselves as very important persons following the command of the *Bible* to "replenish the earth and subdue it." I myself realized an inner distance to this assembly, and this was new to me.

Hyderabad had been chosen for the Science Congress because of the Diamond Jubilee of Osmania University. This had also

been the reason why I had been asked as a Visiting Professor to deliver a lecture in the University. I spoke about 'International exchange in science and the role of universities'. Having not had enough time to prepare myself thoroughly as I was used to, the success of the lecture and the discussions was hardly explainable. Something had happened to me, but I did not know what.

In Madras a dear old friend, C.T. Nachiappan , was waiting at the airport. With Nachi, as his friends call him, I went to see Rukmini Devi Arundale, the Principal and Founder of Kalakshetra, the famous school of classical Indian dance and music. Meeting her again was like coming home, for wonderful memories were connected with her and this place. I had been to Kalakshetra many times before, after I had become its German representative in 1961. Out of this a close friendship with Rukmini Devi had grown, who during her time was the most famous artist in the field of classical Indian dance, Bharatanatyam.

As in the previous years, I had a room in the International Hostel on the campus of Kalakshetra in Tiruvanmiyur, very near to the Theater and the huts of the dance classes with their thatched roofs. I had the good luck of coming on the opening day of the Kalakshetra Art Festival 1979 with its concerts and various dance performances.

At sunset I went down to the nearby shore to enjoy the fresh breeze. The roaring of the ocean was a wonderful music containing all other sounds of nature. Listening to this mighty sound I became aware that it was present to me not only in this moment but also in an inaudible state all the time. I was alone and joyfully immersed in the color and sound of nature.

But then a group of brandy smugglers passed by. It was the time of prohibition in Tamil Nadu and many villagers tried to add to their far too small income by distilling spirits. I could smell the

alcohol in the smugglers' bags. They were carrying the stuff out of which the dreams of those arise who want 'to enjoy life' and to escape from the daily drudgeries. Slowly I walked back to the Theater, an old building with a thatched roof, for the opening ceremony of the Festival.

The main topic of the program was a performance of Sri M.D. Ramanathan, a singer, accompanied by violin and Mridangam, an Indian drum. I must confess that I didn't have much experience with Indian songs and singers, and so in the beginning I found it very hard to attune to. But then it became an overwhelming event in which the devotee, the devotion and the Divinity merged into one.

Diary January 7, 1979

Yesterday evening I returned to the Hostel in a bright mood from the inauguration of the Festival. Indian singing is really very special for European ears, but the extraordinary devotion of the singer deeply moved my heart. The music sounded strange and I didn't understand the texts, but Bhakti was a great acting force ... I never will forget the dialogue between Ramanathan and the drum, followed by commentaries of the violin! It was an atmosphere like in the Vrindavan forest, where Krishna is waiting for Radha. How wonderful!

Experiences of Bhakti: Up to now I had these many times. Are we changed by it? It must be so. When one tries to see Him in everything, all things change. Don't live horizontally, replacing the 'bad' by the 'good' again and again; live vertically - also the 'wrong' and the 'bad' are part of His Lila (Divine Play): It helps us to build up things in which our soul finds its joy. Seeing Him everywhere is nothing but

His mirroring inside us. Many mirrors are multiplying the light.

All the time the voice of the ocean is in my ear. It is a powerful sound in this part of nature. Softly, but distinctively perceivable is His voice in the gentle lines of the sand dunes and in the buoyant pride of the woman under the tree in the breathe of wind ... The ringing of a bell comes from the new, pompous temple at the mouth of the Adyar river. But His Lila takes place everywhere; everthing is longing for Him - love is the answer .. Everything is pressed forward towards union, is stuffed with life, light, love.

A romantic picture? It makes a crunching sound when in front of my room the branches are torn from the newly planted trees, to be used as fire wood in the nearby village. I'm compelled to protect the small forest which is fighting against the dryness of the sand, but at the same time I'm aware of the poorness of the villagers. So I remain a silent watcher ... Church and temple - His houses? The whole world is His house; we cannot escape Him. As David sings in the 139th Psalm: "If I take the wings of the morning, and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea: even there shall thy hand lead me, and thy right hand shall hold me." It is overwhelming: I am in His Love. But not only I - everybody! Is this a Sunday - like exaltation? No, it is daily certainty.

Sunday evening I was asked by friends whether I was ready to join them listening to J. Krishnamurti, who happened to be in town. His subject was 'Love'. I hesitated a moment, but then decided not to go. For me it was impossible to sit in an audience and to listen to words about love. I was so filled with it, "full to the brim and ready to overflow", as Dadaji would have said, that I shyed away from

all kind of talk about it. Thus I missed the opportunity to meet J.Krishnamurti. Many times I had made plans to attend his lectures in Saanen, Switzerland, but it never came true. Now he happened to be just 'round the corner', at the other side of the Adyar river, but I felt totally unable to go ...

Having been busy with the University of Madras the whole day, I was a little bit exhausted in the evening, when Rukmini Devi's new dance-drama *Buddha Avataram* was performed the first time. Rukmini had written a note on it: "The story of the Buddha is probably the most difficult to produce as dance-drama ... It is not appropriate in this story to always include strenuous dancing. It is the quality of the message of the Buddha that is important. Nor is it possible for anyone to portray the Buddha. Only the Buddha can do justice to the part as only Rama can do justice to Himself. This is obvious; but I have done my best using speech, music, Abhinaya (gesture), and drama as well as the dance, to present the life of Buddha. My own devotion and prayer to the Buddha have been the chief agents for my present effort. Therefore, it is different (intentionally) from other dance-dramas. The costumes, stage, etc. are inspired by many impressions from paintings, sculptures, etc., but not copied. The real inspiration, however, comes from the life of the Buddha Himself."

I had already heard about the many difficulties Rukmini had producing *Buddha Avataram* in Sanskrit. She had to gather material from a variety of sources, and appropriate stanzas had to be selected to make a coherent and, as far as possible, authentic story. So I was full of expectations. But I could not imagine how deeply I would be moved by the story of the life of the Buddha.

Diary January 9, 1979

A great experience: Rukmini's *Buddha Avataram*! Yesterday was the world premiere performance. It was very strange: During the first half of the drama

I was so moved to tears that I didn't know what to do. An inner voice was telling me that everything I was seeing at the stage was going on within me: The birth of Siddharta; his mercy to the shot down swan; his marriage to Yasodhara; his visit to the city where he sees an old man stricken deep in years, a man mortally sick, and in the distance a burning corpse. And lastly he sees a sage whose face is radiant with inner peace. So Siddharta leaves his family.

I was spellbnound and deeply moved by the message of the drama. Tears were running over my face, because I felt something within me only to be described as Truth.

When Devadatta, the cousin of Siddharta, shoots down the swan which dies in the lap of the confounded prince, I saw myself, all of a sudden, as a small boy at the lake near our home in Hamburg. It was shortly before the war. I had thrown stones at a swan and its family to make them swim quicker. But I hit one of the cygnets at its neck and to my utter distress it died after a short struggle. I felt guilty and was at the same time overwhelmed with compassion. Now watching the scene at the stage, all this was present as if it happened at the same time. (And I heard Dadaji's voice, "Also at that time He has been with you - crying for you.") In the scene before, a sage prostrates after the birth of Siddharta in adoration before his cradle, and I myself was snatched by a wave of Bhakti throwing me at the shore of intense longing for Him ...

And it went on with the scene where Siddharta sees his future wife for the first time and love for her buds - everything was filled with my own experience!

Inwardly I went off the deep end, forgot everything around and shed silent tears.

During the pause I had my difficulties to hid my frame of mind when meeting others ... When the performance was over I went to Rukmini to embrace her. She seemed to be deeply moved by seeing me. Although I had many wonderful experiences with Indian dance before, this had been the deepest revelation of its spirit. Today I know that I had tasted the Rasa (essence) of Bhakti. I was full of joy, ready to loose myself in an ocean of love. I knew that all this was due to Dadaji, who was very near all the time.

Already I had tried several times to contact Dadaji in Calcutta by phone, but it didn't click. On Tuesday a local call came in from one Mr.Someswar who told me about his fruitless attempts to get in touch with me during the last two days. Dadaji had asked him to meet me. Still yesterday he had tried in vain to call me, but I had gone to the Theater. In the afternoon I went into town to meet Mr.Someswar at his home.

I was happy to find a very nice, open minded man, an engineer working with Ashok Leyland, the well-known bus manufacturing company. He was eager to bring me in contact with Dadaji by phone and I was delighted to hear Dada's voice. Dadaji asked me whether I was well. I told him briefly about *Buddha Avataram,* the dance-drama, and how it had moved me. He only laughed and said, "I tell you, you are a lucky man!" Dadaji seemed to be very content. Because Mr.Someswar was present I made the call short. After Dadaji again inquired about any wishes I might have and I denied having any, he wanted to know about my days in Hyderabad, for some of his friends had read comments on my Osmania lecture in *The Hindu.* So I informed Dadaji, who,

indeed, had intrest in every detail. Completing the call to Dadaji, I left Mr.Someswar with the promise to see him again one of the following days.

In the evening I went again to the Kalakshetra Theater for another of Rukmini Devi's dance-dramas, *Damayanti Swayamvaram.* Although it had been announced as a light folk-type drama, I found myself very much touched by the depth of the story of Damayanti, who through the mediation of a swan comes to know King Nala whom she never has seen before. She falls in love with him. In one scene her intense longing for him, the King of her heart, is shown with beautiful movements and gestures. Watching this, all of a sudden Dadaji was in the scene asking me, "Do you know what life is?" Smilingly he showed me his cigarette box and match box. "It's His Lila," I clearly heard his voice saying.

The climax of the drama is a ceremony called 'Swayamvaram', during which the future bride Damayanti chooses her bridegroom from among the princely guest, invited by her father. Four gods have also come, Indra, Yama, Varuna, and Agni, to take part in the event. During the 'Swayamvaram' the four gods all look like King Nala, and Damayanti is not able to discriminate between them and the real beloved one. But the intense longing is helping her and the four gods assume their own forms, so that she may identify the real Nala.

For me this was a breath taking scene, which seemed to happen within myself. The message was full of meaning to me: The real One can only be identified by love! Indian dance has its roots in a holistic consciousness of life. It is a religion in itself and cannot be divided from the actual life, but connects spirit and matter in a way which is more than symbolic.

During the next few evenings I attended three more of Rukmini's dance-dramas. All of them created the same experience - I

found myself deeply involved in the story which took place on the stage and at the same time within me. In the light of this, some aspects of my life got a new meaning.

January 13th, a Saturday, was an auspicious day, sacred to Shiva Nataraja, the godly King of dance. The night before I received a letter from Dadaji, which I read again before I went to the Theater for the dance-drama *Meenakshi Vijayam.* Although I felt very tired because of the strenuous work throughout the day, I was looking forward to another experience of Indian dance, but I did not expect what was to happen. The story in a nutshell: Meenakshi is a young lady with a very strong will. Already in her youth she is trained in the martial arts and becomes an expert in warfare. Together with her companions she conquers the eight corners of the world and at the end also attempts to conquer heaven, i.e. Kailasha, the sacred abode of Lord Shiva . But when she approaches him for the first time, she has to recognize in him her true Lord and surrenders, dropping her weapons. Shiva then promises to make her his bride.

I don't know how to explain what happened to me. It was as if I was shown a drama of the human soul, trying to conquer earth and heaven, but forced at the end to surrender to His Love. Isn't our ego all the time eager to gain more and more power, and are we not proud about our victories over nature? All these techniques that helped us to conquer the material plane, make us believe that they also are good in our search for Him. But it is His free Will alone which decides. Nobody is able to do one single step of his or her own against His Will.

These were, so to speak, explanations which came afterward to my mind, words which I did not have available during the breath taking moments of insight into Truth. I was not watching the scene on the stage - everything took place within me! And here and there I believed I saw the smiling face of Dadaji.

This dance-drama had been selected in homage of Sri Nataraja, the Lord Shiva. At the end of the performance, after the Lord Shiva has been wedded to Meenakshi, he shows His cosmic dance, the Tandava Dance. A special posture of the dance is known all over the world by innumerable replicas of a famous bronze statue from the Chidambaram temple in South India: In a halo of fire dances the God who is Creator, Preserver and Destroyer at the same time. I have to confess that I felt one with this Nataraja and his dance -an experience beyond words, which at the end left me alone in devotion and thankfulness.

All the years before, here and there I had opportunities to watch Bharatanatyam. I found it an art having only one object: the uncommitted love for the One. I always had been an admiring spectator. But never had I been in such a way part of the whole play, the stage becoming a bridge between me and the dance. The small group of Western people who had also watched the dance seemed to be bored by the story. They had not been able to relish the Rasa of the dance. It was a revelation of Beauty and Truth, not being confined to the performance - and it went on over the following days.

The letter from Dadaji that I previously mentioned, was a response to the lines I sent him from Hyderabad on New Year's day.

Calcutta 8. 1. 79.

My dear son, Peter,

I have just received your wonderful letter. So, the new year has wooed you with the beatific smile of Truth. The hand that rocks your cradle is All-love and is at the nativity of all existence. You know, you are so very close to me, that this letter is only a formality. Many tete-a-tete goes on between us. Since there is no distance between you in Hyd. and me in Cal. what

remains? You are yourself the creation of Truth - in fact you are one with Truth. There is difference between His Permission and His Will - Permission is profaned by seeking, while His Will is free. All declaration or announcement is sound only when it is dictated by the inner voice of Truth. Don't you worry. Your Travel Agent will guide you unerringly; for you have resigned yourself for Him. He has tightened His arms around you only for your safe anchorage. Do not look back. Be an on-looker through his 'specks' seated as you are in His lap always. Whenever you find time, write something on His philosophy. You must share your knowledge with those eager to learn. Let Truth be manifested in you in full blaze of Love and Wisdom.

With best wishes & love -

Dadaji

Looking back at the days which had passed since I left Calcutta, I found the wordings in Dadaji's letter very appropriate to my own feelings and experiences. Hadn't I felt as an "on-looker through His 'specks'" all the time, being guarded and guided by my "Travel Agent"? And had not Dadaji been with me day by day in an indescribable way? This feeling of togetherness had deepened over the last days, and although I knew that Dadaji was in Calcutta and I myself in Madras with a distance between the two places of far more than 1,000 miles, I had the impression that the two places, or he and me, were only abstract points in Him. I didn't know whether I was correct - the only thing that mattered was that the connection between the two of us was some sort of energy, Life. It is a duality of vision of space: At one time there is distance, unthinkable without the notion of space; but then space is also the uniting element - space as the 'place' where everything is one, in togetherness, unity.

Along with Dadaji's letter another from my wife had come. While reading her lines I was suddenly flooded by love and experienced the same relation as with Dadaji - being one with her and at the same time knowing that she and the children were far away in Germany.

Very often it happens that one finds oneself connected with a person, who is not present. A vivid memory makes one smile because the mind depicts a nice situation connected with that person. Mind is very clever in providing such pictures, and everybody knows that one easily is inclined to take such a picture as a reality. But what I was experiencing was of another quality. Never before had I been so filled with love and Bhakti, never before had I found myself in such a melting pot of emotions and inner experiences - I could only marvel at the fact that my outlook on things and life had changed to such an extent. Somebody - an inner voice - was telling me all the time, "He loves you," and I looked at everything with the eyes of a lover.

Thus it was not difficult to interpret the sentence in Dadaji's letter, "There is a difference between His Permission and His Will - Permission is profaned by seeking, while His Will is free." I was no more in search of Him, He was with me out of His free Will.

The day after I received Dadaji's letter I sat down to reply.

Tiruvanmiyur, 13. 1. 1979

Dear Dadaji,

I have to thank you for your most wonderful letter, which has provoked many thoughts at my end. Every sentence got an internal comment while I read the letter and my feelings deepened into an understanding permeated by His love. Your startling distinction between His Permission and His Will is most fundamental and I have learned much. One

has to 'give away oneself' to Him and His love (I find no better translation for the German words which sprang up from within as a comment to your sentences: 'sich Ihm in Liebe anheimgeben'). Not to obtain Him by force. He is there; be patient. The seminar I attended in Adyar and which brought together some top scientists and some members of the I.T.S. was a great success as far as I can see. I personally experienced being able to speak while guided by an inner voice which naturally integrated the ideas of importance to me both as an economist and individual.It was very easy for me to ring His bell, because I was very enthusiastic in experiencing a new awareness of Truth. Thus, this became a great event for me, being very much encouraged by the Calcutta days and you. Surely I will write on His philosophy! The first thing will be the promised article which is already 'written in my mind'. I must only have time to 'materialize' it. And there are broader plans connected with my planned stay in India Nov. 79 - February 80 (if this comes true as I hope). With a thankful heart and with best wishes and love,

Yours Peter.

When I wrote about the forthcoming stay in India, which I had planned for me and my family, I could not imagine all the difficulties we had to overcome and the problems which were in store for us before we were able to leave Germany. But that is another chapter.

The seminar mentioned was on *Impact of Science on Human Values*, organized jointly by the Committee on Science and Technology in Developing Countries (COSTED) and the International Theosophical Society (I.T.S.). It brought together some prominent scientists from India, Sri Lanka, the United Kingdom, the U.S.A. and other countries under the patronship of UNESCO.

Besides my work with the University of Madras, the invitation to attend this seminar had been the main reason for me to come to Madras.

The seminar was opened on January 10th by the Governor of Tamil Nadu and the President of the I.T.S., Mr. John B.S. Coats. Out of the inaugurational speeches I found very impressive the one of Dr. S. Bhagavatam, Director of the Indian Institute of Science in Bangalore and President of COSTED. Dr. Bhagavatam was a very prominent scientist, a well known physicist with worldwide reputation. He stressed the fact that humanity was living in the Dark Age, the Kali Yuga, being in need of a Savior, a Messiah or somebody able to show to us how to overcome the growing problems which were due to the egoism, the source of all darkness, prevailing in our times. Dr. Bhagavatam painted a gloomy picture of the world with ecological catastrophies ahead. What could be the vivifying and positive responses to the challenges of this Dark Age, the Kali Age?

We struggled over three days with this question. I had prepared myself for the seminar by reading famous reports to the Club of Rome, the well-known group of 100 scientists, humanists, educators and managers, who joined together for the first time in 1968 to analyze global problems. Included in my preparation were reports like Dennis Meadow's *Limits to Growth* and Jan Tinbergen's *Reshaping the International Order*, books which had caused controversial discussion at that time. But I was also fascinated by E.F. Schumacher's *Small is Beautiful* and *A Guide for the Perplexed*. Alexander King's *The State of the Planet* also had been helpful. This literature added to my knowledge of the socio-economic development processes in the so-called 'Third World' and helped me agree fundamentally with Dr.Bhagavatam's rather dark picture of the world. Of course, there were contributions to the seminar showing several ways out of the crisis, and all of us were deeply moved by Rukmini Devi speaking as the President of the Animal Welfare Board of India. But whether we

talked about the impact of sciences on the quality of life, or the human personality, or about the technological development (where I made my contribution), most of us had the feeling of growing danger and ongoing destruction of human values. But, not very common to seminars where mainly scientists flock together, there had also been a strong longing for spiritual guidance. The large number of Indians seemed to be responsible for this.

It happened that I got the opportunity to give a vote of thanks on behalf of the participants to the organizers of the seminar. This small contribution proved to be an inner connection to Dr. Bhagavatam.

Diary January 13, 1979

Dr. Bhagavatam seemed to take a special and hearty delight with what I had to say: "In the opening speech, the misery and sorrow have been expressed regarding our feelings about the current situation in which humanity finds itself. With the remark 'only a Savior could rescue us' a dark mood was at the background of Dr.Bhagavatam's speech. Because I'm able to share his sorrows and fears, I have asked myself why I don't also react in a pessimistic way. In this connection I remembered the wonderful words which have sustained me for a long time and by which I feel encouraged ... In the Vishnu Purana the Sage Veda Vyasa says, 'Excellent, excellent is the Kali Age!' And this is his explanation: 'The reward which a man obtains in Krita Age by abstract meditation, in the Treta Age by sacrifice, in the Dvapara Age by adoration, he receives in the Kali Age by merely reciting the Names of Keshava'. This is the most wonderful fact in our Dark Age ! But what does it mean, 'Reciting the Names of Keshava'? I believe that from the view point of science, these Names are

the insight into the Oneness of life. These Names open into a reverence for life and the knowledge that Love, Truth, God is the basis of the whole creation. From these Names my hope gets wings and lets me describe the direction we have taken in this seminar with the following words well-known to theosophists: The crest-wave of intellectual advancement must be taken hold of and guided into spirituality."

The face of Dr.Bhagavatam was beaming in a way I never will forget.

"The Names of Keshava": This means the name of Lord Krishna, who is also called Keshava. Out of the multitude of his names or epithets only two were in my mind: Gopal Govinda - this was Mahanam, and during those days I heard Mahanam very often welling up from my heart. To see nature being filled with love is so exçiting! And besides all the beautiful trees and flowers in Adyar, again and again I was attracted by the ocean.

Diary January 13, 1979

It was still foggy around the house when I went swimming. The sun was touching the horizon like a red ball where ocean and sky blend. It was an especially refreshing bath and the waves were running with a force I had never witnessed before. They were rolling in a never ending sequence, foaming up and breaking down in a delightful, energetic play. In the face of the rising sun I had to sing and to dance ....

Today there is a full moon. Already yesterday the female star was hanging silvery over the sea - a glimmering path led to her over the waters; in front the wind-slanted trees, the soft lines of the shore: a picture to look through to the deep ...

Yes, the days were stuffed with lyrical life and many varied encounters, but the basic tune was love.

One Sunday I walked back from Adyar to the International Hostel in Tiruvanmiyur, asking myself what was happening to me. Never before had I been in such a mood, and I felt as though I had been 'taught' during these days.

> Diary January 14,1979
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> While I was walking I looked at everything with the eyes of love. There was no more dirt in the small village I had to pass, no disconsolation; everything was vibrating in a Symphony of Life which did not know good or bad tones ...

I didn't look at things with an analytic mind. A tree wasn't only a tree - may be of a special kind - and a bush not merely a bush. Things didn't have names, they were integral parts of a whole, permeated by His Name, Mahanam - something beyond words. And I was at the centre of all things around and at the same time immersed in the whole.

Every day at sunrise I had my early swim in the ocean. At such an early hour I was always alone, watched by nobody. So I could play with the waves and swim to a small sand bar, which always was two feet or so under water.

One morning a very fresh, strong breeze was blowing and extremely high waves were rolling in to shore. There was a roaring sound in the air and at first I was not inclined to take my swim, for the swelling was too rough for a poor swimmer like me. Then the play of the waves was too tempting and in high spirits, full of joy, I fought with the breakers, trying in vain to reach the sand bar. All of a sudden there was a whirl and a huge wave broke down upon me. I had to gulp a lot of salt water and struggled to come back to the surface. I saw a still higher wave coming on,

and in uttermost despair and mortal dread I cried, "Dadaji! Dadaji!" And something happened, something incomprehensible: I did not only feel soil under my feet, but saw also in front of me a broad strip of silent, calm water, reaching up to the shore - and the huge waves continued rolling in to shore on each side! Swimming and wading I reached the shore where I fell down and praised Him.

I have forgotten how I came back to my room. For a long time I was under the spell of this extraordinary event. On the one hand, I had a shock which deepened as I pondered about the possible consequence of my risky adventure. On the other hand, I had problems accepting what had rescued me. It was an unbelievable fact. Whenever Dadaji came to my mind I felt a strong wave of love ....

To tell the truth: I mentally was not able to digest what had happened - not at that time. Our mind is like a guard rejecting all facts which are not in accord with 'normal' reason and what we define as 'reality'.

While writing in my diary, I repressed the truth for the first time and described myself as somebody who had not been in danger. (Having the habit of reading my diary to my wife after my travels, I feared her angry comments about my readiness to take such dangerous risks). But upon returning to Germany I told her, and only her, the full story. I knew most people would neither understand nor accept the story of being rescued by Dadaji.

Years later, during a severe sickness, which led me to the threshold of death, I vividly remembered what it had been - a miracle.

CHAPTER FOUR

Do not run after Gurus or Priests

"No human being can ever be a Guru." Dadaji's words had become a beacon light for me and I had developed doubts in Bhagwans, Babas, priests and so-called Saints. "These people are exploiting others. It's all business," had been Dadaji's comment about Gurus. Therefore, I was a little bit irritated when Mr. Someswar, whom I had come to visit, was already waiting in the car with his whole family to take me to Satya Sai Baba, a full-fledged Guru of the modern type. Years before, at Adyar, I met Howard Murphet, an Australian journalist, who had just published his book *Sai Baba - Man of Miracles*. It had also been translated into German, but although I got a copy, I never read it because of a lack of interest.

Mr. Someswar left it up to me to join him and his family. I decided to go with them and to be an 'onlooker'. While we were driving along the Marina, Mr. Someswar spoke about Sai Baba and Dadaji being 'brothers', having each his own 'style'. Sai Baba was attracting hundreds of thousands of people and seemed to have a good relation with Mr. Someswar. I was also told that a well-known female Saint, Sri Anandamayi Ma, regarded Sai Baba and Dadaji as her 'sons'. She had visited Mr. Someswar at his home. For him all saints and Gurus of such a 'calibre' were of the same value.

His attitude was not surprising, for I had met many 'Guru minded' Indians before, who were not selective with their adoration. Mr. Someswar seemed to be one of them. I asked myself why Dadaji wanted just him to look after me. And how did he understand Dadaji's remark, "If I am a Guru, you are also a Guru"? It is difficult in India, being a 'spiritual person', not to be regarded as a Guru...

It took us some time in the heavy traffic to arrive at the place we expected to meet Sai Baba. Ultimately we reached a big hall, where some thousand people were already assembled. We got seats in one of the first rows reserved for the V.I.P.'s, and I was seated at the end of the row. "If Sai Baba passes, he may talk to you," Mr. Someswar said.

We had come very early, nearly one hour before Sai Baba was expected to arrive. Mr. Someswar spent time telling me about his relation with Dadaji. One day he had the strong wish to meet him in Calcutta. A little later he unexpectedly had business there, took this as a token of good luck and used the opportunity to see Dadaji. He found himself so much attracted by Dadaji that he was thinking about the possibility of getting a job in Calcutta to be close to him. But Dadaji told him to remain in Madras because he would be able to meet him often time there also. How could this happen, Mr. Someswar asked Dadaji. The cryptic reply was that he could meet him there everyday, if he wished.

For me this was a reasonable statement, for I understood the word 'he' as 'He', the 'Guru within', of whom Dadaji constantly was speaking. This Guru, of course, was not bound to a certain place. Did I myself not have such wonderful 'meetings'? But Mr. Someswar had another remarkable interpretation of Dadaji's reply. He started to look in Madras for somebody nearly equal to Dadaji - and this one he found in a very traditional Guru, Sri La Sri Pandrimalai Samikal, 'The Master Mystic', a devotee of Lord Subrahmanya. Since then he had nearly daily contact with this Swamiji, meeting him in the evenings at the shore somewhere in Madras.

I was very much astonished to hear this, for I could not easily accept this Swamiji as somebody equal to Dadaji. Suddenly I remembered the promise of friend Nachi, given during the time when I was venerating Lord Subrahmanya, to bring me into contact with Pandrimalai Samikal, known to be the 'key-

representative' of the Subrahmanya cult in this region. In the meantime, this Swamiji had become Nachi's own Guru and teacher.

Mr. Someswar seemed to have no trouble at all in combining the acknowledgement of these Gurus with his, as he said, "close relation with Dadaji." To him all were equally holy persons having reached self-realization and thus access to the Ultimate Reality. "Let us meet Pandrimalai Samikal after having seen Sai Baba," he proposed.

During our conversation the assembly had started singing. In front of the stage was a brocaded throne prepared for Sai Baba. When I looked back to the entrance of the hall, where a large row of people formed a lane, I discovered Dr. Bhagavatam. Taken by surprise, I exclaimed his name because I never would have expected him at this place. Mr. Someswar asked me how I had come to know Dr. Bhagavatam, who for years had been acting as an interpreter of Sai Baba's speeches. Then Dr. Bhagavatam looked in our direction and Mr. Someswar waved his hand to bring him to us. After having discovered me in the audience he quickly came to me with the comment, "Ah, there you are! I was searching you the whole afternoon! We wanted to bring you to Sai Baba. Come, there is a seat in front of the audience."

Perplexed, I followed him near to the throne, where I met Prof. Radhakrishnan, a son of Dr. Bhagavatam, who had also participated in the seminar. He must have sensed my hesitation and perplexity, for he went on saying, "These are all outer things, don't believe in the rumor about Sai Baba!" I didn't know what rumor he meant.

Seemingly Sai Baba already had come, for the singing, evidently meant to greet him, became louder. Then he appeared on the scene, a not very tall man with a tremendous crown of hair - an 'African look' - and an anklelong orange shirt. Indeed, he looked

very uncommon, rather exotic, so as to impress people. With amused eyes he went through the rows, making jokes here and there; the people laughed.

After having reached the throne, a singer started a freshly composed hymn of praise for Sai Baba. I guess it was in Telugu language, Sai Baba's mother tongue, and it lasted a very long time. All the time I was looking at the unusual man on the throne, who was listening to the enthusiastic recitation. I did not have the impression that he was bathing in all the adoration; he rather behaved in a natural way. But I was sure that at the same time he voluntarily was playing a role mutually agreed upon by him and his followers.

Dr. Bhagavatam, sitting next to me, whispered into my ear that he had already talked to Sai Baba, who wanted to see me in the evening. But I told him that I had decided to go back to Kalakshetra, not to miss the dance-drama *Meenakshi Vijayam*. So, to the disappointment of my neighbor, I left the place when the recital was over.

Mr. Someswar drove me back to Tiruvanmiyur. I didn't listen to his manifold stories about Sai Baba and his miracles, but was busy digesting the impressions gained with this modern type Guru. I was far from feeling attracted by this man who was revered by so many people. Was I prejudiced against Sai Baba by Dadaji's warning, "Beware of Gurus!"?

In the afternoon of the following day Dr. Bhagavatam came to Tiruvanmiyur with an invitation of Sai Baba to attend a meeting and to see him afterward. Prof. Radhakrishnan and Prof. Kodagoda, a medical doctor from Sri Lanka, were with him. We drove again to the assembly place. I learned that Sai Baba was the patron of a large social and educational trust running schools, colleges, hospitals and other organizations. First we visited an

exhibition prepared by children and pupils of the Sai Baba schools, depicting school life, techniques of meditation, and pieces of art. The adoration for Sai Baba, the 'Great Teacher', was evident. Indeed, at least Sai Baba had a big income of reverence.

It was Sunday and some 30,000 people had come to see Satya Sai Baba. We got a place in the first row, squatting on the floor. Dr. Bhagavatam had to act as an interpreter and was sitting near the throne on the stage.

People started singing and soon Sai Baba appeared. There were some evidently handicapped people seated on chairs in front of us close to the stage. Sai Baba went to them and stopped in front of one blind man. First he laid his hands on the man's shoulders, then all of a sudden stretched out his one hand and a white powder fell out of the air into it. Sai Baba balmed the forehead of the blind man with it and gave him a little bit to taste. The man deeply bowed down in adoration.

After this a tiny child was given into Sai Baba's arms. Again the white powder fell from nowhere into his hand and was smeared on the body of the child. "It has great healing power," was the comment from my neighbor Prof. Radhakrishnan.

Sai Baba now started to walk through the crowd, speaking with this man and that lady, 'producing' the powder, and sometimes he seemed to write invisible signs with his finger into the air. On his way back to the stage he stopped in front of me, asking in a slow English, when I had arrived. I looked into kind eyes and a smiling face and gave my answer. He then asked for the 'Ceylonese gentleman' and I pointed out Prof. Kodagoda. They also had a short conversation, and after that Sai Baba climbed the stage and sat down on the throne.

Now the program started with two students giving a report about college education, science and technology. The first student seemed to refer to Sai Baba as 'God'. Sai Baba interrupted him

with the remark that all of us were God. But the tenor of the speeches was very clear: God has become man, and we are here to adore him! Sai Baba, be our guide! Your will be done!

This only had been the prelude. Now Sai Baba himself started singing in the Telugu language. "He does this every time," I was told by Prof. Radhakrishnan. The song was followed by a talk in the same language, spoken very quickly, and translated by Dr. Bhagavatam into English. Sai Baba very eloquently brought quotations from the *Mahabharata* and other sources, stressing that egoism only could be destroyed by the love of God; that society could only be changed by love; and that India should tread the path of its age old wisdom. Partly it was a moral lecture, lasting more than 45 minutes. Sai Baba seemed to make a strong impact on the audience, and I myself was somehow touched by his words. After finishing his lecture, he again started singing with his melodious voice. The people also began to sing, it was a rhythmical song. Then the song was accelerated and became more and more dynamic: Shiva - Hare - Subrahmanya! Abruptly it ended.

It was very impressive, and the people seemed to bathe in the atmosphere created by themselves. At the end of the song, with quick steps, Sai Baba left the stage. Now his empty throne was blessed by a priest with an open flame. Again singing, the masses pressed forward in the direction of the stage and bowed before the empty throne.

I had mixed feelings about all this. Evidently Sai Baba was able to fascinate the masses and I had been witness of an interplay between him and his devotees. He had a good talent for shows. What had happened could be to some extent a good lesson in mass psychology, but there might have been something else unexplainable...At this time I did not come to a clear judgment. But in any case, I fullheartedly disliked mass assemblies of this kind.

Because Dr. Bhagavatam had told me that Sai Baba wanted to see us, I joined the others and we went to his house. It was a

modern looking mansion called Sundaram. In an illuminated niche next to the house door were two big figures of Shiva and Parvati, and in the car entrance was a huge Mercedes. "All this doesn't belong to Sai Baba, he himself owns nothing," Prof. Radhakrishnan said. He seemed to have read my critical thoughts.

While Dr. Bhagavatam was going to inquire as to the possibility of seeing Sai Baba, we were led into a simple carpeted room. And then he came, behaving in a normal, unpretentious, friendly way. He wanted to know where I was staying in Madras, and when I mentioned Kalakshetra, his comment was that he had met Rukmini Devi already in the morning. He also took interest in my academic work in India. With Prof. Kodagoda he spoke about the study of medicine. It was a polite conversation not touching any spiritual object. At the end Sai Baba asked me whether I wanted to have 'Vibuthi', meaning the fine gray colored ashes with which, according to tradition, God Shiva smears his body. In my and Prof. Kodagoda's open hands fell the gray powder, materializing in the air under the outstretched hand of Sai Baba. I got a slip of paper to pack the stuff and had to smile with the thought, "Look, Dadaji. Tamasha for your son Peter!" Didn't Dadaji say in Calcutta, no playful application of occult power (Tamasha) for me?

Sai Baba seemed to be in a light mood. His English was not as good as I had expected. Of course, he was an impressive and, in his way, fascinating personality with a certain charm. I could understand Dr. Bhagavatam being very much attracted by this man who, as I learned later, had done very much for the health of his family. And I also began to understand Mr. Someswar, who always spoke in high praise of the kindness of Sai Baba.

Some prominent guest had come and Sai Baba left us alone. He didn't come back, but I got the message that he would like to see me in one of his colleges, for I had shown interest in visiting one.

Years later, from Abhi Bhattacharya I learned the story of a journalist, who after receiving Vibhuti from Satya Sai Baba, was also supplied with it in abundance and in an amazing and unheard of rainbow of colors by Dadaji. On top of that, a silken Lungi, which Abhi had brought from Hongkong and which was still with him in his baggage in Bombay, appeared from the telephone receiver in Dadaji's house in Calcutta while the journalist was speaking with Abhi. The fascinating story is reported in *The Truth Within* (pg. 305).

Dadaji says that egoistic prayer and practices may by His permission result in such things as Vibuthi. But His Love reveals itself only in the "Vaishnava (the state of devotion to God) bower of Vrindavan (playground of Love Divine within)" - nowhere else.

In the car, on the way back to Tiruvanmiyur, I heard many stories about the miraculous healings Sai Baba had done. I had no doubts after listening to the facts. But when one of my companions remarked that Sai Baba made all decisions for him, that he was consulting with the Guru in small matters also, and when he added, "I have given myself fully into Sai Baba's hands," all of a sudden I understood the dangers of Gurubad (Guru business). This was the basic difference: For me, a human being never could become a Guru - Guru is within!

Looking back that night at all that had happened, I remembered my last encounter with Sai Baba had been polite, not more... Might he have sensed my strong relationship with Dadaji? I found this relation even stronger than before.

Some days later my friend Nachi asked me if I would like to see Pandrimalai Samikal. I agreed, still having in mind the remarks of Mr. Somewar about the 'relation' between the Swamiji and Dadaji.

Sri La Sri Pandrimalai Samikal had an unpretentious house with a big hall in town. One part of the hall was separated by a huge curtain and formed a sort of platform. Here the Swamiji was sitting in a comfortable arm chair, and I was surprised by his very dark skin. In his chair he looked like a bulky, peasant-like person with a radiating face. I felt an immediate sympathy for him and his simplicity. This evidently was the traditional type of Indian Guru.

Nachi previously had told him about my former meditational practice. Now Swamiji wanted to know the details from me. I gave those and Nachi translated into Tamil. The man in the arm chair seemed to be very content and said that he had seen me with his 'inner eye' while I was talking. But the Lord Muruga - this is the Tamil name of Subramanya - wanted to give me a personal message, Swamiji said. I was instructed to pray inwardly to God. The Swami opened the shrine and entered. Several people outside had been asked to act as witnesses.

> Diary January 17, 1979
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> The Swami was standing in the door of the shrine, murmuring Mantras. There, from a corner, evidently out of the air, a piece of paper fell into his hands and was handed over to me. On this paper was written the personal message - with typewritten letters! It was in English. I was perplexed, although Nachi had informed me before about the Swamiji's practice of materialization of whole articles.
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> The Swami was very much interested to know what was written on the paper and a man was asked to translate into Tamil language. Such 'personal messages' were very seldom, I was told, and therefore I noticed some exitement on the part of the people present.

The Swami told me with evident delight that people in the United States had tried with scientific instruments to show these materializations to be 'tricks', but in vain! However, in the same breath he told me that such materializations were unimportant and could lead into false directions, if they were put into the foreground of interest...

Then he taught me and those present the following truths:

- No human being can be God, also not he himself, the Swami. The difference between him and us is the degree of self-realization. All men on earth are on the path to the goal of perfect self-realization.

- God is Love. There is no better description. To reach Him one has to grow in His Love. Rituals are not needed.

- A self -realized person will not show himself as such by wearing saffron robes, a long beard or having other outer marks. Such a person will live a normal life without special clothes, only interested in helping others and radiating love.

- It is the egoistic mind which is a hindrance to perceive Reality.

All this took place in a warm and uncomplicated atmosphere. We talked about my family and he wanted to see pictures. At the end I told him that I had a strong relation with Dadaji. His comment was, "Wonderful! My Pranam (veneration) to Dadaji", and he bowed before me. Then I was garlanded by him.

This was a meeting with a rather traditional Indian Guru. Although I had the strong feeling of a fundamental difference between him and Dadaji, I was impressed by the warmth and friendliness of this nice and simple man.

The full days of Madras were over. When I was waiting in the airport for the flight to Bombay, I remembered Dadaji having said to me one day in Calcutta: "No person as mediator is needed, no outer guide. Every 'guide' will lead you astray. Only He is the 'Travel Agent', neither a 'Guru' nor you can do anything. Only remember His Name and be patient."

The 'Guru' (Master) is an age-old figure in Indian culture. According to ancient theologians and philosophers, the Vedas, the most authoritative scriptures of the Hindus, are composed by Rishis (seers). Although this is highly controversial amongst Indologists, it shows the high esteem of such authorities who are looked upon as Gurus. The sacred lore of wisdom was orally passed from generation to generation and only lately laid down in script. Thus the masters of this wisdom were the first Gurus.

Also today, he, sometimes she, is a spiritual preceptor or teacher, a sage, a wise person, one who initiates into the hidden wisdom. So, to the concept of 'Guru' also belongs the disciple, he or she who is taught and trained and has to learn from the Master who knows. The Guru is unthinkable without the disciple, and the personal relationship between the two is said to be very important. This concept has so much permeated Indian society that sometimes, as I witnessed in Kalakshetra, disciples of a traditional flute teacher looked upon him as their Guru, who not only teaches them the art to play the instrument but is, by his personality, regarded as a 'human model' in a holistic way.

In the Brahmanic culture, a special caste originally taught wisdom and was also responsible for priestly work. Thus the 'good relations' with the gods and the Divine. Today Brahmins also act as family priests and are masters of rituals, offerings, etc. They act as mediators between the devotees and their gods or goddesses. Very often, for the priests this is a source of income, for they earn money with their services or are sustained materially by those who supposedly are in need of them. In traditional society all this has to follow a certain order.

The 'Guru' has to be seen in the background of this societal structure, which still seems to be strong. There are many types of Gurus in India. Western people are sometimes told that they can be divided into 'good' and 'bad' ones. The 'good' Gurus are said to be teaching a moral code based upon spiritual laws and the ways and means of self-development through meditation, Yoga and so on, so that the egocentric personality will vanish. The 'bad' Gurus are trying to earn money with their magic arts and are teaching the development of psychical powers ('Siddhis') and self-development for egoistic purposes.

For the Western reader it should not be difficult to identify amongst Christian priests and preachers these types of smart business people. They may not perform magic arts as some of the Indian Gurus to attract customers, but there is an endless variety of other established means to deprive people of their inner freedom and make them dependent on priests and rituals, churches and sects. There is a deeply rooted longing of individuals to be in a personal relation to God. This longing or 'demand' is ripe for spiritual guidance by religions that exploit, whether consciously or unconsciously. There are not only quacks in the market, but also those with seemingly good names and intentions. The result is the same.

Why, so I asked myself, was Dadaji in general against Gurus? Intuitively I knew him to be right. But it took me some more years till I came to an understanding that one really can do nothing to come to Him. He alone wills. One has to be patient and to leave everything to Him. There is no technique, nobody can bring you to Him. Dadaji is totally right exposing professional Gurus, who entertain the idea that they can lead their disciples 'nearer to Him'.

Why run after Gurus? They only can be between you and Him. There is an Indian tradition saying that without a 'living Guru' you never will reach Him. For Dadaji this is nothing but bondage and exploitation of devotees. The development of psychic

faculties has nothing to do with Him. Whether you are rich or poor - it doesn't matter. We never should look at Him from an utilitarian or hedonistic point of view.

I have come across some who consider themselves devotees of Dadaji, mostly Indians, regarding him as their Guru. When I asked them if they have any difficulties with Dadaji's anti-Guru attitude, they say, nevertheless, he is our Guru. I think this to be a totally personal decision; seemingly some need an 'outer' teacher or guide. I myself look at Dadaji as what he calls himself, an elder brother. We both are from the same Father or Mother; and this Father or Mother, He or she, is in nobody else more visible for me than in Dadaji.

Very often people regard Gurus or priests and preachers as 'technical advisers', teaching meditation and other "spiritual" methods. Being "spiritual" specialists of the 'How to ' type, the idea of self-development under some sort of "spiritual trainer" is marketed to the masses. Dadaji's "You can do nothing", is in direct contradiction to such ideas and business activities.

And why, one may ask, does Dadaji perform miracles? He again and again stresses the point that those miracles simply 'happen'. I think, for each one they are bearing a personal message. At least they underline the idea that there are 'more things in heaven and in earth, Horatio, than are dreamt of in our philosophy'.

Dadaji says, "If I'm a Guru, you are also a Guru." To my understanding this is a key to Dadaji's anti-Guru attitude. Not only is He the only Guru, He is the nearest and dearest residing in our heart. It also has the meaning that we all have the ability to help others through love.

Dadaji himself insists that Sri Krishna Chaitanya, called Mahaprabhu, himself "had no human Guru. They say Keshab Bharati was his Guru. What a pity, they never cared to know

the significance of these two words. 'Keshab' (Keshava) is Krishna; Krishna or Narayan who resides within was his Guru. When Ram Thakur was asked who was his Guru, he tried to parry the question ... When pressed, he replied: Anangadeva. 'Anga' means body: 'Ananga' means bodyless" (*On Dadaji,* Part II, pg.xxxii). Dadaji did not have a Guru, because, as he stressed often and again, "one's Guru is the Lord Himself who is ever dwelling in the very centre of one's heart " (op.cit.,pg.5).

At the Madras airport I again went through the article of Sarvepalli Radhakrishnan, the great philosopher with his limitless admiration for Dadaji, whom he had found in his old age. He also states that Dadaji's "insurrection against Gurudom is vitriolic in its vehemence." And he goes on to say, "No human being can ever be a Guru who is but Eternal. And what, indeed, is the necessity of a Guru? The Mahanam is constantly being chanted within my heart, I have forgotten it through Maya which is but my egoism. One has to drain off the last vestige of ego and the Lord will surely make such one full to the brim with self-abnegating love. The Lord is my dearest and resides in my heart. No manner of penance or ritualism is necessary to achieve Him. Our only duty is to submit to the Mahanam ringing spontaneously within us and to bear Prarabha (fate) with fortitude. What a new dispensation! My life is the way to immortality! Religion, then, is neither a magic, nor a witchcraft, nor the opium of the people. The greatest of the spiritualists is notwithstanding the greatest of the materialists. Dadaji is a miracle wound up in infinite miracles that defy the comprehension of the greatest seers of all ages".

I had booked a flight to Frankfurt with a one day stopover in Bombay, where I arrived on Thursday, January 18. Abhi Bhattacharya and Dr. Lalit Pandit were at the airport. Dadaji had sent me a message through Mr. Someswar to meet the two and I was happy to do so. I had to tell detailed stories about my

encounters and experiences in Madras, especially with the 'modern' and the 'traditional' Guru, and by the comments of the two new friends I learned more about Dadaji. I specially remember very clearly one story Abhi told because it centered around a famous Guru, Sitaramdas Omkarnath, whom I first met in 1967 in Jaipur together with Professor H.N. Banerjee from the University of Rajasthan, as already reported in Chapter Two.

On November 7, 1971, a religious conference was held in Mahajati Sadan Hall, Calcutta, to celebrate the Advent Centenary of Prabhu Jagatbandhu, one of the great saints of Bengal. Many Gurus and Pundits attended, amongst them Sitaramdas Omkarnath. Dadaji, who principally dislikes such gatherings, had also promised to make a contribution out of his personal knowledge of Prabhu Jagatbandhu, and went to the Hall together with a group of men and women close to him. Nearly all of the Gurus present and also Sitaramdas Omkarnath protested against the women being seated near the podium where Dadaji and others had their place. When Dadaji said, "I always love to remain amongst women, how can I stay without them?"there was still some protest, but the ladies who had come with Dadaji remained seated. It seemed that all those objecting were powerless against Dadaji's wish.

The message of Dadaji was read by Dr. Gourinath Shastri, the Vice-Chancellor of the Benares Sanskrit University, an internationally famed scholar. It included comments that God alone is the Guru, and that what is obtained by exercise is not the Supreme Being, as He comes to us only through love and the remembrance of Mahanam.

These statements of Dadaji incurred the Guru's displeasure. So much so that Sitaramdas Omkarnath arose and tried to protest, but Dadaji replied, and strongly underscored that God alone is the supreme Guru and that Omkarnath would fall if held by ten disciples. Although the self-styled Guru did his best to stand up

with the help of his disciples, Omkarnath stiffened and fell to the floor. This incident aroused much indignation amongst the Gurus and won Dadaji many enemies. I could easily follow Abhi's comment that the case against Dadaji in 1973 had its root in this incident, for the officer of the Crime Branch in Calcuta who organized Dadaji's arrest, was the disciple of one of the hostile Gurus.

For me it was very important to hear this fantastic story, for I had a picture of Sitaramdas Omkarnath in my house signed by him in 1967 in Pushkar at Uta's request. With his matted hair he kindly looked out of the picture frame, bound in age-old traditions. Later I came across an interview Dadaji had given the *Amrita Bazar Patrika*, a widespread newspaper in East India, on the occasion of the Advent Centenary of Prabhu Jagatbandhu in 1971. There he says: "Most of our people have shrouded the Truth with traditions of penance, renunciation, Yoga rituals or recitals of Shastras. The Absolute is not bound by any of these prescriptions. Nor does He divide humanity into sects, castes, Sannyasis (renunciates) and Non-Sannyasis. He is the same in every individual. We have to live with the world which Prabhu did not reject. Our ancient sages also followed this simple path of knowing the Truth, although they led a normal worldly life. Our people demanded political freedom. They should know that they have their freedom in their spiritual pursuit. They need not depend on a third person for their spiritual goal" (*On Dadaji*, Part II, pg. XI).

During my brief visit to Bombay, we were, in fact, talking from morning to evening, and all the time it was as if Dadaji were present. Abhi Bhattacharya, a long time and well-known movie star, already had been travelling with Dadaji for a number of years. He had recorded many of Dadaji's talks and his conversations with people. I didn't know that a long time ago Dadaji had been a much appreciated singer in All-India Radio. Abhi vividly described one night when Dadaji was with him in

Bombay and suddenly wanted to sing accompanied by a harmonium. But how to get a harmonium at 2 o'clock in the morning? Abhi, to his own astonishment, solved the problem in a short time, and Dadaji sang a song in praise of Sri Krishna. Abhi recorded it.

I listened to the tape and was deeply moved. What a wonderful voice! While I was listening, the telephone rang. It was Dada from Calcutta who wanted me on the phone. He seemed to be well informed about my days in Madras and asked, whether I had thought of gifts to be brought home from Bombay for Uta and the children. I told him that it would be too late to go shopping, but he became very angry and insisted on the buying of 'Bombay gifts' for all members of the family - his gifts, of course! Because I didn't know what to do with an angry Dadaji, I called Abhi to the phone, who also told him that it indeed was too late in the evening for buying gifts. Abhi's place, Delphin House in Bandra, is far away from the center of Bombay; so he didn't see any possibility of fulfilling Dadaji's wish. But then I saw Abhi react like a soldier getting his orders. He said, "yes", and "we will go immediately!"

And we went. Abhi had been advised to look for a shop nearby, but no name or street was given to him. The streets were already dark and all shops we passed had closed. We were in sèarch for an opportunity to buy gifts for nearly half an hour. Abhi had firmly decided to follow Dadaji's advice, which according to him would not have been given without the possibility of coming to a solution. I, myself, for whom the whole search was happening, was soon tired.

In the meantime, we were passing through streets where Abhi himself never had been. "Dadaji knows what he says," Abhi repeated from time to time. Also Lalit seemed to be very sure. For me it was a little bit of a crazy situation.

In a dark lane near a closed petrol station we found a well assorted special gift shop, open and fully illuminated! The shopkeeper didn't know why he had not already closed his shop and seemed to be surprised about the late customers. "Take what you want!" Abhi said with the

voice of a king, making a gesture presenting all things in the shop to me. Having the problem of overweight baggage in mind I selected a few really nice gifts. The shopkeeper was delighted to make an unexpected sale so late at night.

We were just back in Delphin House, when another call came from Dadaji. He wanted to know whether I had selected enough gifts. I assured Dadaji of my complete satisfaction. When I started to thank him, he interrupted me, "You are my son!" He found sweet words full of love and it was as if he was holding me in his arms.

My plane for Frankfurt was leaving at 3 o'clock in the morning. Waiting in the departure lounge I looked back to the days in India and discovered that Dadaji had been with me all the time since I left Calcutta.

CHAPTER FIVE

Immersed in God from birth

Again home in Bochum I saw myself confronted with a mountain of work. It was not easy to adapt to the familiar university life, and there was only one wish, not to get lost in the ocean of duties. I wanted to preserve the memory of the fragrance of the Indian days.

During the first night back home I dreamt intensively of Dadaji. I had to defend what I called Dadaji's 'philosophy' against the arguments of a group of unknown people. Dadaji was always present in the background, watching the scene. Upon waking, I did not remember whether I had been successful or not. Today I guess that I had to stand before the tribunal of my rational mind asking difficult questions. Of course, the difference between all the happenings in Calcutta, Madras or Bombay and the logical, rational climate of the university could not have been bigger. I had to live with contradictions and utterly tried to digest what had happened to me.

Very seldom have I a good memory of dreams. Mostly I seem not to dream at all. But two days later I saw myself in a dream acting as a Rector of the University together with many scientists. We were talking about most modern findings in science and how they had been obtained. All of a sudden I discovered some sort of direct approach to the truth hidden within myself. Out of this, I became aware of an 'inner wisdom' I only had to make use of, and the discourse with my colleagues developed in quite another direction.

In daily life it was not so easy to open the source of 'inner wisdom' and to bring newly won insights into connection with academic business. I tried to preserve what I brought home and to defend it with all types of arguments. I also took refuge in philosophical and indological literature, trying to come to an understanding of what had happened. If I had been a member of a church or a sect,

I might have tried to bring my knowledge into harmony with my creed. I came to understand that it was very helpful to have others with whom I could have discussed my situation. The answer was given by another dream.

Diary January 24, 1979

> Again I had a remarkable dream: We - I do not know who the others were - witnessed Dadaji creating two bubbling fountains (in a desert). This, being a veritable 'miracle', was followed by a discussion amongst us as to whether buildings should be erected around the fountains, what would mean their 'institutionalization'. I remember my total disinterest in such 'institutionalization' and my argument that this particular fountain was not important but the ability to create it was. Somehow I had the idea that fountains could spring at all places where there is a human being. Repeatedly I heard Dadaji saying: "He loves you!" and felt very happy. Also Mahanam accompanied me in the dream. I had the feeling of being 'taught' during the night...

When I noted down the dream, which was still fresh in my memory, I became aware of the existing conflict between my understanding mind and my own experiences. I felt very alone and later tried for the first time to come back to the practice of meditation, which I used to do before I went to Calcutta. But I found it to consist of only mental constructions and I longed for love welling up spontaneously from the heart. It did not happen when I tried to make it happen.

What started upon my return from India was a remarkable journey into the desert. For the first time I had to learn that one cannot live all the time in an oasis close to the fresh waters of life. Our travels lead us again and again through stretches of desert land, that

test our power to defend our water bags of hope against all types of robbers. Or to use Dadaji's simple demonstration: Phases of growing distance between cigarette box and match box belong to the Lila of Life. But at that time I did not have enough experience to look patiently at this development.

My wife was a helpful companion in these days when I had to struggle hard with all the work, which I considered to be my duty. Over a longer time I had to fight an intense longing for sleep. I don't think this was only the result of adapting to the climatical change. Sleep certainly can be a means to escape from situations in which I try to bear the conflict between my 'inner' and 'outer' selves. In the morning I always woke up really refreshed with the awareness that something had happened over night. Very helpful was the remembrance of Dadaji saying, "He loves you!", which often came to my mind and was answered by Mahanam welling up from within.

There were times when I felt like a stranger in the company of others, asking myself who amongst them would be able to share my experiences. I felt very much alone - except those minutes with Him and when I could talk with Uta.

For a long time I had been an apostle of self-culture. I did Yoga, daily meditations and other things useful, as I then thought, to refine one's character. Now one Dadaji had come to expose all these efforts as egotistic. This was a hard blow, cracking the foundation of my tower of self-understanding and nearly destroying it. I came home to Germany to realize the real extent of the damage of my properties, to my self. But, instead of showing my back to the past and walking together with Him into the future, I tried again and again to combine the newly found message with the knowledge I claimed to own. I ran again and again through the devastated rooms of my tower of ignorance, trying to fix this window, from which I previously had such a brilliant overview of the blossoming fields of my knowledge, or to again shut doors,

which had been damaged by the invasion of the new Truth. All the time I felt as if Dadaji was standing somewhere in the background, watching me with a smile. Today I am sure that he was enjoying my struggle - not from a distance, but from within.

More than before I became suspicious of rituals and ceremonies and had growing inner problems with churches and priests. And whenever I was confronted with such things, which I felt to be antagonistic to life, I sensed a growing feeling of joy and freedom with Dadaji's simple message of love.

But what about my internal arguments? I was only able to affirm, "He loves everybody! Is His love not enough?" But how to explain love to the rational mind? How to transfer one's experiences into the consciousness of the other person? I shied away from telling my own story as an example, as I do now, for I did not feel strong enough to withstand the hostile or critical comments, which would certainly come.

In the beginning of February I had to attend a conference of African Rectors and Presidents of Universities at Lome, Togo. Confronted simultaneously with the African culture and all the new things within, I had some inner encounters with Dadaji.

Diary February 7, 1979

> Are we able to explain His Will? This would be an arrogant task, for we thereby try to bring Him down to the level of our understanding. But there is a way to sense His Will - to love Him! The lover is following an inner call; one knows to follow the beloved, reacting to the slightest hint - because of love. One doesn't try to explain, but only surrenders to Him.

> "This is My world." That is the message. "I'm in the world and the world is in Me." All-embracing, He is always present, whenever we want, whenever He wills. Sometimes I feel I am alone; then the certitude of love fills my soul again - what a play of distance and closeness, and always new!

I learned that in all situations which could become critical for me, I only had to turn my mind towards Dadaji to have his help. He was with me in a very real sense all the time and he was talking to me from within. I also found my eyes or visual perception changed while looking at the African environment, but I was not able to describe this change properly. Let me call it 'eyes of love' - eyes which saw the whole environment vibrating with a subtle energy, full of life. Everything was shining, including the dirty lanes I passed in Lome. It was like being bathed in His Love...

This was my first visit to Africa. Our hosts also wanted to show us, the small group of European guests, traditional African village life. After a long drive, during which we passed by some buildings and technical monuments of the colonial past (which our African hosts erroneously thought to be of special interest for me, for Togo had been till the end of the First World War under German colonial rule), we reached a village where people were already waiting for us. I had some problems with the purely non-vegetarian meal, but after some hesitation I hungrily swallowed some unidentifiable and strangely tasting pieces of food. I survived without damage.

The following African ring dance accompanied by the rhythms of the drums, to which we were invited by the villagers, was delightful, for I had the impression of Krishna (or Dadaji?) dancing with each of us. After some time I found myself in the center of the circle, all others around clapping - a solo dance in praise of Life and Love!

Upon returning home to Germany, I had the opportunity to compare Dadaji's voice heard inwardly with his voice on a tape Abhi

Bhattacharya sent from Bombay. It was the same voice, speaking English. The overwhelming experience I had with Abhi and Lalit in Delphin House listening to Dadaji's songs came back to my memory.

Diary February 15, 1979

It is already very late and I'm still sitting in my room. I feel enraptured by the idea that Dadaji was with me through his songs. I have the wish to listen again to him ... In a wonderful way his song is resounding within me - like a great love, like waves of love! It is as if I'm floating in the air. And seeing Dadaji's smile - I'm so happy!

KRISHNA KRISHNA KRISHNA - How priceless to know: I love Him - He loves me!

Mahanam is speaking within with a clearly audible voice. This is not my intent - it rises by itself from inside and is sounding. I feel Him to be with me in a wonderful way ...

For those who may not be able to understand these emotions connected with the Lord Krishna, I want to help you with a quotation from Annie Besant's *Discourses on Hindu Avataras.* She paints with words an image of this Divine Being: "Sri Krishna is the God of the household, the God of family-life, the God whose manifestations speak in every phase of His Self-revelation. He is human to the very core! Born in humanity, as He has said, He acts as a man. As a child, He is a real child, full of playfulness, of fun, of winsome grace. Growing up into boyhood, into manhood, He exercises the same human fascination over the hearts of men, of women, and of children, the God in whose presence there is continual laughter and music. When we think of Sri Krishna, we seem to hear the ripple of the river, the rustling of the leaves in the forest, the lowing of the kine (cows) in the pasture, the laughter

of happy children playing round their parents' knees. He is so fundamentally the God who is human in everything, who bends in human sympathy over the cradle of the babe, who sympathizes with the play of the youth, who is the friend of the lover, the blesser of the bridegroom and the bride, who smiles on the young mother when her first born lies in her arms — everywhere the God of love and of human happiness; what wonder that this winsome grace has fascinated the hearts of human beings!"

I have quoted this at length, because Dadaji appeared to me as the embodiment of Lord Krishna . And yet, I had the feeling as if he at the same time was far more than what I connected with Lord Krishna. Only over the years I grew into a deeper understanding.

In the second half of February one Mr. Kim from Korea visited me to talk about the Reverend Moon's Unification Church. In 1976 and 1977, I had been invited to take part in the International Conferences on the Unity of the Sciences, which stood under the patronage of Rev. Moon, being financed by one of his organizations. Before I left for the 1976 conference in the States, I informed myself about the very much debated man, who did not have a good reputation in the press, by asking Prof. Dr. Manfred Eigen, a German Nobel Laureate, who was a member of the organizing committee. My questions were answered by the remark that I certainly would accept an invitation of the Soviet Academy of Sciences without being a communist. "You need not be in line with the Rev. Moon - only the program of the Conference matters!" Indeed, it was a very interesting program and a remarkable assembly of scientists from all fields. But meeting Rev. Moon, I developed a strong distrust and antipathy toward this smart businessman in the religious market.

In 1979, one of his representatives, Mr. Kim, came to win me over to Rev. Moon's party. During the 1977 Conference I had

developed serious doubts about Moon's organizations, and was not of a mind to fight a battle with Mr. Kim about the business of his big boss. Mr. Kim was able to quote dozens of Nobel Laureates and important people, hailing Moon for what he was doing. He believed that Moon, while being still a young man, had a visitation from Jesus Christ, who wanted him to reunite the churches and fight communism.

Coming home after this awkward meeting, still under the impact of the discussion, I noted down some ideas.

Diary February 17, 1979

I distrust all attempts to organize religion. This includes all sorts of churches presenting dogmas. This never can be the path to salvation! In such organizations the wish 'to have' reigns, not the wish 'to be' - to surrender to Him without any wish. 'To be' doesn't mean inaction, but doing without the wish 'to have', to possess. It is the state of receiving gifts, including the gifts of one's own actions.

After feeling as masters of the outside world (with some questionable results), we now want to conquer the inner self using technical means. This is fundamentally the wrong way, for to master something evokes the question: Who is the master? It is our ego, which wants to conquer the inner world, to have its reign also there.

This way does not lead to the ONE . Instead it only leads to the discovery of new possibilities here, where we are - in the ego-driven world of action and reaction.

Actually there are no hindrances for Him. We need not prepare the way to Him. He is All-mighty. He and I and you are ONE. We only have to learn to see

Him. To see Him through His eyes - inner eyes. Organizations create the consciousness of division (members vs. non-members), and following their own strong rigid laws, therefore are dangerous. (I hear Dadaji's voice saying :) "Don't draw borders! Be open. He always is with you. Krishna is always waiting for Radha. Make love with the Lord . Be His mate. He is everywhere. He loves you. You do not know, who you are."

After writing in my diary I felt very much in tune with Dadaji, whose voice I heard so clearly. I knew my diary entries were in contradiction with some of my academic colleagues, who were inclined to serve Rev. Moon's interest and are still today members of his organizations.

Time went on, and through such experiences as mentioned previously I came, so to speak, in closer contact with Dadaji, who continued to talk to me from within. I also very often felt love welling up, intense undirected love. It was too difficult to remain calm in such moments - the impact was so strong that I had to run through the room or out of the house into the garden, full of joy, not knowing how to express it. Being in an extremely happy mood I embraced my wife, danced with the children or did something else to let free that overflowing love. In my office, when in the presence of others I often started to smile for no apparent reason and not being able to hide my emotions sometimes had to leave the room using some kind of pretext. Love, His Love was so overwhelming! One Sunday, being in that mood, all of a sudden I clearly heard Dadaji's voice from within.

Diary February 25, 1979

"Sing in Him! Dance in Him! Be happy with Him and rejoice in Him! No Mantra is needed, only

Mahanam. For this is the fountain of bliss and of happiness. Don't try to understand Him, to bring Him down to the level of the mind. He embraces all and everything.

He himself will help you to approach Him. Be patient. There is time enough, plenty of time. I embrace you. You are my son, my brother. I'm always with you. Be open to the message, His message. Be patient."

This was wonderful, but two days later I found myself very much depressed, because I was having serious difficulty finding time for the completion of a large project, the book on Rajasthan. For a long time I had been collecting material for it, and the Hyderabad (India) co-author, Dr. Shantilal Sarupria, was still waiting after the discussions we had in January. I had to confess to him I was unable to allocate time for this purpose. There seemed to be no way out of the situation, which did not give enough time and opportunity to do all my duties properly. I felt very exhausted from the work at my office and started to complain about the loss of my past philosophical strongholds. Yet at the same time I did not doubt the fundamental truths found through Dadaji. It was a state of mind, where one waits for a resolution fitting the situation. And then it happened.

Diary February 27, 1979

When I was just looking at Dadaji's picture, I heard him saying within me, "Do your duty!" But what is my duty? Duty: What we are confronted with in this moment, the daily tasks. "Do it for Him." This is the really important statement: Do it for Him, and not for your egoistic purposes. Duties are those activities one can fulfil with Him in mind, which thereby are fulfilled with joy and a loving heart for Him... I remembered Dadaji once saying, "Make

Him the center of your being." Dadaji's message followed from within: "Don't construct this center!" After we have mentally constructed so much, we should not also try to invent Him. Let us be flooded by His Love! This only requires openness. Do away with dogmas. Love and remember Him. One who is self-forgotten, will be flooded by His Love. How important - not to try to construct Him! To let go, surrender and be consciously immersed in Love! One who searches for Him cannot know who He is. You cannot search Him, for he is never absent from you, He always is with you, loving you, giving you life. It is we, who are 'away', engrossed and distracted in mental and emotional activities. We do not care to simply remember Him in Love. Ego eclipses His light and yet even in ego we cannot escape from Him... We live under the illusion that we are separate from Him.

Here am I. What 'I'? The 'He-I'? Or the 'I-I'? Who am I? I am the veils around the Flame and I am the Flame.

I am the Universe. The universe am I.

The following days I often heard Dadaji singing, and a wave of love was my answer. These were days full of harmony and I didn't have any problems with the heavy load of work. Uta had gone to Hamburg to look after her mother and I had some days together with the children at home. I enjoyed it thoroughly and was happy pondering about what I had learned from Dadaji. Of course, Dadaji was with me all the time - it was a love affair.

So I did not take the blow severely, which came one day when I opened a letter from Dr. Sarupria. I found a paper cutting from the widely distributed Indian daily *Blitz* with a picture showing me

sitting at the feet of Dadaji, who is holding his right hand on my head. "At the feet of Guru" was the headline, and the text stated: "A serene, calm Dr. Peter Meyer-Dohm, eminent economist, indologist, theosophist, and Rector of Universities sits at the feet of Dadaji as he seeks his blessings. Dr. Peter came to India to attend the Hyderabad Science Congress..." My friend Sarupria had added a commentary to the paper cutting: "Enclosed is a newspaper picture from Blitz of Bombay... giving you big publicity; factual mistakes in reporting are unfortunate; and also personally I'm not too happy to see the photograph being used for what may be viewed as pseudo-commercial purposes!! But that's only a personal opinion. I'm sure Mrs. Meyer-Dohm and your children will especially enjoy it. Smile about the same."

I was far from smiling about it, for I found it totally inappropriate to be called 'eminent' and an 'indologist', which I never had been, and one university was really enough for a person like me. I did not remember anyone taking pictures during my Calcutta visit. But this was not important. I was more disturbed by the idea of being used for 'advertising'. Of course, I had seen pictures of really important people at the feet of Dadaji - Chief Ministers, Presidents and so on. It is a wide range of intellectual people, who bow to him. Nevertheless, from the Western point of view this was at least unusual.

What could be done about it? Should I ignore the whole matter or correct it? Was not Dadaji always saying, "God alone is the Guru"? I decided to ask Dadaji about it at the next opportunity. I must confess that during the following days I was very much concerned about the possible consequences of this publicity. Was I ready and strong enough with my arguments, able to stand questions and discussions about Dadaji's philosophy? There was very much 'I' in my considerations and too little readiness to rely only on Him.

For me it was most important that Dadaji wasn't one of these Gurus I had met in India or knew about. Many of Dadaji's

followers seemed to look at him in such a way, as for example Mr. Someswar, but I didn't have any inclination for it. "At the feet of Guru" - this line was not easy to digest. Today I know this weak point had to be touched, to make me aware of some of my conceptual shortcomings. I guess much of my courage to revise my own thoughts has been the result of this kind of 'friendly attack'.

One day in March I had an overwhelming experience during a private concert in the house of an Indian friend in Schwelm near Bochum. Her guest, a young Japanese pianist, was playing a piece by Robert Schumann. Uta and I were sitting near the piano.

Diary March 17, 1979

I perceived the first phrases of the music as very loud (a wrong judgment, as I learned from Uta afterward). I did not begin listening in the familiar way, rather got lost in the onrush of tones - it was some kind of widening of the senses, I think. All of a sudden I was in Dadaji's house, climbing the concrete staircase, and there he stood moved by joy, and I rushed into his arms. We went into the room, which once had been a veranda, he sat down at the bed and I took my place at his feet. The intensity of this experience was only disturbed by the clapping of the audience. A jolt brought me back to my place near the piano, but then I dived anew back into the memories of my visit to Calcutta. No, it was more than a remembrance: It did not seem to happen in the past, but in the moment and very real! I heard Dadaji say "He loves you!" with the greatest delight, and sensed connections between unity, fullness and Prema (Love). He was very near. Almost the whole concert I was in 'Calcutta' and immersed in Him. It was wonderful - and at the end, I had a little difficulty to coming back

to the level of the social event, the piano concert. I understood that a lot had happened with me in Calcutta and the following months. I felt infused with a basic confidence. All doubts were wiped out and also I was no longer tired. Dadaji had given the concert for me!

This 'Dadaji-concert' wasn't the last in the next several years. While listening to music, I very often glide away into such thoughts and pictures. This was the case only recently where again Schumann was played, as well as Beethoven and Chopin. To meet Dadaji in such a way, it is not important who composed the music, who conducts or performs it. It happens when it happens. In these instances one can readily discriminate between memory and presence. Memory can be so vivid that it appears to happen now. I don't say this is a delusion. Sometimes the real presence is clothed in pictures from memory; it is a reality, not a preserve of memory.

The other experience is the voice from within. Here and there it is Dadaji's voice, using his English words. I feel his presence, he is with me, within me - whatever you want. There seems to be no difference between his and my mind - "It is all His mind," as he told me. I have no explanations for such occurrences, which I cannot create voluntarily. It comes when it comes. Sometimes the voice mixes with my thinking, corrects it and even puts question marks. When I internally disagree or have difficulty understanding, the voice will be silent and I am left alone with my thoughts; or it tries to say that which puzzles me using other words.

And there are instances when I suddenly know that I have to tell a person, with whom I am in conversation, something that comes like a flash into my mind. Mostly I have forgotten it very quickly afterward. Sometimes people wonder, why our conversation leaves the topic of discussion and touches very personal items.

One day a neighbor died, and Uta and I were invited to a Catholic Requiem in Bochum-Stiepel, a nearby place of pilgrimage. For me

it was the first time I heard a Mass in German and not Latin in a Roman Catholic church.

Diary March 28, 1979

On one hand, I was full of reservations regarding the Roman Catholic mass and I pondered about single passages the priest spoke. On the other hand, I felt the room of the church being within me. After the Holy Communion the priest said: "We now have communion with Him!". Then I heard from within (in the voice of Dadaji): "We always have communion with Him. He always is present, no outer signs are needed."

Always communion! This came like a wave, after I clearly had sensed His love as before ... And I began to ask myself: Why was the priest looking so somber and 'gray' while he was praising the Lord? What will happen when I leave this world: I only come nearer to Him! Should one not be happy and thankful for the time before and after this threshold we all have to pass? It is His time and also eternity.

He loves you. That is it: His love and my love, which is not even 'mine', but only borrowed from Him.

Certitude in faith, not to explain, not to be 'thought down', but certitude from being face to face with Him in the heart. He in me. I in Him. No difference, no barrier - an eternal love affair (in which also there are tears). No words, no mental constructs now: To feel Him with all senses, to taste, smell,touch, see and hear Him - to become One, and still not get lost. Polarity, like a wingbeat.

Uta and I used the school holidays to go with the children to Lanzarote, one of the Canarian Islands, which we like very much. There I had plenty of time to recover from the strenuous days of work in Bochum. I fully enjoyed the days, neglected my diary, but when I came back, the article I had promised to write for Dadaji was ready in my head.

Diary April 8, 1979

I started to write the article on Dadaji - first as a duty, to which I had committed myself, but then I was captured more and more by it. I realized that an article could not cover all things I had to tell. Had the idea to write a book about my own development.

Under the mail which had arrived during our absence I also found a short note from Dadaji.

Calcutta 26.3.79

My dear son,

I hope you and your family are in the best of health. I still have plans to come in June if it is His will. I am sending you a paper cutting. With best wishes - and love,

Dadaji

Enclosed was a rather long article from *The Current* of March 24, 1979, under the headline "'Miracles' of Dadaji". First of all I saw the pictures, showing prominent people from India like Jayaprakash Narayan, the renowned old freedom fighter, party leader Jagjivan Ram and others "at the feet of Dadaji", he always holding his right hand on their heads. I was reminded of my problems with such a picture and smiled. Then I read the article, which starts as follows: "In these days of advanced science and technology, how can a world of miracles, which are not conducive

to the laws of nature, co-exist? Because you believe your eyes more than anything else. Reason and intellect have no place there. They call him the Supreme Physician, a miracle man, and the Supreme Upholder. Surprisingly enough, this 'godman' to many is against Gurus and Babas. 'All bluff. How can a mortal be a Guru of another mortal? The Lord alone is our Guru. All these so-called Gurus, Bhagwans and Babas are bluffing innocent people in His name just to make money and build palaces called Ashrams and Maths,' Dadaji retorts. What about Sri Satyanarayan, his own 'Guru', whom he worships: 'Nobody. He is nobody. He is only a symbol of Truth.' And his 'miracles' - it is His will. Disciples describe the way he produced Ganga water to anoint an idol, how he cured a heart patient, who was on the death bed, and how he emanates fragrance. Even a great philosopher, like the late Dr. Sarvepalli Radhakrishnan, talks highly of him."

When I went through the article, which quotes some prominent people, I understood why Dadaji had sent it to me. It was very helpful in my present situation, because it reminded me of the many experiences others had with Dadaji. There was a wide range of persons testifying to the extraordinary influence of this "owner of a toy shop in Calcutta", as *The Current* was describing him, on people. I experienced smelling the Fragrance of Dada when reading the article. But most important was the note about his coming in June.

On Lanzarote I started to read a book on the Bhakti Marga (path of love), written in the tradition of Sri Krishna Chaitanya by Walther Eidlitz (*Die indische Gottesliebe*). This great book helped me to a better understanding of the philosophical and traditional background to which Dadaji sometimes used to hint. My experiences with classical South Indian dance seemed vividly to illustrate what I read. But while reading, I had the feeling as if Dadaji was, so to speak, controlling what I learned out of the book. All the days on Lanzarote I was filled with the pictures of Krishna's Vrindavan Lila. I sat down to write Dadaji a letter.

Bochum, 15 April 1979

Dear Dadaji,

Around the Easter Days I had the opportunity to ponder about all that happened since my visit to Calcutta, Madras and Bombay. Surely, there was a mountain of work waiting for me when I came back home, and the possibility of writing something about my experiences diminished very soon. But nevertheless I managed to be in constant awareness of the great gift I had received: The understanding of His love being always with me! In your letter dated 8th January you wrote: "Whenever you find time, write something on His philosophy. You must share your knowledge with those eager to learn." I would love to do so, but first of all I must find out for myself what I have gained and what it really means to me. I hope to have taken some decisive steps in this direction by plunging again and again into the shining sea of the *Srimad Bhagavatam,* by listening from within to the words of the *Gita Govindam,* to play with Him, to become inwardly one of the Gopis, to realize that Vrindavan is here - all this is such a precious gift, it is a foreshadowing of something to come...

Thank you for your short note and the cutting. It is wonderful that you are planning to come to Germany, for this gives an opportunity for another meeting with you before I myself come to India, which may be in October. Unfortunately, from my point of view, your visit will be when I have my busiest time and my wife will have just had another surgical operation and will be confined to our home. I am nearly ready with some writings about my first meeting with you, as I promised you in Calcutta. I

hope to send it soon. I try to do my best also with this work, relying on a process of natural growth. My family sends best greetings.

With much love,

Yours Peter.

Months before I had started to read the *Srimad Bhagavatam* in the English translation of N. Ragunathan, a gift of Peter Hoffman, a close co-worker of Rukmini Devi. In India, the *Srimad Bhagavatam* is traditionally accepted as the Bhakti scripture par excellence. In its Book X it describes the boyhood of Krishna in Vrindavan, the 'Vrindavan Lila', in such a beautiful way that I felt very much inspired and full of Bhakti. And again and again I read the beloved *Gita Govindam* of Sri Jayadeva, an Indian poet of the twelfth century, whose life was passionately devoted to Lord Krishna. For me the *Gita Govindam* is one of the loveliest peoms ever written, and I like it most in the English translation into poetry, which was published in 1957 by Kalakshetra. The *Gita Govindam* tells the love story of Radha and Krishna, which is the love story of the human soul and God. Of course, Radha and Krishna are not two persons; as Dadaji says,"It is but one entity polarized into 'I' and 'you'."

While in Germany, Dadaji was expected to again stay at Dr. Khetani's house in Witten. I tried to imagine how it would be to meet him and whether he would come to our house. At the same time I was worrying about having enough time to see him. This time I decided I would not bring others to meet Dadaji, for it had not been the easiest experience the previous June as I noted in my diary.

Diary April 20, 1979

Dr. Khetani visited us, to talk about Dadaji's coming in June. At this opportunity I learned some interesting details about Dadaji's stay in Witten last year. Dr. Khetani had gone to London before to see Dadaji. There he heard about Dadaji's wish to come to Germany. Dadaji told him, "I will visit you for two days or so", but he did not tell him to get into contact with me. (My name was not mentioned.) When he returned home to Witten, Khetani had the idea of getting my advice. Then everything happened as known to me. But, when we were already in Dr. Khetani's house and he told Dadaji, "The guests are waiting," Dadaji replied, "What shall I talk? And I have no dress at all!" To underline his words, after a short time he appeared naked in front of Dr. Khetani. "Let Harvey (Freeman) tell them something," he uttered. A little bit later he dressed himself with Khetani's bed sheet and came down to us. After we left Khetani's house in the evening, Dadaji did not speak about the guests... He only said that he was content, "for I have met him, whom I wanted to see."

For many days I tasted the Vrindavan Lila, full of the stories of Krishna and the Gopis, and when I was reading one evening about Krishna's Lila, the song of the Gopis was so moving that my eyes became wet. I would have loved to be able to express my feelings in music and song!

Diary April 29. 1979

As a commentary to one of the most beautiful Kangra paintings, I found the following deeply moving text: "Taking the Gopis, Krishna enters the sands of the Jamuna, which are sparkling like diamonds

under the magic of the moonlight, and the dance begins. Multiplying himself into as many as the milkmaids (Gopis), he dances with them in a ring, standing between each pair... The Ring Dance goes on all the time in the Universe; the darkness of the vast space is Krishna, and the cosmic radiations of the sun and the stars are Gopis. The winds are the fans, and the fragrance of the vegetation is the incense at his altar. Krishna is God, the music of his flute is the call of the Infinite. The Gopi is the human soul, and Vrindavan is the heart of the human being, where the eternal play of the love of soul and God continues." (M.S. Randhawa, *Kangra paintings of the Bhagavata Purana*, New Delhi 1960)

At the end of April a letter came from Dadaji. It responded to many of my thoughts, and I read it again and again. Most important for me were the lines, "Don't be in a hurry. Let it come when it chooses to, as an outpouring of you heart." Thus I was taught the lesson of patience.

Calcutta 24.4.79

Dear Peter,

Your very nice letter of April 15. It is heartening to note that your experiences with Truth are working within you to find spontaneous expression in time. Don't be in a hurry. Let it come when it chooses to, as an outpouring of your heart. Only do not slam the doors against it. Rather be waiting like the Ramayana Savari for its beatific advent. You have his love and do know full well that the ego can achieve nothing except going out of the track. Of course, He is in all the tracks. If that consciousness once grips you, your entire life instantly moulds into a Rasa-Lila and you

discover yourself as a delicious damsel of matchless beauty being nurtured by the tours d'amour of Krishna. So, it is good for you to re-member yourself through the imperious onslaught of Truth; to dive deep into 'the shining sea of the *Srimad Bhagavatam*'. Let your habit be His habitat and you will start 'listening from within to the words of the beloved *Gita Govindam*'. Why, you are a Gopi right from birth . That state is your patrimony or - should I say? - your alimony.

His manifestations do not conform to any set program or time schedule. If He chooses to be in Germany in June, wafting this tiny dot along, it is quite alright. And he will surely see to it that you may have your share of His joyous state. Do your duties. But, don't be worried over your burden. Let your burden be the burden of His music of manifestation.

With love to you both,

Yours in Truth,

Dadaji

From a dance-drama of Rukmini Devi - *Savari Moksha* (Savari's Liberation) - I dimly remembered a certain story connected with this Savari, but I had to read in the *Ramayana*, the old Indian epic, to fully understand what was meant in the letter. Savari was an outcaste woman of a tribe of bird catchers, living in the hermitage of a celebrated ascetic and his disciples. She used to wait upon the ascetics and was told by them that soon God will be incarnated as Rama (the hero of the *Ramayana*) and will surely visit the hermitage in time. Upon hearing this, she gave up all penance and austerities and waited for Rama's visit to the hermitage. Time wore on, the ascetics aged and died and the hermitage was literally a desert. But the outcaste woman did not quit. She was of ripe old age, and one fine morning Rama visited the deserted place and was accorded sumptuous hospitality by Savari. She had

waited and waited longing to see him and was blessed with the sight of God as Rama. The ascetics, however, were not so blessed inspite of their titanic efforts.

Some days later I learned from Dr. Khetani that Dadaji had fixed his itinerary. Leaving Calcutta on June 16th he would first go to London, then come for a weekend to Germany. Dr. Khetani was informed directly by Dadaji, who had asked him to give his love to Uta and me.

"You are a Gopi right from your birth" - this sentence from the letter became very important to me in the following days and weeks. Although I was very busy with the Ruhr-Conference, planned by the State Government of Northrhine-Westfalia, and also other academic duties which demanded full concentration, I went through a period marked by wonderful experiences.

Dairy May 13, 1979

> Yesterday I experienced an apex of feeling while seeing Him everywhere - Krishna with His flute! Tangibly near and also expanded to the horizon, in tree and bush, amongst the people. It was magnificent and I had to shout with joy again and again. I was experiencing His closeness; I was overwhelmed by it and His beauty and smile. I understood why one wants to dance joyfully. And I realized that it must be limitless delight to hear Him playing the flute. I only saw him in the well-known position with the flute. There was something in me of the love of the Gopis; I was relishing His presence.
>
> Already days before this event had been announced ... These are very tender experiences - and still of enormous power ... Bhakti is mirroring the Divine longing.

Sometimes it was really difficult to stand such onrush of His Love and at the same time be fully concentrated on my work. I had to force myself not to dance and to sing and to cry in the presence of others. His love always came as a wave of immense happiness, a feeling of closeness to Him, and an inexpressible awareness of the fullness of life. Like being immersed in Him. It was the Rasa-Lila mentioned in Dadaji's letter (Rasa meaning tasting the fullest flowering of love, its essence), it was something like tasting the Divine Love immanent in nature all around me. Dadaji explains this by saying that we have been given the mind to relish this Rasa. The mind has its throne in the brain, and Govinda (or Krishna) resides in the heart. When the mind gives up his reign and slowly moves to the heart, it becomes Radha, and the Lila, the divine play of Love, starts. Our life is missing its true meaning unless we realize this Lila.

I heard His flute everywhere, and when I went to the hospital where Uta was scheduled for a surgical operation on her right leg, I told her about my happy state. I must have been so enthusiastic that she soon became infected by my mood and felt helped in her difficult situation. As far as I remember, there was all the days no interruption of my happiness. Many people seemed to be delighted to see me in such a mood. Under normal circumstances I would have suffered under the heavy work load. Now I had no problems at all with my duties.

Diary May 27, 1979

Heaps of unfinished mail - some kind of chaos ... Since Wednesday Uta is back from the hospital and moves around in a wheelchair. Unfortunately Veronika has high fever; we are just expecting the doctor. This certainly is not a situation for contemplation. But I experience again and again this sense

of Him being the nearest and dearest. I see Him with the flute, sense His nearness with my whole body. He looks as the miniature paintings from the Kangra valley show Him, but mostly I see Him more shadow-like. When He is near I'm overwhelmed by joy. This does not happen only in 'quiet moments', but spontaneously - sometimes while talking to somebody about business. (People may think: What a funny man, smiling without reason!)

Some days pass without such experiences, others are crowded with them. And now, while I'm writing this down, He is in the whisper of the tree leaves in front of the window, and also the gray sky is mirroring His smile. The room around begins to float; it is gleaming like the air above the pavement under the sun - you can see the air: His essence is everywhere - and at the same time He is in my heart...

Dadaji comes on Saturday and Sunday at the end of June. Dr.Khetani has talked to him, and the thought of seeing him is deeply moving. I'm looking forward to his visit full of joy.

During this time many of the conversations I had with my colleagues, Ph.D. candidates and friends developed in an unusual way. We started talking about business, etc. and after a short time I was asked questions about my 'Weltanschauung' (world view) or I myself began to talk about Krishna and the Gopis and the beauty of the Vrindavan forest. Although I tried, rarely did I feel that I met the expectations of those whom I wanted to tell something about my inner experiences of His Love. I felt more successful when I replied to direct questions. Distributing all missionary efforts, I decided not to advertise my inner feelings, but to wait patiently for those who would ask me. Uta was very helpful during these times, for I could share with her the experiences I had. Together we were preparing for Dadaji's visit.

Bochum 4. June 1979

Dear Dadaji,

My wife and I are very enthusiastic about your coming to Germany at the end of this month and we consider it as a token of great love to meet you at our house. As Dr. Khetani may have told you, we will arrange a meeting of friends, and I will try to be open for those who should meet you, but whom I do not yet know.

During the past months I have had many experiences of His and your love, and I feel showered with gifts of a very subtle nature. Most astonishing : All this happened during a very busy period, which gave me little or no time to really ponder about what was going on! In the middle of my work I felt a sudden happiness and Him, in that moment, being very near, being within me! And my only reaction was to smile out of inner joy!! It is like the play with a little child, when you are suddenly overwhelmed with love, or the feelings of a lover who is aware of Him waiting in the Vrindavan grove.

Thank you for your letter from April 24th, which is really heartwarming! Looking forward to meeting you soon,

Yours Peter + Uta

The weeks till the end of June passed very quickly although they brought new problems with Uta's health - again she had to go to the hospital, but fortunately only for three days. My mother-in-law, who had come from Hamburg to look after the children and the household during her daughter's absence, was showing signs of exhaustion; she had to be brought back to her home.

Now Uta was alone with the children-a housewife in a wheelchair. Very often she was in a depressed mood and I was not able to help her because of my academic and other business keeping me away from home. But with Him I felt very strong. I saw Him all the time as Krishna with the flute, although this picture sometimes merged into that of Dadaji.

Dairy June 16, 1979

Something is sustaining me the whole time. Uta thinks it is also the professional success. Certainly this plays an important role. But our life is not divided into different realms - everything is interlinked. I have discovered that it is good to be engaged with something which is not 'my own' in the sense that I want for myself. I am not committed, because I want to achieve it; my commitment is in a certain way 'disinterested'. This gives distance ; I am not reacting to assaults, keeping my temper - knowing well that I am doing the right thing. This is all in connection with Dadaji - not directly, but as an effect transmitted from a distance. And Dadaji is not a new, but an old friend from the inner depth.

CHAPTER SIX

Do not hide yourself

Diary June 30, 1979

Dadaji has come! This morning I met him together with Abhi Bhattacharya and Roma Mukerjee at the Duesseldorf Airport, as if this was quite natural. It was a hearty embrace! He seems not to have changed, looks fresh and is happy. I drove him in my car to Dr.Khetani's house in Witten. Dadaji told me, "I have come for you" - and he followed it with a report of the judgments of some Pundits about me. "Please, don't make me feel important!" was my reply. I had the impression that Dadaji was trying to strengthen my self-reliance or to revise my self-assessment.

We had a long conversation on the way to Witten and I have noted down some subjects:

Gurus and Maharishis belong to this age of technology and the take-and-give society. They are meeting a "demand" of people who want to be on the safe side; they do not exist "out of their own right", but are supplying fulfillments for the wishes of those who are looking for ways and means to experience "God". The supply of Gurus and 'Maharishis' is only as good as it is created in response to those demanding techniques valued as efficacious.

- Only He is the householder, and you have to do your duty. Otherwise you run into conflicts. He does not want 'special' (so-called holy or religious) ways of life. When I sense Him, my life will be changed. But there is the danger that the design of what is called 'God' comes first and then the experience follows according to it. One has to be open all the time.

- Dadaji said, "You do not speak, it is He who speaks. Do not interfere with your mind stuff." I told Dadaji that I knew this from many instances - I start speaking and find myself listening and very astonished at what I'm saying. Dadaji: "It is a chain of thousands of years which is bearing fruit."

At Dr. Khetani's house Dadaji did not see people, although His host had invited some to come. I myself didn't have time to talk to him during the day of his arrival. In the evening I paid him a visit and found a group of people gathered to listen to Dadaji. He was sitting in a chair, looking a little bit tired, and answering questions about the political situation. One of the questioners was very much concerned with the East-West conflict and spoke about the Soviets and the 'Red Army' and also the possibility of a nuclear war. But Dadaji was very outspoken in his view, "Soviet Russia will perish! It will be finished, it is a rotten system. No chance for the Soviet Russian system." If I understood rightly, Dadaji had been to Russia, for he gave a vivid picture of the people there. His opinion was that there would be no war between U.S.A and U.S.S.R.; nevertheless, America would win. "Destruction will come in another way," he added. Dadaji seemed to be in favor of the United States.

I listened very skeptically to Dadaji's words and thought that one could not expect him to be an expert in such political matters. The threat of the nuclear war and the loud rattling of swords at that time was so much occupying my mind that I was not open for Dadaji's forecast. It was one of the rare instances, where I was not able to accept the sayings of Dadaji. Today I consider this as having been a great fault.

On July 1st, a Sunday, Dadaji came to our house in Bochum together with Dr.Khetani, Abhi and Roma. Dadaji very heartily embraced Uta, who was sitting in her wheelchair, and I led the company first into the living room, from where one has a wide

view over the garden and the adjacent cornfields. Dadaji was admiring the view, so Uta asked him to go to the garden first.

We built the house in 1971 according to our design. The garden, which I love very much, was still in its infancy. Dadaji was very interested in the young trees and bushes, and I explained to him in detail the modes of cultivation, the varieties of fruits and so on. In a corner of the garden we had built a small hut for the children's play, which roused Dadaji's keen interest and he inspected it. He asked Abhi to take a photo of him and me in front of it.

Dadaji showed great interest in the Virginia creeper on the wall of the house and seemed to marvel at how it held itself to the bricks, and he closely inspected the violet cones of the Korean fir tree. He wanted to know the names of all the flowers and we tried to figure out the English names, mostly in vain, because Abhi wasn't much help. Dadaji seemed to enjoy everything, also the sound of the German words! At last we visited the vegetable garden, where he remembered we are vegetarians. Again at his request I described the kind of vegetables we were growing, and discussed about fertilizing and harvesting. This all seemed to be new to him and he enjoyed listening to the explanations.

When we went back into the house I asked him whether he was interested in seeing my study. He eagerly agreed. On the way I hinted at the prints of some Kangra paintings hanging on the wall, depicting various scenes from the Vrindavan Lila, the play of Krishna and the Gopis. Dadaji's face was beaming with joy looking at the pictures. His comment was, "But He is not of blue color," pointing at Sri Krishna. This I didn't understand, but at that moment I dared not to ask. Today I know that Krishna was a person with no outer marks of divinity as was also Mahaprabhu, known as Sri Krishna Chaitanya.

According to Dadaji, both were pure Consciousness (personified). Later Krishna was deified and all the outer marks added according to cultural preferences.

After I led him into my study, which in fact was a library, he looked around and remarked, "How wonderful and simple". I showed him a picture of Madame Blavatsky, founder of The Theosophical Society, which I had for long time, showing her with a burning cigarette. I hinted at the cigarette and Dadaji laughed while shaking my shoulders.

I had written an article in German about my first encounter with Dadaji and given it the title "No human being can ever be a Guru". I sent it to a British friend for proper translation; so I told Dadaji the content of the article. He agreed to it, but wanted to hear something from me about "special occurrences" from the time I was between 10 and 20 years old. I started to tell him about my parents and my childhood in Hamburg.

I grew up as a beloved child without sister and brother. My father owned a four-story house with a delicatessen shop on the ground floor and a small garden behind the house. In 1943, during the Second World War, we had some days of heavy bombing of the town. Most citizens had already been evacuated and all the tenants of our house had left Hamburg. But my father had decided to remain in his house, to protect his property against thieves and plunderers. My mother was not ready to leave him alone and I myself wanted to stay with my parents.

Being 13 years old, I didn't have any sense of danger. On the contrary, it was a kind of thrilling adventure, to stay back in the city and to watch the bombing. Many nights we survived the bombing in the fortified cellar of our house.

One day I was standing on the balcony, looking into the empty street. The sun was shining. A lorry passed by and suddenly stopped. The driver came out of his cabin and shouted, "Who wants to go with me to Eutin?" Eutin is a small town not far away from Hamburg. I looked down at the driver, and all of a sudden I knew for certain that we instantaneously had to leave our house.

I rushed into the living room, where my parents were taking tea, and I cried and shouted, "Let us leave the house! Let us take the lorry waiting for us in the street!" I furiously forced my parents to take the small baggage, which was always at hand in case of a bombing alarm. We hurried down to the street and on the flat bed of the lorry we left Hamburg for Eutin.

On that same night a fire bomb scored a direct hit on the house, went through the staircase, and exploded in front of the cellar doors. The cellar was totally destroyed and the whole four-story house immediately burned like a torch from cellar to roof. The fire guard, expecting to find us in the house's bomb shelter, found it completely destroyed - it had been a fire trap without escape. Still today I vividly remember this scene of me standing on the balcony. It was the feeling of the presence of a guardian power. As a boy I only had one explanation : God, being Love, was looking after me.

Dadaji smiled at me, when I told him the story. I had the impression that he had provoked me to remember this very incident. He did not give any in-depth commentary, but hinted at connections between such experiences and my present state of mind.

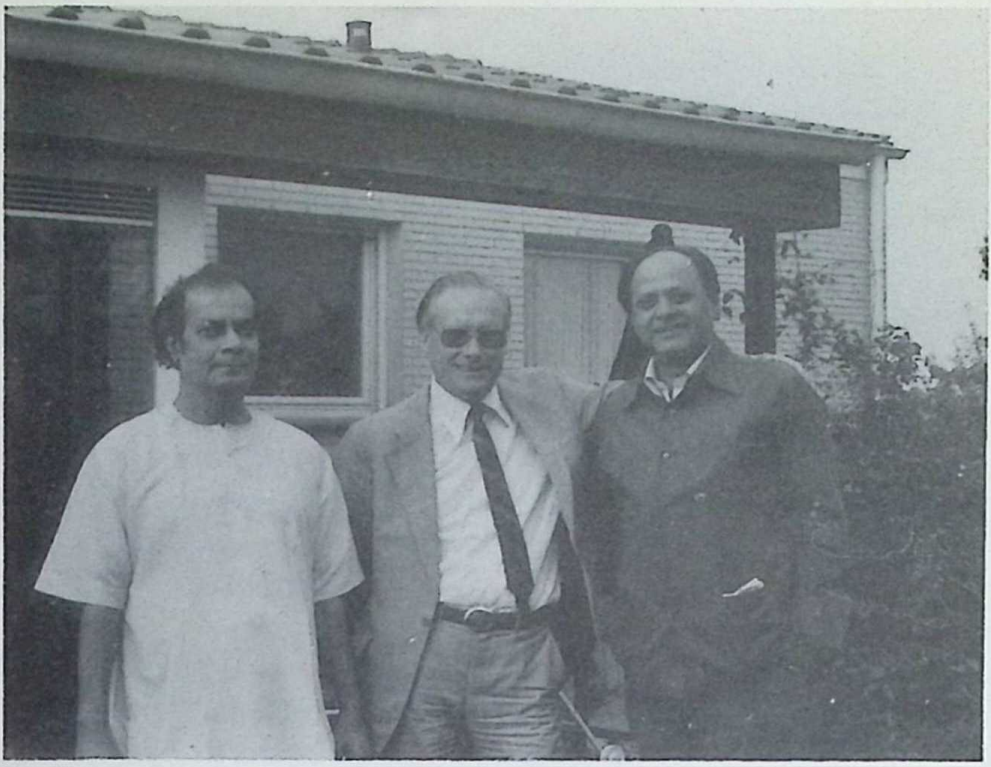
We also spoke about vegetarianism, my former practice of Yoga and the extraordinary experiences I had that were connected with it. He helped me to understand that it is actually very selfish and egotistic to try to promote or advance oneself spiritually using techniques to overcome one's desires. "Kill your desires," a common tenet of some religious orders and Yoga disciplines is contrary to the true "Yoga of life".

Dadaji told me that doing my work with full attachment for Him or with Him in mind, was practicing Dhyana (meditation). A work done without self-interest is a sacrifice of I-sense (Yajna). All this cannot be willed, but is an outcome of a natural inner urge, His Love.

Previously while visiting Dadaji in Calcutta, I found he used Indian terms known to me, but he used them with different content. When he mentioned "Tapasya", I thought of 'penance', the traditional meaning. But when Dadaji said 'to do Tapasya', he meant earning one's keep and bearing with patience and fortitude the 'compulsions of the mind, intellect, and senses' - Prarabdha. He said that this, amongst other things, was what he had to tell the Sadhus in the Himalayas when he visited them while still a small boy.

Before we left the room to join the others, I showed Dadaji the paper cutting from the *Blitz* with the headline "At the Feet of Guru". Dadaji told me that he did not like such advertising done by someone else. But wasn't the problem my own attitude? He had already heard from Dr.Khetani that I disliked this kind of 'propaganda'. So Dadaji added only one sentence, "Do not hide yourself, let others partake in your happy Lila and don't be shy to speak about your emotions and what you have found." I nodded to this, but at that time I did not feel strong enough to follow his advice. Of course, I agreed to the publication of the English translation of my article in the book *On Dadaji*, Vol. V, which appeared in 1982, and where I found myself in the company of many well-known contributors, like Ilya Prigogine, Kushwant Singh, Henry Miller, Linus Pauling, Derek C.Bok, and Eugene N.Kovalenco.

We then went back to the livingroom, where the others were waiting for us. My friend Siegfried Kuska, who had also met Dadaji the previous year in Witten and experienced Mahanam, had come. Dadaji wanted the children to be close to him; he only accepted nuts and dried figs sharing it with the twins Johannes and Sita. Roma, acting as a travelling cook for Dadaji, explained that he had very special food habits. We all had tea and cakes prepared by Uta and enjoyed the presence of Dadaji, the family man. He tried to describe to Uta, how it was when he met his "son Peter" in Calcutta, and he also spoke about our first encounter in Witten, especially my protest against being photographed... But his main



With Dadaji and Abhi Bhattacharya in front of our Bochum home
1979

After inspection of the children's hut

interest was the development of the children and Uta's experiences with the surgical operation on her right leg. After some time he asked Siegfried what he was doing as a teacher in school; he also wanted to know about my present position at the University. I told him that my second and last term as Rector would be over in October and I was planning to go to Madras with the whole family for a sabbatical semester at the Indian Institute of Technology. Dadaji seemed to be very happy with this and pressed Uta's arm saying, "We'll meet!" Of course, we were planning to meet him in Calcutta before going to Madras. I also mentioned the possibility of flying via Calcutta to China and Korea, if, as I was expecting, I received professional invitations to visit these countries.

Siegfried tried to inquire from Dadaji the role of meditation in one's development. "You do your duty, that is meditation," Dadaji cut the discussion of this point. But then he started very earnestly to speak about the "Guru-business" and the temples, Ashrams, mosques and churches. "We do not need such institutions, the human being is His temple! Love Him from your heart, don't search for Him in scriptures, these are distorted. Understanding comes from within." And he told me, never to try to grasp Him with the rational mind, for this would be impossible and the wrong way.

After some time Dadaji wanted to go back to Dr.Khetani's house. He kissed Uta and told her to be brave, everything would be O.K. Then we embraced each other, and he whispered into my ear, "He loves you!"

Dadaji had been in my study and the livingroom. Everywhere he had been I could smell his Fragrance, and I witnessed after Dadaji's departure it did not fade, but became stronger after some time. I did not meet Dadaji again during his second visit to Germany. He left early the next morning for London.

Two days before, I had the opportunity to talk to Abhi Bhattacharya about Dadaji's earlier life. After he mentioned that Dadaji once had been a renowned singer in All-India Radio I became curious to learn more of Dadaji's professional past. Abhi added that Dadaji not only had been successful in music, but also in banking and insurance, leading his life on a high social level. But at the same time he was reported to be seen in the slums and in the company of Pundits. I turned giddy listening to Abhi reporting all this and asked him to tell me the story of Dadaji's life from the beginning.

The year in which Dadaji was born is not known for sure. In his passport is written 1910, but it could be earlier or later. I know many of his generation are not sure of their exact age because of lack of official documentation. On January 13th he was born in Fultilla, a village in Comilla District, East Bengal (now Bangla Desh), into a wealthy family as son of Dr.Haranath Roy Chowdhury, a physician with a great reputation, and his wife Saratkamini Devi. He was named Amiya Madhav. There are many tales of prophesies of holy men and saints prior to his birth, so that the parents expected the child to be the Divine Himself.

As Dadaji himself told me, he grew up as a "naughty boy" being very outspoken with his remarks to Yogis and Sadhus, who for many years liked to frequent his parents' house. As a small child, he questioned their attire and attitudes, and asked them whether all this was needed to find God. A venerable Saint, Alek Baba from Varanasi (Benares), nearly 200 years old, who visited his parents, was asked by the young boy why he didn't give up this old body.

These were not the pranks of a 'naughty boy', but foreshadowings of the core message that God alone is the Guru and that it is enough to always remember Him while performing the daily duties. This message compelled him to leave his parents' home at nine years of age and to roam through the Himalayas and dense

forests and jungles meeting Sadhus and Yogis as already told in the second chapter. During this time he also went to Uttarakasi and met Sri Ram Thakur.

Another early feature of Dadaji's life was his disregard of caste and religious borders. He made friends with kids belonging to the untouchables and also of other faiths, and even had his meal in the house of a Muslim neighbor. His successful protest at the age of six against animal sacrifices for the Goddess Durga is also astonishing. Young Amiya explained the original meaning of the Shastras that Bali (religious offering) of animals, as mentioned in these scriptures, did not mean the offering of slayed animals, but the annihilation of the worshipper's ego.

Amiya seldom attended the classes of the local primary school, but in the final examination of each class he always was the best. When he was seven, his father died. As a consequence the family moved to the maternal uncle's house. From here Amiya started his travels to the misguided Yogis and Sadhus.

At the age of thirteen he left home and went to Varanasi, the spiritual capital of Hindu India. There he became known as Kishori Bhagavan spreading the message that God is the only Guru. He came into intimate relation with one of the eminent scholars of his time, Gopinath Kaviraj, who was flabbergasted by the simple and straightforward answers given by the boy. But Amiya's remarks and behavior also engendered the wrath of traditional people. In 1929 Amiya left Varanasi to live with his mother and relatives again in Fultilla.

Growing into adulthood, Amiya discovered his gift for music and found a respected teacher in Comilla to learn singing. After proper study he took part in various musical concerts throughout India. Rather quickly he was acknowledged as a singer of great repute. From 1929 to 1946 Amiya Roy Chowdhury was associated with the Calcutta Station of All-India Radio as an artist and adviser for art and music. He won several music

competitions and in 1944 he became the best musician in East Bengal in the field of Indian classical music. He also cooperated with Rabindranath Tagore, the world-famous poet. Astonishingly, Dadaji ended his musical career by organizing a strike of the radio artists and workers in 1946, which was a great success. He also was busy in the world of theater and movie industry.

But this professional work was not all his life during this time. He seemed to live a second or third life, for he was seen simultaneously in different localities under different names. For many years he dwelled in Varanasi at Pataleshwar in a small cell of a mosque under the name of Pagla Baba, and Muslims and Hindus came reverently to him. One may believe it or not: He reportedly lived in Varanasi more or less continuously from 1922 to 1952 or 55 and also was present in Fultilla, Calcutta, and other places playing quite different roles. He visited Sri Ramana Maharshi in Arunachala and travelled with the great female saint Sri Anandamayi Ma, who devotedly called him "Govinda", to Puri.

It is impossible to gain a full picture of this multifarious and astonishing life full of extraordinary events like bringing dead people back to life, curing others and so on. It seems as if Amiya Roy Chowdhury was trying out all possible roles. He also acted as a 'freedom flighter' against British rule, which brought him to jail in 1931 together with prominent followers of Gandhi.

After his career in the field of music, Amiya Roy Chowdhury became a manager in the Hindustan Insurance Co. and also an agent of the United Commercial Bank. He also proved to be successful in this new professions.

In 1954 he married Miss Amita Dasgupta. But after the third day of his marriage he mysteriously left for Varanasi. His daughter Ivy was born. After two years he came back for a brief time and left again. He purchased a toy shop in the New Market of

Calcutta, but was away from home another four years. After his return his son Abhijit was born. During the years of his disappearance he travelled through India, talking to Yogis and Sannyasins to make them realize that they were not following the right path and to convince them to lead a normal life.

In 1967, after the passing of his mother Saratkamini Devi, Amiya Roy Chowdhury became known as "Dadaji", revealing himself in his role as Elder Brother in 1971. It is said that Sri Ram Thakur, who had predicted his own advent for this time, made his appearance. Dadaji was now leading the life of a householder and family-man. From 1971 onward he toured India, and in 1973 he won over most of the eminent Sanskrit scholars in Madras, also Dr. Sarvepalli Radhakrishnan. He extended his mission in 1978 to Europe and U.S.A., when I first met him in Witten.

I sorted out the details of this short biographic sketch from what Abhi told me and what I collected from other sources. My perplexity grew while pondering about Dadaji's fantastic life and all the stories Abhi, Dadaji's nearest companion, reported to me. Abhi had met Dadaji, then known as Amiya Roy Chowdhury, first in 1954 to get a movie financed. This encounter was only a business affair. It was in 1970 that he came in very close contact with Dadaji. It's all a miracle.

One week after Dadaji's visit I received the English translation of my article. While going through it in my study, I felt Dadaji reading it together with me. The previous days I had been busy with the completion of some work and now the holidays started. I hastened to send the article together with a letter to Dadaji before leaving Bochum with my family.

Bochum, 8 July 1979

Dear Dadaji!

I'm very happy to send you the corrected English version of my article given to you during your visit to our house. I first did the translation myself, but

when I finished it, the final English text came from my friend in Kent - and that was really some sort of rescue, for I found his wordings far better than mine. So I hope the article is now as good in English as in the German language. Your visit to Germany only one week ago has again been a happy experience for all of us. I hope it wasn't too arduous; my wife and I found ourselves richly rewarded, and that was also the case with our guests.

I'm sitting now in my study, which you visited in our house, surrounded by books and pictures, and I have the feeling that I could have - or really am having - a conversation with you. There are so many things which can be said, but I feel that words cannot describe those experiences which have to do with Him. This is a dilemma; if only one could find the words to use as a vehicle to carry the message to other people! I believe that through His love we are changing all the time and we ourselves become the message while doing our duty. How simple this is, and how wonderful!

Holidays have just begun for me. I will go for a fortnight with my family to our cabin at the edge of a big forest. From there one has a panoramic view of a beautiful hilly landscape. On the 23rd of July I will again be back in Bochum and I hope to write to you in due course about my coming to Calcutta for two days or so in September.

With love to you from the whole family!

Yours Peter

PS: Please let me know about the printing of the article as discussed amongst us!

P.

When I wrote the letter, I did not know about all the troubles ahead of us. Four days later Uta and I had to decide to remain at home during the holidays, for she had to go to the hospital for urgent care of some abdominal disorder.

CHAPTER SEVEN

Be like a log of wood in the stream of His Will

Bochum, 21. August 1979

Dear Dadaji,

In my last letter from July 8th I mentioned our plan to spend the holidays in the hilly woods of the Westerwald. I was eagerly looking forward to some restful weeks together with the family after the strenuous and busy months in the university. But this plan did not materialize because my wife, all of a sudden, had some serious troubles with her health. After a short while she had to again undergo a surgical operation, which fortunately was a success, but somehow it caused a difficult cystitis. And all this in addition to the troublesome affair with her right leg, which was already hindering her movements, as you saw during your visit to our house! All this together was a really heavy load for her and not easy to bear! Fortunately I myself was able to look after the children and the household all these last weeks and to help Uta as much as possible.

But this rather difficult time as a busy householder plus sick warder also proved to be a really fruitful one, for the unforeseen situation was stuffed with valuable inner and outer experiences. All the time I was aware of a wonderful inner power of love and certainty that everything would develop according to His Will, which gladly had to be accepted. Sometimes my beloved wife was suffering very much, but I definitely knew that with Him we would overcome these difficulties, which had to be borne with fortitude. Thus I was able to comfort her. To my own astonishment I was not in the least troubled

by the total breakdown of virtually all my own plans for scientific work. I experienced a constant inner cheerfulness and a Rasa-like mood inspite of all the difficulties. And this, I guess, was also the best medicine for my wife. Many a time she assured me that I myself had undergone what she called a 'fundamental change'. It was the very strong feeling of His Presence and an inner joy caused by His Name which again and again welled up in my mind! A little more than a week ago I was scheduled to take part in an European Rectors' Conference in Finland. My wife felt strong enough to be left alone for six days. But shortly after my arrival in Helsinki she had to call me back home because of a critical worsening of her condition. I was very much alarmed, indeed, and tried to catch the earliest plane home. While I sat in the bus carrying me to the airport, the idea came to my mind to ask you for help - and in that very moment I definitely knew that the crisis already was over and my wife was now on the way to recovery. And, indeed, during the following days I witnessed a positive development, which I hope will continue.

It is with a thankful heart that I write these lines. I am most grateful for the 'fresh air' of Reality coming through the windows opened by you. The most precious lessons are taught without words; we only have to be open for the message coming in with His Name.

I hope to come to Calcutta for two days or so on my way to Shanghai and Korea. As soon as my itinerary is ready, I will let you know. Looking forward to meeting you within a month's time,

Yours Peter.

The weeks before I wrote this letter had been, indeed, difficult ones. However, Uta recovered step by step from her illness and I believe my cheerfulness was very helpful in this respect. In my mind I was with Dadaji very often, and the beauty of the Vrindavan Lila filled my heart. It was an extremely busy time with only little room for Uta and the kids. The German Federal Ministry of Economic Cooperation had invited me to go to Shanghai and Korea on behalf of development projects, and I tried to prepare myself as well as possible for this journey, which would also include Calcutta.

> Diary September 2, 1979
>
> I don't know why I have opened the diary. It was quite mechanical, as if I ought to note down something. But I believe what I have to write is always the same: The great certitude, which has dawned upon me now, that He is constantly dwelling in my heart.
>
> Only that counts which leads us to ourself and therefore to Him. Don't run after leaders. Be guided from within. He is the only guide... His influence is total, because you are in Him and He is in you. We are all going in the same direction, but your neighbor may have a clearer realization of this truth.
>
> There is a great longing to meet Dadaji again. "Now do your duty," he says. I close my diary.

A day later I received a letter from Dadaji, which must have been written immediately after having received my letter of August 21st.

Calcutta 28.8. '79

Dear Peter,

Your very nice letter.

So you have had an experience of the Kurukshetra war and the palm of victory is yours. On top of it you had a Rasa experience even like Sanjaya or Vidura. Or should I say, like Karna, without being misunderstood? You worked out your plan. But, His plan was otherwise, though only apparently. For, He manifests Himself not to destroy, not to checkmate, but to fulfil. You made a last bid to have your ways and to salvage your drowned ego at the Dwaipayana Lake of Helsinki and He gracefully recalled you to your duty which was long pining for your hours of rest. Amidst universal flux, His will alone is indeterminably active all the while. The flux around is static in its determinate conventional gyrating. We fail to realize how hectic work may be embalmed with rest, how we can work without doing anything and its reverse. We are enchained by our blind habits, - our multiform idolatry.

Luckily for you, the window has opened of itself. The genial sunshine of His will is all about. But, you must put off the shutters and blinds. But, then again, you cannot do it. Be like a log of wood in the stream of His will. Love life, love work, love duty. Be of good cheer. The Kingdom of Heaven is within you. Resurrection and Eucharist are your birthright. No body can dole it out to you. The Son of Man is verily working round the clock within you to that end.

Hope your wife is fast convalescing. The bipolarity of life manifests the antinomies of weal and woe. They are the billet doux of the Supreme Beloved.

Brave them with love and resignation. Be prompt in exporting your life's merchandise to Him. And your business will thrive beyond bounds with the mere capital of ogling.

It will be nice if you can come to meet us in Calcutta in September. Trust this finds you all in health. With love to you through your beloved (for that is how your chanced upon His love),

Affectionately Yours,

Dadaji.

This letter was most important for me. When I first read it, I didn't understand really what was meant with this or that passage. The following days I tried hard to grasp the meanings and noted them down as commentaries. Looking at these efforts from a distance of more than ten years, I must confess that many of the commentaries were colored by book knowledge I possessed at that time. In other words: I was not able to resonate with the depth of some important sentences. Now, after I had so many experiences, I'm still not able to understand fully the deeper meaning of the letter. So I have to leave it to the reader to discover his or her own truth.

Not being an Indologist, I had some difficulty understanding the first paragraph of the letter. So I brushed up my knowledge of the *Mahabharata*, the famous Indian epic, and the Great War at Kurukshetra in hopes it would reveal further insights into the meaning of Dadaji's letter.

As a young man and under the first impact of the *Bhagavadgita*, I wrote what I called a "Prayer", whose English translation reads as follows:

"Krishna, be my charioteer,
Guide me on the righteous way
That at Kurukshetra here
I may never go astray."

Kurukshetra for me had always been far more than the mythological battlefield of the Pandavas and Kauravas as described in the *Bhagavadgita*, which forms a part of the *Mahabharata*. Full of symbols, it displays the inner battle one has to fight in life. Sanjaya is a very interesting figure in this mythological drama. He is the devoted and trusted counselor of the blind father of the Kauravas, Dhritarashtra. This Sanjaya had the power of clairvoyance and narrated the entire Kurukshetra war in detail to the blind King Dhritarashtra. Dadaji takes Sanjaya as 'conscience', which is at times called the 'middle I' by him. Conscience in the state of ecstatic joy is the meaning of Sanjaya. (Cf. *On Dadaji*, Vol. IV, pg.12).

Vidura was a step-brother of Dhritarashtra and a very respected and righteous man, holding position in the court of Hastinapura, the capital of the Kauravas. But he also provided moral support and needed assistance to the Pandavas, when he realized that they were unjustly persecuted by Duryodhana, the eldest son of Dhritarashtra and a wicked man. Vidura had what is called Mahajnana or Integral Knowledge and therefore knew the essence of Krishna very well. Sanjaya and Vidura were detached and disinterested witnesses of the Kurukshetra war. Also Vidura knew the state of ecstatic joy. Very remarkable is his death: He merged with the body of Yudhishthira, one of the Pandavas, who felt very much enriched, while Vidura was going to heaven.

The third name mentioned in the letter is Karna, one of the great *Mahabharata* heroes. He was born as the son of Surya, the sun deity, to Kunti, the mother of the Pandavas, in her maidenhood. So, he was abandoned at the birth by his unwed mother and put in a basket to float down the Ashwa river. He was found by a low caste charioteer and his wife who, being childless, were delighted to adopt the godlike child, born with an armour shining like the sun. Grown up, Karna felt humilated by Arjuna, the youngest Pandava, the son of Kunti and Pandu, whom he did not know to be his step-brother. But on the eve of the Kurukshetra war,

Krishna, to win Karna over to the side of the Pandavas, told him that he was the eldest Pandava. Krishna forewarned him, unless he quit the Kaurava side, he would be killed in the war. Stern in his sense of duty, Karna fought the Pandavas dispassionately without being cowed down by the firm knowledge of his destiny. I understood the following line in the letter, "without being misunderstood", that I was not fated to fall in the battle of life like Karna.

Lastly I have to mention the fascinating story around the Dwaipayana Lake. After the Kurukshetra war, Duryodhana, the eldest of the Kauravas and the only survivor on his side, hid himself in the Dwaipayana Lake as the safest refuge for his pride, which might be humbled by Bhima, the second Pandava. But soon he was found out and Bhima challenged him to a duel. His vanity pricked, Duryodhana came out of the Lake and with a sense of resignation fought Bhima hard and was killed by him.

In the same mail with Dadaji's letter an invitation arrived for me to take part in the Annual Mahotsava and Sri Sri Satyanarayan Puja from 29 to 30 September 1979 in the Somnath Hall in Calcutta. I was very happy when some days later a letter came in from the Indian Institute of Technology (I.I.T.) in Madras, inviting me to come at the beginning of October to prepare my sabbatical semester at the I.I.T. So I sat down and wrote a letter to Dadaji.

Bochum, 11. September 1979

Dear Dadaji,

I have to thank you very much for your helpful and thought-provoking letter, which was an inspiration in itself. I read it many times, and every time deeper aspects of truth were revealed ! Again many thanks !

Without my own intention I fortunately was forced to cancel my planned visit to Shanghai. As a result I had to change my itinerary. It is now fixed: I will come

by flight BA 021 from London, arriving in Calcutta at 8.15 in the morning on September 28th. My departure will be on October 2nd by flight IC 265 to Madras. I'm thrilled by the idea to have so much time and to be able to experience 'Utsava' - what seemed to be impossible according to my former plans. But 'duties' change, if one is open for His hints.

My wife is now much better, but the infection is still an unsolved problem. I know that we will also overcome this difficulty. She sends you her love, and I do the same with a thankful heart,

Yours Peter.

The days went by and I prepared myself for the journey, at the same time being very busy with winding up the second and last term of my University Rectorship. I remembered a colleague with tears in his eyes when his own term ended, because he was very attached to his work and the position in the academic hierarchy. I myself was wondering why I had no problem at all leaving the position which I now held for four years. I was already engaged in planning a Center for the Promotion of Innovations and Technology Transfer of the Universities and Polytechnics of the Ruhr District. Although this in itself was a large undertaking, I was still very concerned with the coming sabbatical semester in Madras. We were planning to go to Calcutta first and then stay most of the time in Kalakshetra, which is quite near to the I.I.T. There I planned to collect material on the subject "The University as a Center of Transformation in the Development Process".

Inspite of all this preparatory work, which did not leave much room for other thoughts, I had wonderful Rasa-experiences where I felt very much in tune with Him. But I also tried to intellectually 'understand' His love, of course in vain. Looking back to those days, where I was consulting literature to analyze

the state I was in, I have to smile about these fruitless efforts. Didn't Dadaji tell us, "Truth cannot be understood, but only lived"? But I could not refrain from trying to find out, for example, by reading what others wrote about Bhakti Yoga, etc. Also, much of the Christian heritage crept into my thoughts. I was always very glad to find reports of others, who - as I thought - had come near to what I was experiencing. I certainly had not learned the lesson to let things happen and to be like a log of wood in the stream of His Will.

Today, I still have Rasa-filled moments while sensing the immensity of His love, and I have stopped wondering about it. I take it as it is. Nothing to explain, nothing to understand. It comes when it comes and is always a precious sign of His grace. Dadaji says, "We have come here to make love to Him, to be bathed in His Love and to vibrate His Love through the actions that come our way." This is a most wonderful truth, for it combines the remembrance of Him with our duties.

Inwardly I was very sure that Uta's health problems would not disturb my plan to go to India for a week or so, and to take part in 'Utsava', the annual meeting of those who are close to Dadaji. But Uta's condition did not improve. Although I tried to do my best to help her, it remained disturbing for me.

Diary September 16, 1979

Uta, still having problems with her infection, just asked me, on what my confidence was based that everything would turn out in the right way. My answer: I do not know ; it is my feeling. What kind of a feeling? Could it not be something like not being ready to accept bad possibilities? Is it some form of 'Coue method' (suggesting to yourself it will be better and better)? What is it that makes me feel in such a positive way? It is always difficult to have an

answer for one's feelings. The acid test of the intellect can dissolve feelings - and nothing remains. But, I believe everything will be well because there is no other answer in my heart. 'Well', in the first case, in relation to 'health'; but this need not to be so. I'm sustained by a deep confidence in our fate. This confidence is independent from all happenings around - at least I do hope so, for up to now I had this confidence. And when I expect something, it is like expecting Him. I think, this is also helping Uta - in a very substantial way.

Why have I been rarely sick myself? I don't believe it to be my merit - maybe I'm not mature enough to bear it. But what is the meaning of 'sick' and of 'healthy'? 'Sick' could mean a confused relation to Him - then I myself have been 'sick' for some years when I was a student. To love Him is most important! Abhi Bhattacharya, in his recent letter, wrote a line about which I'm still pondering: "Dadaji and Mahanam are the same." Who is Dadaji? ... Isn't He speaking through Dadaji (as He potentially is able to use us for His messages)? Dadaji is the elder brother, more developed, more open, near to Him - alas! identical with Him. So, to hold Dadaji in mind is to hold Him in mind - in a very human and not abstract form.

In this way one could also look on others. The sense of joy rising within myself while remembering Him (as Mahanam) can be connected with Uta. Didn't Dadaji write, "With love to you through your beloved (for that is how you chanced upon His love)"? Being in Him I only can look at people with the eyes of love. This is listening to the Song of Life, to taste His Rasa-Lila, to be in tune with him.

The next day Uta came home from the doctor - flying high: The infection ultimately had gone! The discomforts which she still had to suffer, were easier to bear. But the cause still had to be determined. I was extremely happy and my heart overflowed with joy. I already ordered the tickets for Calcutta; Uta now felt strong enough to stay home alone with the children. But, His will was different...

Diary September 19, 1979

The situation again has changed dramatically. Uta was weeping when she told me what the doctor said after having viewed her x-rays: a new surgical operation, that time of the kidneys, could not be avoided... "I'm an old mended sock," she said, and it took me a long time to comfort her. Everything still is open - wait and see. But my journeys are now in question.

I'm noting this without sadness. The feeling is too strong that all will work out well. I'm only praying to be able to take some of Uta's burden on my own shoulders. How to comfort and to help her in a more effective way? I should concentrate more on Dadaji...

I made up my mind not to go to India and Korea. The doctor said that before deciding on surgery another test had to be done. With a certain sadness which nevertheless had developed in the meantime, I sat down to write Dadaji about the new circumstances.

Bochum, 22. September 1979

Dear Dadaji,

I seemingly have still not learned enough about making plans... As I wrote in my last letter, I was ready to come to Calcutta on September 28th but now my plans have to be changed. The constant health problems of my wife caused the doctors to search for

an explanation, for in the meantime although the infection was cured her overall health condition did not change. And now the kidneys were found to be in a state of disorder, i.e. floating pathologically. On Wednesday next week there will be an isotope test of their functioning and, maybe, a new surgical operation to fix at least one of the floating kidneys. This would be the fourth surgical operation within a half years time! You certainly can imagine such an idea causing some shadows in Uta's mind. I have to be with my beloved one during these days - it is a decision which came from within.

I would have loved to embrace you, to sit in front of you and to listen to you as a son does. And I was full of expectations looking forward to taking part in 'Utsava' for the first time. But I know now that 'to be immersed in Him' (as you have explained the word 'Utsava') is not bound to a certain place. It can happen every moment and wherever I am. For He loves me, and I love Him. That is the Truth.

There is an intense longing to be near to you - and in that very moment I feel no distance between us! I embrace you within my heart.

The decision to cancel my visit to India and Korea was easily made, because it is so very clear that I have to stay where I am needed. But I cannot deny a certain sadness. I only can hope that it will not last too long till we can meet.

There seems to be still some hope that I can come with my family to India in November for a quarter of a year. It all depends upon the health of my wife. She and the children are talking about this journey every day. It is such an intense wish! But we have to be patient. I leave everything to Him, because I know that all problems will be settled in the best way possible.

I look upon all these developments with the sincere hope to be able to spend all my love; for I feel His love radiating through my humble attempts to be open for His will. In those moments, where a 'normal' person is full of sorrow and alarm, I feel such inner quietude (sitting in His lap) that I often wonder: How can this be? Why do I no longer react as is expected from a 'normal' person ? Very strongly I feel a sustaining force, the presence of a shield of love - how could one describe this! It is the Hidden Love embracing all in Oneness...

Dearest Dadaji, I started this letter to explain my situation and my being unable to come to Calcutta. But now I feel completely incapable of expressing properly what I'm experiencing in the moment. I'm sure, you will understand. There are so many things we have or we are longing for - all are totally unimportant. Only one thing matters: To be in love. It cannot be explained, only experienced. And out of this experience grows an understanding of the duties one has to perform.

It is as if I had written all this to myself - but what is the difference?

My wife sends you all her love,

Affectionately Yours

Peter.

P.S. Please give my love to Abhi who wrote such an inspiring and helpful letter! P.

Days of uncertainty followed and I was pondering about Uta's health problems. While pondering I realized that so many of her health problems had been discovered in time by mere 'coincidence'. Always it had been early enough for an effective

therapy. I tried to be patient. Patience is easy when you are in love with Him. I heard Dadaji say, "The onslaught of Prarabdha (fate) must be borne with fortitude and patience - only love Him, He loves you! That is the Truth."

One evening I was in the garden and felt Dadaji very near. He followed me into the house but I could not see him.

Diary September 24, 1979

The experience yesterday in the garden: My eyes saw nothing; but Dadaji in a very real sense was there (where he also had been during his visit). My intellect is in doubt about it. Projections? But the experience was encouraging in such a fine way and it helped. At the spiritual level we are all one. "I am in you, you are in me. Do not forget that," says Dadaji - a truth which only will be accepted by the intellect, when it opens up to Reality... Only the love for Him connects... When I saw Uta in the afternoon, she was very much discouraged... But during our conversation she grew to a more positive assessment of the situation.

Two days later we went for an isotope test which had, astonishingly enough, a result different from the x-ray. According to the initial results, both kidneys were functioning in a sufficient way, but we had to wait for an exact interpretation by the radiologist and also our doctor. The time before the isotope test was very remarkable. It taught me a lot, and I noted it down to come to a proper understanding.

Diary September 26, 1979

This morning I was a little bit irritated: I seemed not to be touched by the forthcoming isotope test. I was

in such a cheerful mood that in regard to Uta's troubles I felt dulled, and even merciless. With all my certitude that everything would work out well, I was sitting in the car next to her - and my wife was not able to hide her fear, she was nearly weeping. Was I not able to feel what she was feeling? I was confounded.

Only after I left her alone with the radiologist and was driving our daughter, Veronika, to the kindergarten, did I start to consider all that could happen - then a certain anxiety grew. But still there was this inner radiance, a fundamental patience, hindering the anxiety from spreading; and I found the anxiety to some extent artificial. Having come back to Uta, I was able to comfort her out of my own confidence - all would turn out well. 'Well' didn't mean to me: no complications, health and other good things. It meant: According to His will, which we readily have to accept, whatever it might be.

I am still not through with this experience. But Dadaji is radiating with love as if he says : " It is like this, you have to learn it. We are not separated. I'm with you always, my son."

The day was coming when the doctors had to decide what ought to be done. Uta and I relied very much on the judgment of the University's doctor we had known for some time. But first we had to go to the radiologist, who did the isotope test.

Diary October 1,1979

Dr. D. confirmed the undiminished functioning of the kidneys - an encouraging result! I wasn't surprised, for I did expect something positive. Uta was very much relieved. Next step: The urologist has to decide

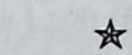
whether a surgical operation is still needed (which Dr. D. didn't think to be urgent). Are we now at the end of the tunnel?

(Later in the day:) We have seen Dr. L., the University doctor, who confirmed: Kidneys totally normal, no disturbance of their functions. No surgical operation needed, Uta is (with her kidneys) in good health!

It remains a mystery: The radiograms are indicating engorgements and therefore a pathological condition. This fact led to the diagnosis, which was such a shock for Uta. And now the very positive isotope test! As if a treatment took place in between...

Also I find that positive news is not able to 'disturb' the inner balance. The inner radiation has become still stronger. And then I came across Dadaji's words, "Is God in me, or am I in God? I am so filled with Him. I can no longer differentiate." In a feeble way I had a feeling of what was meant by this, and tears of joy came into my eyes. 'To be immersed in Him': Utsava.

Looking back to these dramatic days and strange experiences, it is still a mystery for me. Having asked experts from the medical field, I have no rational explanation. Up to then Uta did not have severe troubles with her kidneys. But there are by now so many people being cured in such an incredible way by Dadaji - also over great distances - that I believe he (He) also helped Uta. At least I felt her under His good care always. In a later chapter I will describe my own experiences with a life-endangering sickness, which brought me an unforgettable message.



During the days following the consultations with the doctors I went through the wonderful experience of hearing Dadaji singing

in my heart all the time. Indeed, I was very happy about the development of Uta's health, although there were some slight drawbacks due to the medicines she had taken. I sat down to report to Dadaji.

Bochum, 7 October 1979

Dear Dadaji,

I very strongly felt that I should write a letter to you - partly to come to an understanding of what has happened the last two weeks. When I wrote in my last letter about my wife's serious health problems, which forced me to cancel my visit to India and Korea, I did not know how things would develop. I only trusted in a positive presentiment, which helped me to an inner quietude. Now I'm able to report that the isotope test I spoke about has shown the kidneys being in full and healthy function! Astonishingly, the former radiogram showing the pathological status of the organ, which forced me therefore to stay with my wife was not incorrect; it suggested that a surgical operation may be needed. For me as a medical layman all this is not easy to understand. But to sum up: No surgical operation is needed, and I hope Uta will recover now in a short time after having overcome some minor troubles, which are due to the side-effects of the medicine she had to take.

During these two weeks I witnessed, I presume, a special kind of 'Utsava': All the time I felt to be together with you. You were present in the garden, in the house and - most wonderfully - in my heart. It was on the very day I had planned to arrive at Calcutta (September 28th) that I suddenly felt you and me embracing each other. And the following days you were very much in everything I read and thought...

September 29th is an 'auspicious' day with us: St. Michael's Day - and also the birthday of our twins Johannes and Sita. On this day, without any warning, my old school teacher, whom I had not seen for many years, visited us at our home. The 92 year old man, being nearly blind, had come all the way from Hamburg without announcing his visit, but he trusted to find me at home on the birthday of our children. One main reason for his visit was to experience little Veronika Rukmini and to find out from me how I had come in touch with India (he seems to be writing a story about my family). Thus I was all of a sudden forced to answer in detail a really difficult question, because it is not enough to report about travels and encounters with Indians, but to find out - at least for ones own sake - what events and 'coincidences' had paved the way to Mother India. To put all together in a nutshell : I realized in answering his questions that Mother India had been within my heart all my life. This 'continent' I had and still have to discover in order to meet the King reigning there. It may sound very odd, but I needed this visit of my old teacher to understand the message, which welled up in my mind, uttered by you : "Remember your roots. Remember Him. Only this matters."

My 'Utsava', far from Somnath Hall, found its fulfillment when one evening I went into raptures over the statement, "Is God in me, or am I in God? I am so filled with Him, I can no longer differentiate." This is my report. And I only have to add that all the time I am writing this to you, I'm aware of your song in praise of Sri Sri Satyanarayan. For more than five days these sounds are constantly in the back of my mind....

Together with Uta I send my love,

Yours affectionately,

Peter.

When I was penning this letter, I did not know that already an answer to my earlier letter of September 26th was on its way from Dadaji to me in Bochum. It arrived on October 9th.

Calcutta 3.10.79

Dearest Son,

You have penned through an exquisite letter to me. How clearly it manifests your change of outlook, your submission to Him, feeling His presence all about, feeling yourself in His lap! So He has manifested Himself in you in workable and relishable form! He has overgrown into your impulses, your mental modes, and your actions and reactions. In short, you are enacting a wonderful love-sequence of Christos. But, even then my boy, you cannot love Him. He only can love you, and that as Himself. You can only feel His love, passively of course.

It is good you decided not to come to Calcutta to attend Mahotsava. Yes, Mahotsava is everywhere and for all the time. The wind bloweth where it listeth. You may take a lump of flesh as a wanton woman; or you may take it as your dear mother. The same lump, then, without the slightest change, becomes adorable. Likewise, your entire life is Mahotsava and your duty is your deity, if you can see things properly. Isn't your wife His manifestation? Should you not serve her devotedly, though without attachment?

My dear child! I am afraid you are very much worried over the health of your dear wife. Can't it

be (if you two do not shut out the flow of His imperious Will) that she becomes whole very soon and that, if He so wills, even without any surgical operation? Let your wife take her pain and discomfort as His rowdy advent, as He Himself! Let His Will be done. Make yourselves void in stark nudity. Can't she feel the body is His, not hers? Can't you two be united in complete resignation to Him? Then you two have Him in full, - in body, mind and spirit. Don't be obsessed with any wish. Shake off sadness. So your plan is to come to India along with your wife and children in November for a quarter of a year. This man will be very happy to meet you all again in India. The Mahotsava and Sri Sri Satyanarayan Puja have manifested themselves in the usual way on the scheduled dates.

With love to you all,

Affectionately yours,

Dadaji.

There was another one who was very concerned about Uta's health - Abhi Bhattacharya. His letter came on October 13th and I immediately sat down to write an answer. The following extracts from my letter describe my mood.

Bochum, 13 October 1979

Dear Abhi,

..... I always had the feeling of His presence - but with a difference. You may remember in your last letter you wrote that "Mahanam is Dadaji's message ... But one who holds Dadaji can communicate with Truth." And: "I myself from the beginning had no feeling for Mahanam,... it is Dadaji!" I pondered very

much about your letter and suddenly discovered Dadaji all around ... When I wrote to Dadaji that I could not come to attend 'Utsava' in his presence, this phenomenon started. I have been 'in conversation' with him through all the difficult time that followed, and his (His) smile was all around. Thus I had my 'Utsava' at home - miraculously, but without 'miracles'. Now Dadaji is with me; I feel being in his arms in this very moment.

And all this to me is quite natural. The sun shineth whether there are clouds or not. His love is radiating from an inner source - my heart and the Heart of all things. Sometimes only my mind is clouded or is clouding the clear sky - the blue sky, which becomes colorless when we leave this our planet to travel to the stars afar. Let us embrace this wide field of His, because it is inside us as well! There are some beautiful verses in the wonderful *Gita Govindam.* Radha is telling the story of how Krishna won her love forever:

"His gentle hand lets fall the blissful Flute that fills with happy thrills each listening ear, as He from naughty laughing eyebrows throws a side long glance upon the Gopi band; He is embarrassed, and His childlike face assumes a honeyed smile of gleeful love. Oh, when I view Govinda in the woods amid the beauties of our verdant Vraj (the springlike land-scape where both meet), my soul is lost in yearning for His touch!"

Is it not this intense yearning, which is so magnificent because of His reply? Nay, it is He who loves, and this yearning is the mirroring of His love in our minds! I am so much filled with love that 'Utsava' is taking place also in this very moment!

Dear Abhi, I could go on writing page after page, but I have to stop now. I trust you will understand my

mood, the state of bliss. I want to cry, to laugh, to dance, for I am in love - in His love! Dadaji is so very right when he wrote to me: "You cannot love Him ... You can only feel His love, passively of course."

We started to prepare for India. I had to collect literature, write letters and organize the work, which had to be done during my absence. And Uta was busy planning for the journey.

In the newspaper I found a notice that Jayaprakash Narayan had died. Being one of the Indian 'freedom fighters', he was always greatly admired by my young Indian friends, who spoke very highly of him as the embodiment of 'political morale'. I never had the chance to meet him, but I was deeply moved by his death. One more of the old generation of incorruptable politicians had left India. Later I came across an article with the title 'Seeking the Truth' written by Jayaprakash Narayan. There he says, " Truth is One. We are fortunate that we are being reminded of this simple message of Truth by a person who claims nothing, demands nothing. He simply reminds us of our duty to the Absolute. There is no division of caste, creed, color or sex. Dadaji is not forming any new religious order or any new sect. Any human soul can follow this path. Dadaji's supreme message that Truth is One, Humanity is One and Language is One, has great significance to our country, or rather to the entire humanity. All divisions which have been created by considerations of religions, caste and creed are artificial, and should be harmonized and rather be eliminated, if the people want to show their regard for Truth Eternal where no divisions and no dissensions can ever enter ... The disharmony between the material and the spiritual world, which has caused so much misery to humanity, can thus be removed by the simple revolutionary message of Truth propagated by a wonderful spiritual person to the entire humanity. " (*On Dadaji*, Vol. V, pg. 205.)

In the following days I went through an Academic Convocation to formally install my successor, the new Rector of the University, and to bid farewell to the old. Uta was not able to attend because of a very high fever and continuing troubles with side effects from her medications. On the same day I watched Mother Theresa on television. She had been announced as a nominee for the Nobel Prize. All of a sudden the scene in Calcutta when I met her, was again before my inner eyes. On October 20th I received Dadaji's reply to my last letter to him.

Calcutta, 13. 10. 79

Darling Peter,

Your letter dated October 7th. Again an exquisite letter, speaking of His love for you. So the two weeks have been His weeks with you. You have walked with Him and have embraced each other. But why weeks only? Why not walk with Him all through your life? And why not like the Biblical Elisha or Enoch walk into Him at the end? Are you not consecrated to that end, of one permits such a talk? Happy to learn that your wife's kidneys are functioning well. Leave the matter to Him and see what happens. If one is not at cross purposes with Him, one finds His manifestation in every happening. But one has to bear with patience the onrush of the forces one has let loose. Yoke yourself unto Him and He will bear the brunt. Efface yourself out and enshrine Him in your body.

My love and greetings to your old school teacher. Does not Satyanarayan weep for him too? But, why 'mother India'? Why this idolatry? Truth is universal, existential. All manifestation is 'mother'. Have you been converted? You have been baptized even before your birth. You have only got back your

patrimony. Yes, remember your roots; but, not as apart from Him. He is the root, to the sure. But, don't fight shy of your natural environs. Don't defy His decree.

Be of good cheer. Your wife is His grace embodied unto you. Be with that grace and have faith in Him.

Let His will be done

With love to all of you,

Affectionately Yours,

Dadaji.

PS.: Thanks for sending a photo of yourself with Veronika Rukmini on your shoulders. Dadaji.

In two respects this letter was very important. In the first part it was the question, " Why not walk with Him all through your life?" At that time I had no other answer but to ensure that this could not be otherwise. Are we not walking with Him all the time? Is He not with us 24 hours of the day?

I pondered a lot over this question, which is still with me even now. Had I not seen people who were very near to Dadaji and who after a time developed a kind of hostility against him? When I once asked Abhi, who more than any of us has witnessed the development of the relation of people with Dadaji, he told me that the sometimes growing hostility was also His play. We have to go through the full circle of destiny, and whether we are consciously with Him or not - He is with us.

I also remembered that there were phases during which I found myself nearer to Him than at other times. Today I have accepted this as His Lila, which was demonstrated to me by Dadaji with a simple cigarette box and match box. Although there are times I feel closer to or farther from Him, there has been hardly a day

where Dadaji has not been at least in my mind. This is just as well as I cannot stand in emotional flames all the time and simultaneously function as a professor or manager. The point is that it is our foremost duty to remember Him always, or better, to listen to Him remembering Himself...

Equally important were the remarks in the letter about my attachment to India. When first I read the passages, I did not understand for I was placing a great value on my encounter with 'Mother India'. But after a while it became clear to me that India was some sort of concept or idea for me, standing for a vast store of wisdom. Again I found the trouble: Not being able to efface myself out.

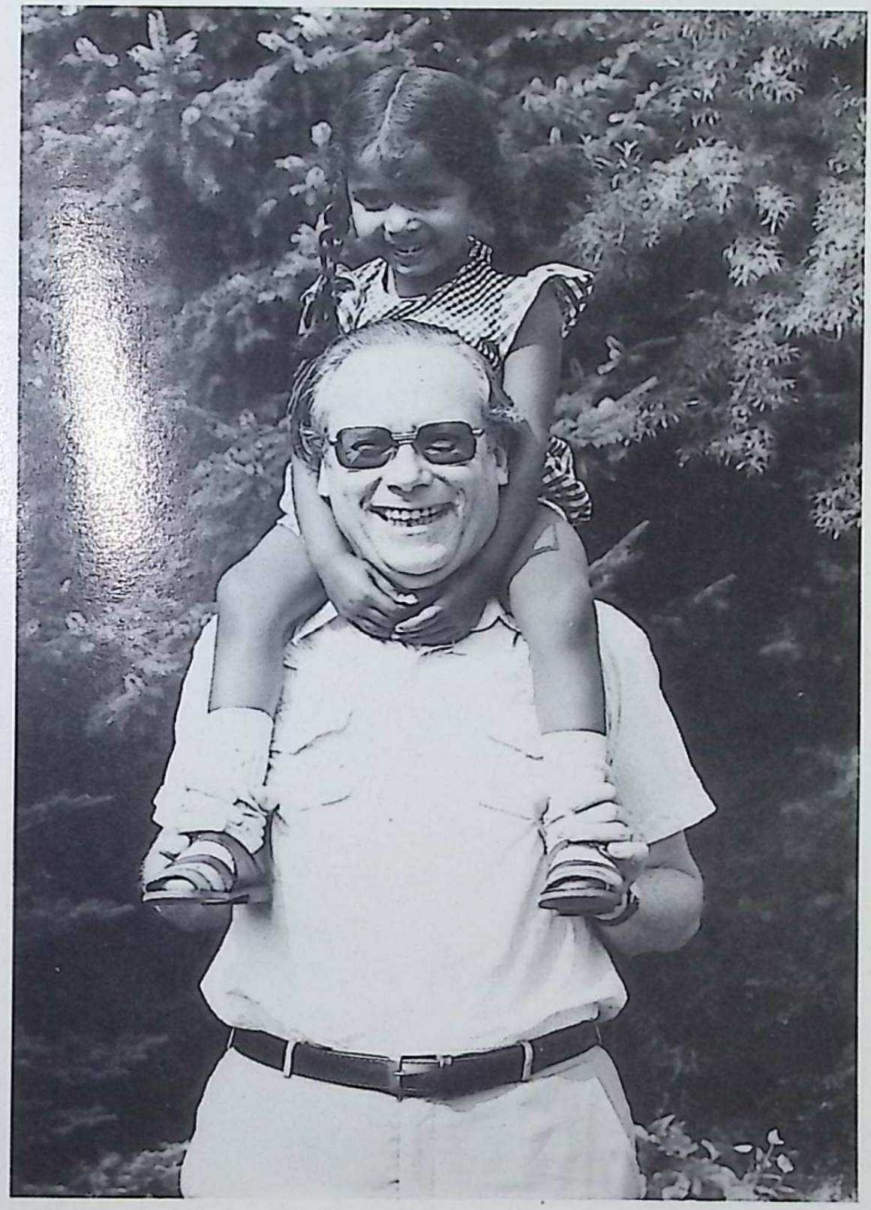
Because of Uta's ongoing minor health problems to some extent we lost our confidence in allopathic medicine and consulted a homeopathic doctor in the Herdecke hospital. He was a very nice gentleman, known to us from the time when our twins were together in school with one of his sons. After a total check of Uta, he only gave the following advice: Pack the suitcases and go to India!

The flights were booked and I sat down to inform Dadaji abour our itinerary and to answer his last letter.

Bochum, 16. November 1979

Dear Dadaji,

In your last letter you asked me: "Why not walk with Him through your life? And why not... walk into Him at the end?" When I pondered about these questions, all of a sudden I found them already answered. How could I avoid walking with Him? Did He Himself not decide to be with me from the beginning of Existence? How could I choose Him - I'm chosen by Him!



With Veronika Rukmini on my shoulders

But how could I forget this very truth? I know that there was not a tiny moment in my life when He was not there - only I did not realize His Presence and His Love all the time. Being stuffed with egoism, my mind acted as a slayer of the Real. But change has come: "Now I see through a glass, darkly; but then face to face. Now I know in part; but then I shall know even as also I am known." For me this passage from the 'Song of Love' of Paul the Apostle seems to be the best way to express my hope and my desire for Him. I'm embracing the dearest Dadaji with a thankful heart!

Fraternally yours

Peter.

CHAPTER EIGHT

Do not shut out His manifestation

Diary December 3, 1979

It was one of the most comfortable flights I ever had, directly from Frankfurt via Delhi to Bombay. Abhi was waiting to bring us to the Ritz Hotel. The children are looking at everything with wide eyes: Poverty, animals, the coconut vendor. Johannes is enthusiastic about India, everything is regarded as an adventure. Sita is very reserved, she seems to be hurt by the impact of the unusual. Little Veronika sleeps in Uta's arms.

In the morning we went out with Abhi to the Gateway of India monument, to buy tickets for the boat ride to Elephanta Island, and to drink fresh coconut milk. Then to the modern buildings of Malabar Hill to see H.P. Roy, where I had a short, disrupted phone conversation with Dadaji. He expects us in Calcutta on 7th December.

I try to establish order in my thoughts. There is the picture of Dadaji, which I have taken with me - but it is as if my soul still has to arrive from Germany. I have to tell myself again and again that I'm in India. What has been aspired to over such a long time now has come true!

The first evening in Bombay welcomed us with a Bharatanatyam performance of high technical quality. The dancing girl had a prominent teacher, but watching her I was reminded of a remark by Rukmini Devi, who gave India back the classical South Indian dance: "To be a really creative artist and to express the Divine Genius cannot be taught or learned. It must come from within as something we cannot help expressing." This 'something' was

lacking, and I got lost over the thought that - as Dadaji had put it - "to vibrate His Love through the actions that come our way," cannot be learned. It comes from within. It is a gift from God. I felt Dadaji to be very near.

The next morning we went to Elephanta Island, a short boat ride from Bombay, to see the subterranean Shiva Temple. I used the famous stone sculpture of Maheshvara in the central cave for a first introduction of Hinduism to Johannes and Sita. The colossal granite sculpture from the 8th century is an image of the divine trinity of the Great Lord. Exquisitely carved, the left head is Brahma, the right head is Shiva, while positioned in the center is the face of Vishnu. So the image represents the personification of the Trimurti, the threefold divine generative principle of God. Brahma is the esoteric Hindu image of the creator, Vishnu represents the sustainer or preserver, and Shiva the destroyer, regenerator aspect of God. The interplay between the Trimurti (Supreme Male) and the world (female) symbolizes the creative poles of male and female. Such esoteric symbolism representing male images of God have long been misunderstood and evolved over time into the discriminatory practices prevalent today. The twins couldn't get enough of the various stories about the Hindu gods.

That afternoon Dr. Lalit Pandit rang us up from the Tata Institute of Fundamental Physics to invite us to visit him and his family. From the first moment we arrived we felt at home: Johannes didn't feel well and was given medicine, which seemed to help instantaneously; Uta had a strange longing for a boiled egg and was given one. Together with Abhi we were one big family, and Dadaji, I'm sure, was enjoying it for he was with us all the time in thoughts and pictures.

Lalit met Dadaji in 1973 for the first time. Since then he and his wife have had many extraordinary experiences and he wrote articles about some of them ('My Dadaji Experiences', in: *On*

Dadaji, Vol.IV, pg. 36-75). What happens to a scientist watching "miracles" occurring in the presence of Dadaji? This I wanted to know, and Lalit's answer I quote from his article: "As a scientist, a researcher in theoretical high energy physics, I am well versed in the currently accepted basic laws of physics. My working life is thus entirely tied up with the world of mental concepts, expressed in mathematical symbols framed for the purposes of achieving an orderly description of the phenomena of nature perceived with our senses, suitably extended through complex instruments. Experiences with Dadaji have not led me to give up or deny this world as seen and described by us - it too, after all, is a creation of the Supreme Being. What has happened is that an awareness has developed in me of the immanent and all-engulfing Truth beyond the grasp of the intellect." We take so much pride in our ideas and the working of our intellect - as if it were *our* ideas, *our* intellect! Nothing really belongs to us, it is given to us for a short time and we have to leave it behind.

The next day brought disappointment to the children, for Abhi had mentioned the famous 'Hanging Gardens', but we didn't find them hanging in baskets in the air - as suggested by the name - instead they were firmly located on the top of large and stinking cellar-like buildings, looking somehow very British. Far more interesting was a visit with Abhi to the film studios where we saw mighty rocks made of papier mache and other artificial materials suitable for scenery. How many false fronts are presented to us in life, and we do not recognize them or look behind them!

After having our lunch at Delphin House with Abhi, we all tried to have a little nap. But I was so stuffed with questions about Dadaji that I couldn't rest and preferred to talk with Abhi. During our conversation, Abhi told me a fantastic story, which happened some months before when Dadaji had been in Los Angeles in July 1979. An American journalist, Maco Stewart, had visited Dadaji in India and recorded an interview with him on tape. After having come back to the States, Mr. Stewart suffered several heart attacks.

During this uncomfortable time he proposed an experiment to Dadaji. He asked Dadaji to undergo the recording of his bodily functions (brain waves, respiration, heart beat, etc.) in Los Angeles, while simultaneously Mr. Stewart, who was in Houston, Texas, would go through medical procedures to locate specific arterial blockages. He then would phone Dadaji to ask his help.

Dadaji agreed to this procedure. He was then staying in the private residence of Dr. Khetani in Los Angeles, and was reclining on a couch. Monitors for the pulse rate, brain waves, temperature, etc. were connected to Dadaji as a group of people watched. Mr. Stewart and his doctors were in the operation theater in Houston. Suddenly, Dadaji's Fragrance filled the operation theater and out of nowhere an elderly man appeared and offered Mr. Stewart a cup of coffee. He drank the coffee and afterward the arterial blockages to the heart had vanished. All the time Dadaji was talking normally with the people in Los Angeles as if nothing were happening. Having been one of the witnesses in L.A., Abhi was still under the impact of these strange events. The Fragrance had shown that there is no differences between California and Texas.

Diary December 5, 1979

> I also spoke with Abhi about love. Dadaji had written to me, "You cannot love Him; He only loves you." What we are calling love, our love, is nothing but a divine manifestation. "God is Love; and who dwelleth in Love, dwelleth in God, and God in him" says St.John in the *Bible* . When we are loving somebody, then the Divine in that person is mirrored in our consciousness, for love is the perception of the Divine. His Love is radiating all the time through the whole existence. When our abode is Sreekshetra - the abode of Divine Love -, everything is Sreekshetra. Then one is

experiencing Love - nothing else. Thus the mind becomes 'Manjari' (a mind merged in Mahanam). And this is the state where Krishna appears ...

I heard Dadaji saying: "It is not my love, it is His. You only try to understand - and will fail. For Truth cannot be understood; Truth only can be lived. Otherwise you have truths crystallized into letters. But, life is dynamic, not static. So only do your duty, remember Him. Be patient. He is with you always. Be of good cheer."

The following night Veronika was suffering from a fever, which went up in the morning, and she had stomach pains. We only had one idea - to go to Calcutta, where Dadaji could look after her. The flight was in the afternoon, but when we arrived at the airport, we learned that the plane would be very late. Veronika started to whine and we didn't know what to do. On top of it I discovered I did not get enough boarding cards when we checked in.

In the crowd of the waiting passengers was a nice old man who took interest in Uta and Veronika. He asked me how he could help us. I explained the situation and he bargained with the security check, so in a short time we could leave the airport for a nearby hotel. This was the best possible solution, for the plane was much later than expected.

We saw the nice old gentleman again on the plane, which arrived at Calcutta by midnight. There he helped us to find the car, which was still waiting for us. At this moment we discovered that we all came to Calcutta for the same person - Dadaji! He introduced himself as Gunvantrai T .Kamdar. He was obviously very devoted to Dadaji, and I learned Dadaji often stayed in G.T. Kamdar's Bombay, Porbundar and Bhavnagar family homes. Dadaji had asked him to take this flight without mentioning us.

The remaining night was very short. We woke up early and found Veronika without fever and pain. She and the twins, Sita and Johannes, played hide and seek in the huge building of the Ramakrishna Mission Hostel where we were registered following my special wish. After breakfast we were brought by car to Dadaji.

> Diary December 7, 1979
>
> Again I was touched by Dadaji's normal way of behaviour and loveable humaneness. He really looks like a father, a loving 'pater familias'. Nobody seeing him would call him a 'Saint'. And, of course, he isn't a saint - he is a perfect human being. Out of my pen comes this: A Human Being - therefore He radiates ...
>
> There are many concepts of what a person is (or ought to be): No religion exists without such descriptions and predescriptions. After their death, the founders of various religions are often put on a high pedestal, and would probably not be recognizable by those who met them during their lifetime. Everything human falls away from them; what remains is an abstraction, a phantom, a mind-made monument ...
>
> I'm searching the human being, not the far removed, unapproachable religious idols, whipped into shape and dressed up by our mind. For He is talking through all human beings...

After having welcomed us, Dadaji's main interest seemed to be gifts for all members of the family. He insisted upon us going shopping in the New Market, and the trip was properly planned. Then he called for Dr.Samiran Mukherji, who always looked after him, to check Veronika's health. We sat together chatting about Bombay and the friends we had met there, and also our plans in India. After an hour or so Uta left with the children for the New Market, and I was alone with Dadaji.

Dadaji showed me my last letter, about which he seemed very happy. "You do not know what you are writing," he said. I did not understand this remark, but I also did not ask for clarification.

Dadaji was interested in whether I was able to travel with him to the States, where I could meet very interesting people. He showed me a wonderful article written by Henry Miller. Dadaji had met him some months earlier, shortly before the world famous writer's death. Instantaneously I remembered a passage of Henry Miller's *The Colossos of Maroussi*, a book about his travels through Greece in the 1930s which I like very much. It reports about the predictions of a soothsayer in Athens that Henry Miller would make three trips to the "Orient", where he would meet, as he writes, "a man who would understand me as no one had and that his meeting was absolutely indispensable for the both of us." The predictions also says that he would never return from this last visit to the "Orient"; neither would he die but "vanish in the light." I found this a wonderful description of his meeting with Dadaji. One need not to go physically to the Orient; the sun is rising everywhere.

I told Dadaji that Uta was fond of Henry Miller's novels, and that I myself particularly love his small book, *The Smile at the Foot of the Ladder*. Dadaji replied , "I know that you like Henry Miller!" I got a copy of Henry Miller's article to read it later.

"I only want to have a small circle, not masses," Dadaji told me when we started to speak about Sai Baba and the 'Big Guru Business'. "These people avoid crossing the ways of Dadaji," he said, but they were always sending him their Pranam (respect) as their "brothers". One day G.T. Kamdar, known as the Salt King of India, had donated two houses on Marine Drive, Bombay, to Dadaji. But Dadaji told him, "Remove this from me." Many others would have used this property to promote their (spiritual) business.

It was quite natural that we also talked about His Love. I was so full of this love that I could not avoid speaking of how it is mirrored in our mind. Dadaji seemed to be delighted and uttered, "This is the happiest day - you are making me happy!" And, "You do not know what you are saying! These are not your words."

Dadaji also spoke about the Los Angeles-Houston experiment with Mr.Maco Stewart. Abhi had not been in favour of it, but Dadaji told him, "I can do nothing, He is the doer - and He did it." Dadaji also was keen to hear the full story of Uta's sickness of the last months. He smilingly listened and called her "a remarkable lady," and he added, "I'm so happy that you all have come".

The next day we were again all invited to visit Dadaji. This time Sita was suffering stomach pain. "Nothing serious," Dadaji told us, but he immediately took action and called a pediatrician by phone to come as soon as possible. In the meantime, a group of people had gathered at the feet of Dadaji, and Dr.Nanilal Sen, who had been close to Dadaji for a long time, asked, "Dr. Peter, may I tickle you a little bit? What chance does Dadaji's philosophy have in the world of today?" I had the uncomfortable feeling one has at the beginning of an examination, not having an answer at hand. But then I started to talk about the emerging holistic view in modern science and about the 'blue Planet Earth' as well as the steady development of a 'noosphere', a term derived from the Greek word for spirit, 'nous', and coined by Teilhard de Chardin, meaning an energetic hull around the globe formed by the mental and spiritual activities of humanity. According to Teilhard a planetarian consciousness is emerging. Juxtaposed to this vision, I projected what I thought to be Dadaji's philosophy - Humanity is One, Religion is One, Language is One - and the unity of human beings and nature.

I myself was very surprised by the mass of thoughts I brought together, and heard Dr.Sen saying, "You should write a book on this." I asked myself, whether this could be the real plan for which I had come to India this time...

Dadaji silently watched me all the time. When I finished talking he bent forward and took my head between his hands and seemed to be full of joy. Later on he spoke about the bankruptcy of organized religions, becoming visible to all through the Ayatollah Khomeini in Iran. "Suicide through misuse of power," was Dadaji's statement. And, with much contempt, "Priests as rulers! It's all business! It's the same business as the exploitation of idealists through the travelling Gurus."

Truth has to come from within. I found it so easy to speak of it in Dadaji's presence. When I left him, I pondered about the plan to combine scientific knowledge and his philosophy.

Peter Hoffman, our dear friend and co-worker of Rukmini Devi, arrived in Calcutta from Kalakshetra. I met him in Dadaji's house when I went there in the afternoon. The discussion was mostly between Dadaji and Peter, but I was involved in it whenever Dadaji's remarks needed explanation.

The conversation covered a wide range of subjects. Peter wanted to know which kind of meditation Dadaji thought advisable for self-development, and Dadaji replied that meditations were mere "acrobatics of the mind", being of no use. Peter disagreed, because this was totally against the teachings of most of the many holy men he met in India while he was travelling with Rukmini Devi or alone. But Dadaji told him that meditation relies on the illusionary hope of getting rid of the mind. Of course, by meditations the mind is filled with "nice pictures", but these are of no avail. Only love (Prema) can lead to fulfillment. "To sit down and to meditate is like trying to conquer the mindless with the mind," Dadaji closed.

I myself had the idea of meditation as a possible expression of love, but then it would not be an exercise of the will. Could one

command, "Love him"? Love is a wonderful thing - it doesn't obey our will! It comes, when it comes...

Peter went on asking Dadaji. "My problem is the mind, how can I get rid of that barrier?" Dadaji smilingly replied, "Not by the mind, only by love. Love means total surrender to His Will. Not to search permission - this will not lead far." And I added that one has to forget one's own concepts and this cannot be done voluntarily. "Patience is needed," Dadaji said, "Do your duty, always remembering Him - after some months it will work."

When Peter spoke about Gurus and Ashrams he had visited, Dadaji became very serious. It is impossible to argue in his presence in the favor of Gurus. So he replied that Gurus - consciously or unconsciously - by their teachings try to make people depend on them. For Dadaji this is the real danger. "You have to find your own way, which always will be His way!" he said. And then Dadaji told us about his visits to Sri Ramana Maharshi in Arunachala, Sri Aurobindo in Pondicherry and his contacts with Prabhu Jagatbandhu and Sri Anandamayi Ma - to show that he also knew some well-known figures of spiritual India. But he added at the end: "Don't trust in such authorities or bookish knowledge. Your Guru is within."

Dadaji had invited me to come to his house on Sunday morning for a discussion with a group of intellectuals - professors, judges and others. I arrived a little late because I had to reconfirm our tickets for the flight to Madras. Peter Hoffman was sitting in the first row. Dadaji made me sit next to him on the cot and introduced me to the audience. Then the same procedure took place as the day before : Dr. Sen asked me, how I viewed the Gurus, Bhagwans, Maharishis, etc. travelling in the West.

I was not prepared to deliver a lecture, otherwise I would have followed my practice of noting down some ideas beforehand. In this case the question came out of the blue, and while I was still pondering about it, I found myself already talking - about the most important wish everybody has: Security. We want to be safe against losses of property, against illness and other happenings which we consider to be bad, and we also crave security in the spiritual field. We demand trustable answers, given by authorities, to what one may call 'ultimate questions'. Such demands create markets and result in Gurus and priests who are the market suppliers of 'spiritual answers'. It is a give-and-take business of mighty merchant organizations comprised of churches, temples, Ashrams.

One must recognize the Guru within his or her socio-economic context of supply and demand. The decisive fact making the trade possible is the people's desire for technical procedures or step-by-step methods to achieve 'spirituality'. Anthropologically, technique constitutes the human being, 'homo faber'. Since very early time human beings have been under the impact of techniques, which have become some sort of artificial extensions to the world. Thus our normal approach to the world is a technical one. All techniques are defined by a goal, a purpose.

For those people who seek security, it is very natural that the question of spiritual techniques as a means to God arises. Whether it is a technique of magic or of meditation or Yoga - many people want to apply technical means to reach certain personal goals. Gurus and priests claim to be specialists supplying spiritual techniques. But Dadaji says, "Guru is within, He is following His Will, and there is no other will. No need for mental or physical acrobatics!" Nevertheless, these techniques are currently being sold by Eastern Gurus in the West in competition with existing religious vendors firmly established in the market for centuries. Actually, they all can do nothing, you and I can do nothing-this statement Dadaji repeated again and again is

a most revolutionary statement! So, to meet Him, to be in tune with God, only love remains. But how to love Him? He loves Himself! What does this mean?

Out of the multitude of answers to this question I want to give one. There is the ability to see Him in the other person. Isn't it wonderful that He is always present in the love we are receiving and giving? I don't mean selfish love, 'love with a hook', like a fishing gear. No, it is love which radiates and vibrates, love in which we are giving away ourselves. No egoism is left in love in its highest potential. This we will never reach. It is this state in which we see Dadaji. As human beings we may experience Him in different ways - as justice or wisdom for example. I experience Him as Love - an emptiness in which only love remains, or better, a Void emanating Love.

Dadaji seemed very content with my short contribution and embraced me at the end. He said something in Bengali to me, but I was still in such a rapture that I didn't ask him what it meant.

During my discourse somebody asked, what would be the best technique for her or what she personally should do. It led me to an elaboration on my statement about techniques and I tried to advise the woman to do meditation as a sort of preparation to gain the right answer. But Dadaji intervened and made a correction: She should only be patient, "we are all full to the brim, He will come."

After the meeting was over, another woman thanked me for the discourse and apologized for the interruption by the questioner. She said that such interruptions were unusual, but I defended it, for the question led to a very important intervention by Dadaji. A person who is much in doubt, probably cannot answer someone who questions or argues; only He can give the answer.

Dadaji left the room and I went back to the Ramakrishna Hostel with the feeling of having been put to the test of finding some sort

of self-reliance. It must have been Dadaji, who made me talk in such an easy way to the audience.

Peter Hoffman took my family and me to a Chinese restaurant. He still was feeling the impact of Dadaji and we gladly looked forward to having plenty of time for the exchange of ideas in Kalakshetra.

At 5 p.m. I was with Dadaji again. Dr.S. Mukherji was present and Dadaji spoke with him about the Calcutta program for me and my family. Then we started to talk about medicine. Dr.Mukherji remarked that Indian doctors are inclined to prescribe strong antibiotics for a wide range of diseases, but he thought this fashion to be in the decline. In India, westernization is so prevalent that Westerners have discovered the Ayurveda, an age-old classical system of Indian medicine with undeniable practical efficiency. The Ayurvedic practice is based on quite a different concept of the human being. Allopathic doctors still do not agree upon the precise interplay of spirit and matter. Dadaji asked, "Who is the doctor?" He went on to point out that the art of the medical doctor would be in vain, if it were against His will that healing occurs. I learned about many miraculous healings in which Dadaji - directly or indirectly - had been involved.

Another subject we discussed was the gap between the industrialized and so-called developing countries. In so many areas the West seems to be the 'Guru' of the developing countries. The question arose as to whether or not these Western techniques and philosophies really help. Does the East not become alienated from itself by not following its own cultural path? In the context of this discussion, I told Dadaji about my plan of writing a book - the book we had spoken about. It would not be a book on Dadaji's philosophy per se, but about development policy in a larger context and, of course, in the light of his philosophy. In my mind it was akin to the householder concept.

In the meantime Dr. N.Sen had come. He told me that according to Dadaji the stage of the householder is the highest that can be experienced by a person. This is in contradiction to the Hindu concept, where the Sannyasin - one who has renounced life - is the last stage of the life cycle. This idea instantaneously got a grip on me, and I said, "Whose house is held? His house!" Dadaji was beaming with joy. This moment should have a strong impact on the work I was going to do during my stay in Kalakshetra.

Dadaji started to tell about his own childhood and his wanderings in the Himalayas, where he met so many Yogis doing penance. "All these were very egoistic people, wanting to promote themselves. I tell you: Don't run away from the world, there the battle has to be fought." And he went on to give some examples where he came into contact with highly respected saints and Pundits, who did not always approve of his message. I did not catch the names mentioned by Dadaji, but I was very much moved by his remark, "I sometimes felt very lonesome".

I told Dadaji about my experiences in the Theosophical Society (T.S.), where I met Rukmini Devi, and that I found many helpful people and ideas. Through his books, George S. Arundale had been very inspiring for me. Yet all the time there had been only one guiding star - His Love. "This certainly was the best preparation," Dadaji said smilingly. In this connection I remembered some laughter in response to my confession in the morning meeting that I was a member of the T.S. for 20 years. But when I added that I always tried to follow my own theosophy, the laughter died.

Peter Hoffman was already with Dadaji when I came to his house the next morning. The whole room was filled with Fragrance more intensively than ever before.

Diary December 10, 1979

We spoke about silence. Peter H. reported Sri Ramana Maharshi saying, truth only could be transmitted in silence. Dadaji replied, "This also is an exercise of the mind. Why not talk? Why all these exercises? I myself discussed this with Ramana Maharshi. How can you transfer truth in silence? Only He chooses the way to come to you!" By this I was reminded of my fruitless efforts many years ago to become a 'silent type', till I discovered that I would be not successful in this and had better 'follow my desires'. Dr. Sen, who had arrived in the meantime, added, "Desires are like horses. Let them run their way. They will be exhausted after some time." Dadaji commented, "Wishes have come with us to this life, who gives us the right to neglect them? Always remember Him while doing your duties." Peter H. wanted to know Dadaji's opinion about levitation. Dadaji is reported as having shown it himself. There is also an unusual photo of Dadaji levitating, but it doesn't reveal much. So, is levitation possible or not? Peter was eagerly involved in this discussion, which to me was a little bit boring. Didn't I have the same discussion with Dadaji one year back in this room? If He wants me to float in the air, it will happen. All this misses the point, is pure mind-function and amounts to nothing.

Of more importance is the question of religious 'institutions'. Are we able to avoid them? Dadaji speaks strongly against institutions... You cannot organize or vote about Truth.

In the afternoon we went through the planned 'family program', including a visit to Belur Math, which I had seen in 1962. We drove through Calcutta to arrive there - Calcutta, the crowded,

dirty, but always fascinating city. Belur Math, the temple of the devotees of Ramakrishna, was overcrowded with hoards of his followers. I remembered my first Puja in this place in 1962, when within a short time my naked feet had attracted hundreds of blood-thirsty mosquitos and I had to run out of the temple, followed by very surprised Indian officials, who had brought me there. Yes, Dadaji was right - this temple was a big business, the 'customers' were coming in crowds.

Because I had also mentioned the Jain temple and its rich inlaid marble work, we next went there. Again I was somehow disappointed, although the children very much admired the elaborate decorative mirrors, the colorful mosaics, and the exotic design of the buildings. I had some problems explaining to them the large crowd of beggars, who positioned themselves outside the temple presenting their deformities as culturally accepted means of exploiting the guilty or sympathetic conscience of rich Westerners. From an economic perspective, the beggars sell a charity-feeling to the donors, and the priests inside the temple seemed to me vendors of 'godly protection', a sort of spiritual life insurance.

It was late in the day and already becoming dark as we drove back to the Ramakrishna Hostel at Gol Park. On both sides of the streets small coal-fueled cooking fires were burning, for both the preparation of food and heat against the coolness of the eve. A smog, mixed out of dense smoke from the fires and the exhaust from innumerable cars and busses, blanketed the streets and was reddened by the sunset. A romantic picture for Western eyes, but with a questionable impact on respiration and health.

In a thick stream of people we explored the narrow walkways between the merchants' stalls in the New Market. As was normal in those days, electricity failed often and candles and kerosine lamps were lighting the market. We did our shopping as Dadaji wished. Late in the evening we were back in the Hostel, the children considerably exhausted.

Diary December 11, 1979

A night with many mosquitos. These beasts - also creatures of God! - found a hole in the mosquito net. A massacre - and plenty of time to follow one's thoughts. Why did it happen yesterday (and just now also) that I thought to look out of Dadaji's face, out of his eyes? What does this mean? It is very strange. I do not see anything special, it is only the feeling of looking out of his face. And naturally during such a night the doubts are growing as to whether I am strong enough for what is coming. I only have to imagine the load of work before me. But, writing this, the courage again is coming back...

Dadaji often speaks of 'business' or 'money affairs' in connection with churches, Gurus, religion (priests). 'Business' is another word for 'power'. Between Guru (or priest) and devotee the dialogue is not free from authoritarian domination. But freedom is the basic prerequisite of truth - inner freedom. The term 'money' is used, for this is a symbol of exchange. But with Him no 'take-and-give' or vice versa is possible, for He is the doer, He alone is the giver. We only can receive (it is a one-sided affair). All worldly relations, however, are based on give-and-take relations. They are two-sided. I'm reminded of the economy having (historically) developed out of the exchange of gifts; by a gift the receiver becomes obliged to 'pay back' by a gift of equal value. These horizontal relations (between people) have been transferred to the vertical (person/god). The gift as a hook...

When I met Dadaji in the morning, he seemed to be absentminded, elsewhere with his attention. So I went with Uta and the children to the zoo, a visit for which the children had pleaded for

a long time. The main attraction, of course, were the elephants, which one could feed - also with coins! For me elephants are overwhelming and wonderful creatures, but I always feel sad seeing them in prison. The children felt likewise; nevertheless it was thrilling to touch these big animals.

In the afternoon I went with Manjit Paul, a lady close to Dadaji, to Mother Theresa's institution. Mother Theresa herself had gone to Sweden to receive the Nobel Award. Uta and I had been asked by a German couple to help them with the adoption of an Indian baby. From there we again went to visit Dadaji, who spoke highly of my friend Peter Hoffman, and while pointing at me, he said to Mrs. Paul, "In Madras he will be in a very good circle, this I know. Very sincere people!"

Back at the Hostel I found Johannes not feeling well. We had planned to procede the next day to Madras. Everything was already packed and we only had to say good-bye to Dadaji and our friends in the morning.

In the early light of day, when the family was still sleeping, I suddenly became aware of Dadaji. The previous two visits to him had been short. I heard Dadaji with a clear voice from within, "You need not come here, I'm with you always. There is no distance between us. So your questions will be answered not through the mouth, but through the heart. How could you otherwise come to Calcutta all the time while staying Madras? There must be other means of communication. Time is not, space is not. Be not afraid. I'm with you always, and through you with your family. Write your book, remember Him, that's all. You need not to worry. Go, child, to Madras! You will see. Okay, let's end here." Indeed, this had been Dadaji's voice! But in the moment I realized this, the voice went on, "Not me - you! There is no difference between us!" I had to underline the last sentence, when immediately afterward I noted it down in my diary.

Together with Uta, the children and Peter Hoffman I said good-bye to Dadaji. He again enjoyed being the same family man we met on the first day in Calcutta. He embraced all of us, whispering into my ear that he was a "happy man", and I should write from Madras. Peter asked Dadaji to visit us in Madras, for it would be good to have him there. But Dadaji replied, "My son Peter will answer," and I said Dadaji would be always with me.

Being alone with Dadaji for a moment - he wanted to hand back our valuables, which he had kept for us during our stay in Calcutta - I told him about the experience of looking out of his face and asked him what it could mean. Dadaji smiled, and although I wanted this to remain between us, said, "Come on, ask Dr. Sen!" When we were back with the others I was a little bit shy to speak about my experience to Dr.Sen. But he replied, "That is very normal, it is identification in love." Peter was of the same opinion. Indeed, this was the best possible explanation, and I understood why Dadaji didn't want to answer my question himself.

Our flight to Madras via Hyderabad was not without complications, and also the first day in Kalakshetra, Tiruvanmiyur, had a somehow remarkable start. As soon as possible I reported by letter to Dadaji.

Tiruvanmiyur, 14.12.1979

Dear Dadaji,

We now have settled down in Kalakshetra and I am looking back to the six days together with you in Calcutta. But 'to look back' is a somehow misleading expression, which only binds one to some mentally recorded pictures like: I *was* sitting next to you; I *did* embrace you; you *were* saying this and that; I *was* experiencing your love; and so on. This all is

not wrong, but it leads away from a far more important fact: You *are* with me in this very moment, and the future will consist of such moments.

Of course, Mr. Amiya Roy Chowdhuri, owner of a toy shop in the New Market, called Dadaji by those many people who love him, was also left behind in Calcutta, when we went by plane to Madras. But He, who is with you, also is with me; and because He is beyond time and space, we cannot be separated. Thus I remained with you in Calcutta and you went with me to Madras - this may be a funny thought for those seeking after rational explanations in this differentiated world. You are virtually with me: Otherwise how could I sometimes have the impression of looking out of your face, as I told you on the last day of our stay?

You went with me to Madras - this is reality for me, although not witnessed by others: During the flight I suddenly smelled the well-known fragrance, and then you became so real to me that I removed newspapers from the empty seat next to me, to make it more comfortable for you to sit down. But you had only a very short message for me: "Be not worried. Everything will be alright!" And some minutes later I knew exactly about what I should not be worried, for Uta came to tell me that Johannes was not well at all. A little later he vomitted strongly, and after the plane had left Hyderabad, we had to call for a doctor. And naturally (!) amongst the passengers was a doctor who took care of Johannes with an injection. And, of course, Peter Hoffman, having been on the other (direct) flight to Madras, had already found a friend with a second car at the airport, so that Johannes could go comfortably with his mother to our present home.

When on the following day he still had fever and felt very sick, I inwardly asked you what to do. Should I send for a doctor? Your answer was: "Wait a while." Five minutes later a German lady, Mrs. Malz, knocked at our door, asking me whether I was interested in homeopathy and other therapies. I answered in the affirmative and she and a young girl, Lalita, whom I had come to know last year because she is studying Indian dance at Kalakshetra, entered our home. Mrs. Malz told me about an effective Japanese therapy she was practicing, the young girl being her trainee. After some minutes of conversation Uta came and talked about Johannes' condition. Mrs. Malz was immediately ready to help him, but suggested she first treat Uta, for "it is best for the health of the child, when the mother herself is healthy." In this moment I remembered you saying that Uta would need further treatment, because she did not fully recover from her recent illness. Uta agreed on the spot to the treatment, without having been informed about the details and the lady's abilities.

My wife went with the lady and the young girl to a separate room, after we had prepared a wooden bed there. I personnally was very happy about this development, but it still was a relief for me seeing you also entering after a while. Uta did not apprehend you, but she was very much astonished by the exactness of the diagnosis of the lady and the very positive effects of the treatment. Later on Johannes was also treated and soon felt much better. Uta may be under treatment for a longer time, because her recovery is a more difficult task. But since that treatment yesterday she seems to be much stronger. I'm sure that we have selected the best place possible

for a longer stay with the children: A wide empty beach, the sea, a nice house - and many good and helpful friends around...

These really were strange happenings, most of all, to have a specialist in 'Jin Shin Jyutso', a Japanese art of healing, on hand when we needed it. However, when Mrs. Malz first arrived, I didn't know much about her art, so I had my doubts initially. But there was Dadaji - I heard his voice.

Diary December 13, 1979 (10.15 a.m.)

Dadaji just now said, "Question is this: who has sent her?" My answer, "He, Dadaji" - and he is beaming. - When I asked Mrs. Malz, why she had come, she replied that somebody (whom I do not know) had told her to go and see me.

What are the inner connections? When everything is One, when everything is in Him, then those who are responsive are in connection - they may help each other. "See, this is nothing special. It's no miracle. I am (He is) with you all the time. We cannot be separated. This lady will help her. Trust in her. See, Dadaji is no thing; it is He always." I am listening to the clear voice of Dadaji. The connection with Dadaji is incredible! I am with him and he is with me - no difference. And he assures me, "I'm so happy." It really is incredible!

To add to the incredible event I want to describe the scene in more detail. When I left Uta in the room with the wooden bed together with Mrs. Malz and Lalita, I had been told to remain outside; the door was locked from inside. Sitting next to the still uncleared breakfast table, I found this to be very strange and tried to come to grips with the situation. At that moment Dadaji came in, as real as myself, passed me and went 'through' the door into Uta's room. He really went through the door which I knew to be locked; and

also the outside door, through which he had passed before I saw him, was locked. But when he appeared, I only had the feeling, "Wonderful, he is here, now nothing will go wrong!" Only after a while I thought, "He didn't open either door..." But I had seen him, smelled the Fragrance - it had not been an illusion!.

We were staying in the Kalakshetra International Hostel together with our dear friend C.T. Nachiappan. Nachi was looking after us in an equally loveable and efficient way. Our life normalized the following days. Of course, there were some small troubles like diarrhea, fever and so on. So we all lived only on a strict diet of 'Indian barley', and after some time everybody was back to health. I remember one night, when I myself was feeling very bad and Uta was suffering with pains in her back, high fever and diarrhea. At 11 p.m. I suddenly woke up with the feeling that Dadaji was in the house and I just had been treated by him. Now he was going to see after Uta in the other room. This was the best possible thing to happen! Incredible, but I did not wonder about this - I again fell asleep!

The next morning the aches and pains had left both of us, we only had to remain on 'Indian barley'. I asked myself, whether this forcing us to rest for a while was not the best thing that could happen to us, and I was very content. But not so the children! They were demanding healthy parents, ready to go swimming at the beach, which was only 100 meters from the house.

The following day I was able to start with the planned book. I tried to collect some ideas about the subject and to sketch out a table of contents. Although I was confined to the house and its bathroom, I was in a very good mood. Outside contacts were very rare. Of course, our friends visited us, but nobody invited us to have our 'Indian barley' with them.

I had a discussion with Mrs. Malz because she encouraged Uta and me to learn the practice of Jin Shin Jyutso. She explained the

art in the following way: 'Jin' stands for him, who knows and is compassionate, 'Shin' means God the Creator, and 'Jyutso' is the medical art. It is a treatment of what may be called the etheric double or energy field of the body, which is seen to consist of 17 streams. Illnesses and disturbances are explained as blockages of these streams. There are 26 'locks' i.e. points of treatment; you have to lay hands on these 'locks'. The system is based on the idea that everyone is a potential healer. He heals best, who himself is 'whole'.

In the following weeks we had brief but intense training in Jin Shin Jyutso, and I was able to treat Uta. Whether it was Mr. Malz's or my treatment - Uta recovered and felt better and better over the weeks.

Diary December 21, 1979

A bell is ringing from the nearby Mahalakshmi Temple on the beach. For three hours I have been listening to Puja songs from a far away loudspeaker. The sky is golden-silvery, the day begins.

House noisy the world is! Animal voices, loud-speakers, bells, singing - with the growing light it increases. Cows in front of the window, warm, restful. The rough tongue rubs upon the bark of the Cassowary tree. I would like to crawl behind the ears of the cow...

His Puja takes place within, within me. Why is it transferred by people to the outside? Because everything inside is mirrored by the outside - and is congealing into forms. Differentiated: Here world, there temple. Jesus said: "Render unto Caesar the things which be Caesar's, and unto God the things which be God's." But, does Caesar have anything that is not from God?

Everything is He. He is everything, and also beyond.

It was a real holiday time. We went swimming together, met friends, and I was happy to note down ideas for the book. Peter Hoffman was a very good companion and some sort of a bridge to the Theosophical Society in Adyar and the friends there. In the past I had been to Adyar several times, but now I didn't feel very attracted to the place, because I had become more critical of the behavior and the outlook on life of some of the people there. Packed with book knowledge, they seemed to have peculiar ideas. Others were of the ritualistic type and fond of all kinds of ceremonies. Having been an insider to some degree, I now was able to look at all this from a new perspective. Was not one's whole life a ceremony?

On the other hand, there were many friendly people, and I agreed to give a few lectures, in which I tried to transmit what I had found to be right. But I'm afraid that to a certain degree my thoughts were still tinged with the 'old book knowledge'.

One day I was with a group of young people discussing 'character-building'. In the past I would have jumped into the discussion, but now I only felt bored by the fruitless exercises of the mind I was witnessing. Yet I was not strong enough to stand up and to speak about Him, although I got into a rapture when I suddenly felt Him very near. To be alone in this moving experience, I rushed out of the room.

Diary December 23, 1979

Four candles are burning in Uta's room: Tomorrow is Christmas Eve. On First Advent we arrived in Bombay - and so much has happened in the meantime! Outwardly: Change of places, at the end settling down in Kalakshetra International Hostel, where we really feel at home. Uta has no more troubles with her stomach, and is feeling better from day to day.

The children enjoy the simple life. Inwardly: Calcutta is working within me. Incredible strong contact with Dadaji. I only have to think of him and to ask for help - and the answers are streaming. I'm in a creative mood.

Then Christmas came. Many days before we had looked for materials to set up a small crib. Out of wax the children had formed little figures - the Jesus child, Mary and Joseph, and the Angel. Uta had decorated the crib with some green branches, on which sparkling stars were hanging.

On Christmas Eve, we lit the candles and sat together with our children and the Indian friends. For us Europeans it was a very special Christmas, because it was terribly hot. We were able to stand it; not so the crib figures. The waxen Joseph, standing behind Mary, got weak knees and was nearly hanging on his stick; and the Angle looked extremely tired. Only the Christ child and Mother Mary didn't show any signs of weakness, for they didn't have to stand upright.

The moon was hanging over the Bay of Bengal, there was the rhythmic noise of the breakers-we all felt very near to Him and remembered the birth of the Child.

Sitting together with Uta in the late evening, when the guests had left and the three children were in bed, I thought of Christmas Eve four years ago: 24 December 1975. On that day I was in the air on the way from Delhi to Hyderabad, where I was expected by some colleagues from Osmania University. The afternoon in Delhi had been hectic and strenuous, and I was looking forward to a busy week. Night was coming, and I looked out of the window at the innumerable stars above the clouds. The longing was

growing in my heart to be together with Uta and the children, whom I had left at home. I tried to imagine the Christmas Eve at home and Uta's preparations for it...

Pictures welled up in my mind and I left myself to them... I was sitting on the bank of a reed-framed lake. Before I could orient myself at this romantic location, out of the splashing waters a beautiful child with wide spread arms was rising, covered in radiant light, surrounded by star-like sparkling drops - like diamonds! My heart missed a beat in face of this overwhelming picture - and I found myself again in the plane's cabin, trying to fix this fascinating event to my memory. After a short while I understood the meaning: This had been the birth of Subrahmanya, the 'Divine Child', the 'Son of God', also named the 'Child of Light', the 'Blissful Child', the 'Eternal Youth', the 'I am'...

Uta and I spoke for a long time about this deep experience, which now was four years old, and the parallels to Christmas. We also remembered the story of the birth of Sri Krishna under the reign of a Herodian King, Kamsa. Wasn't it all the same?

I recollected long conversations with one Prof. Krishnan in Hyderabad, a well-known professor of physics, who had been for a long time at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology (M.I.T.). He was the first Hindu showing me the sanctuary of his house, the Puja room. And there I saw on a small altar not only the picture of Sri Krishna, but also of the Christ. As a Hindu he was revering the Divine, which is One. Only our mind creates differences.

On Christmas Eve in Kalakshetra I went to sleep deep in thoughts about Sri Krishna, Subrahmanya and the Christ - it is all He. He, being the essence of all these stories, He.

Christmas was over and the daily duties started. The twins, being out of school for some months, had to be taught. My part was geometry and English, Uta was covering the other fields. In the evenings I read Homer's *Elliad* to the twins and animal stories to Veronika. But the best education was given by the colorful Indian world, which gave rise to more questions than we could answer. Especially the Bharatanatyam classes in Kalakshetra gave ample room for the understanding of Indian culture and philosophy. I was thoroughly enjoying life as family man cum writer, while seeing Him everywhere. We adopted two stray dogs and the twins named them Waldi and Bolte. Nachi, our dear friend and a brilliant photographer, took a photo of the whole family which we sent to Dadaji and our relatives in Germany with best wishes for 1980.

I was still pondering about what had happened on the first day in Kalakshetra and how Dadaji would react to my letter, when I got an answer from him.

Calcutta, 27.12.79

Dearest Peter,

Your letter dated 14.12.79. But, I have to respond too late in the day.

Yes, don't look back. Look ahead with Him, expecting nothing. Only don't shut out His manifestation. Let the future feature in Him who has taken full charge of you. He is full and cannot accept anything but full. But, we, human beings, cannot live up to it. Why not offer also our frailty to Him? Looking out of His face is a superb experience.

Your experience on the air had nothing airy about it. It was a down-to-earth reality. He is with you and He yet is in Madras to welcome you and to see you through your troubles.

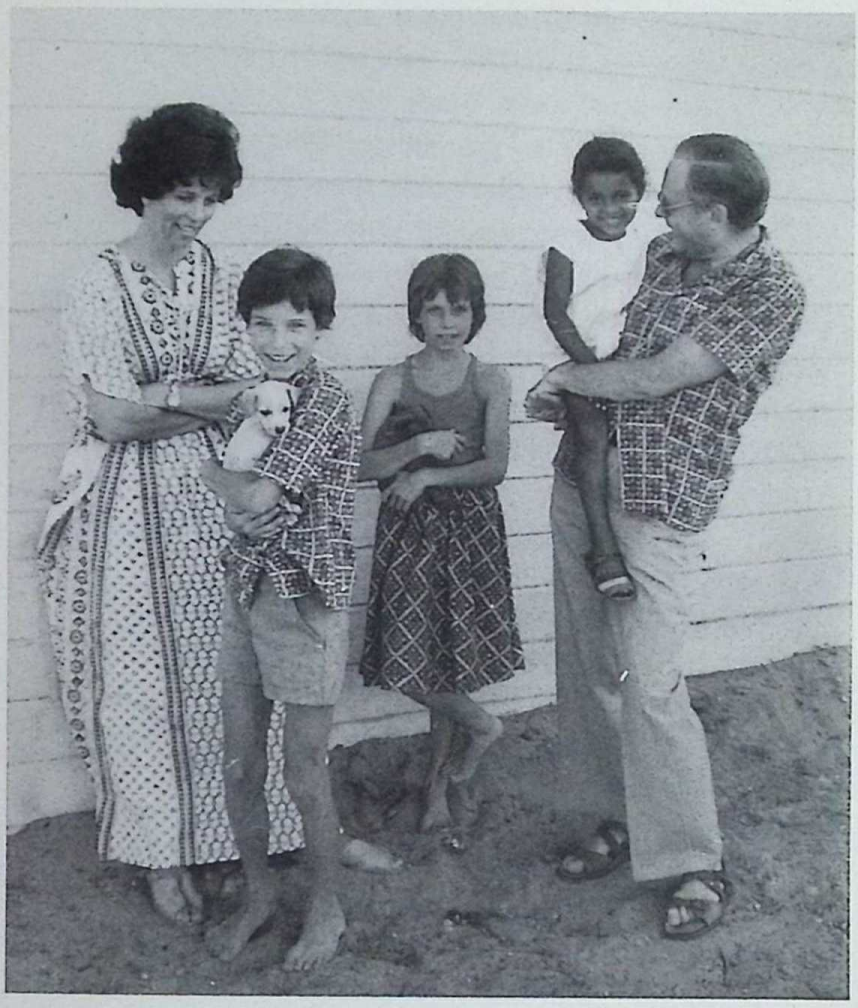
Don't you worry. The book is already written. It only awaits the fragrance of your heart to see the light of the day.

My love to you, Uta and the children,

Affectionately yours,

Dadaji.

P.S.: - No inland letter or envelope being available, I mail this card to save loss of more time.



The Meyer-Dohm's in Kalakshetra December 1979: Uta, Johannes, Sita, Veronika and Peter

CHAPTER NINE

The worst of times and yet the best of times

"The book is already written. It only awaits the fragrance of your heart to see the light of the day." When three weeks after our arrival in Kalakshetra I read these lines from Dadaji, I was reminded of the manifold experiences I already had with writing articles and books. It almost always started with a set of rough ideas, which then needed some thinking to work out and clarify. But this time I hadn't a clear idea of how to start. I felt rather as though I'd been waiting listed prior to departure, not knowing whether there was a chance for a take off. Late one evening - as I was wondering how to organize and structure the planned book - I suddenly heard the clear voice of Dadaji from within.

Diary December 17, 1979

> "... ideas will come. Not your ideas, you know. Let it not become mind-stuff, mind-pictures. It has to come spontaneously from within. Be patient. I'm with you always. You will grow with the book."

Five days later the table of contents was sketched out. Under the title *Man as Householder*, I planned to combine my academic knowledge in the field of socio-economic development research and development policy *(Part I)* with what I thought I had learned from Dadaji and Indian philosophical tradition *(Part II)*.

Briefly, I decided to devote the *Part I* of the book to a field in which I felt competent and start with a description of the widening development gap between the rich industrialized countries, the 'haves', and the 'Third World' countries, the so-called 'have-nots'. This growing gap was (and still is!) a challenging and disturbing fact, but at the same time I believed I was witnessing a change in what one may call 'development consciousness'.

After the Second World War, when the 'underdeveloped countries', as they are rather rudely named, became an acknowledged political problem, the idea was very prominent that these parts of the world had to be developed rapidly to reach the same level the industrialized countries had already reached. This seemed to be possible by a radical restructuring of their socio-economic systems, otherwise there would be no 'take off into self-sustained growth' (W.W.Rostow). Such an understanding may be called a 'partial development consciousness', because the industrialized world considered itself as already being developed, having 'only' the problem of maintaining economic growth.

In the 1970's then, a global perspective emerged. Now the interconnection between the development of the 'Third World' and the growth of the industrialized countries came into the foreground, and - through the Club of Rome - prognostical world models were developed (like 1972 Dennis Meadows' *Limits to Growth*, with which a whole series started), showing that many problems which were still considered to be national or regional in character, had developed into world problems like environmental pollution, scarcity of natural resources, the 'green house effect', only to mention a few. Thus a 'global development consciousness' was emerging with discussions about 'reshaping the international order' and the like.

But already the spasm of a change of consciousness reaching far deeper was becoming noticeable, pointing toward the direction of a 'humanitarian-planetarian consciousness' (I had no better label at hand) and fostered by the ideas of philosophers, scientists and representatives of new environmental ethics. Many of those who were in their writings concerned about the *State of the Planet*, to quote only Alexander King's book, didn't advertise old concepts or traditionally accepted ideas, but instead were speaking about the 'new' which had to come. That is humanity 'realizing its new role on earth' in order to prevent the whole system of culture and

nature from collapsing. A 'new culture' was postulated, a 'new technology', a 'new consciousness', or, in short: To solve the world problems, a "new quality of human beings" (Aurelio Peccei) is under demand.

Compared with the stage of 'partial development consciousness', we realize that now humanity is seen as having to change in all its parts in order to come to new patterns of social and individual living. Development is seen really as a global commutation of humanity. Therefore I was speaking of a 'humanitarian development consciousness'. But the 'planetarian' element had to be added, for it is not enough that people can live together; we are human beings only by being more than this. Or to quote S.H. Nasr (*The Encounter of Man and Nature*, London 1968): "Few would be willing to admit that the most acute social and technical problems facing humanity today come not from so-called 'under-development' but from 'over-development'. Few are willing to look reality in the face and accept the fact that there is no peace possible in human society as long as the attitude toward nature and the whole natural environment is one based on aggression and war." This is leading to what I called a 'humanitarian-planetarian development consciousness', which does not stand alone. There is also one of the most important and recent revelations of modern physics, that is, the basic oneness of the universe and the interrelatedness observed in nature. So we come to a perspective of Oneness when viewing our world.

With this emerging stage of development consciousness the question opened up for me, as to how its relation to the long term evolution of humanity could be described. All authorities agree that humanity is at a crossroad, and the advertised solutions seem either to be illusionary or not able to carry us far.

I planned to start *Part II* of the book with a change of perspective. From the viewpoint of a certain Indian tradition, we find humanity being in the 'Kali Yuga' (Kali Age), the worst of

all ages, the age of destruction. The 'Kali Yuga' is one of the four mythical ages, which together constitute a particular measure of the world's duration. It owes its name not to the Goddess Kali, the 'Shakti' (i.e. the divine power or energy, personified as female) of Lord Shiva, although she also symbolizes eternal time. The 'Kali' of the 'Kali Yuga' is the name of one of the pieces used in games of dice; it is marked with a single dot, and known as the 'Kali die', the formidable losing die, also understood as the destroying spirit of time, which drives and coerces.

Having gone through the three preceeding mythical ages, Krita (or Satya), Treta and Dvapara Yuga, in the Kali Yuga, which according to certain sources starts with the moment of Lord Krishna's death in 3102 B.C., human beings are - with a few exceptions - unaware of their divine nature. This causes severe friction because of wide spread egotistic strivings and materialism. At the same time, the awareness of the divine nature (or Self-consciousness) is easily attained - "by merely reciting the Names of Keshava (Krishna)," as the *Vishnu Purana* (VI/2) has it, which also says that this is the "one great virtue of the otherwise vicious Kali Age." This (possible) awareness of one's divine nature does not mean its mere mind-bound recognition, but its realization as Mahanam. With Mahanam, the sense of unity, the awareness of Oneness emerges. From Abhi Bhattacharya I learned that Dadaji speaks of a coming Satya Yuga where Humanity is One, Religion is One and Language is One.

One year previous to this I had already been concerned with the 'Kali Yuga'. Remembering the discussion with Dr.Bhagavatam in Adyar, I was planning to write in *Part II* of the book about this 'Kali Age', which was often mentioned by Dadaji, with its demolition of traditional values, reduction of people to be viewed only as economic factors, pollution of the environment, break-down of human values, and the threat of mutual destruction -all this was asking for a new understanding of the role of the individual in this world. The new understanding I had in mind to offer was the formula: The individual is the householder, with the world as

His house. Unconsciously I was led in this idea by the Christian concept that God has given the world to human beings as a feud and that "the kingdom of heaven is like unto man that is a householder," as the *Bible* has it (Matth. 20,1). Thus human beings are feudatories of God; creation is entrusted to us and we participate in it: Man as God's householder.

I did not know that this formula I created for the book would lead me astray. Actually it is not man or woman, but He who is within each being as the householder; and there is no difference between the owner of the house and the householder(s). And He, as Dadaji has stressed many times, will make His advent as Satyanarayan, the Truth within, which sustains each human being and all life.

Whereas the socio-economic *Part I* seemed to be relatively easy, as I had already invested a lot of thinking beforehand, the *Part II* gave rise to many questions. I was very much concerned with some special problems and sat down to write a letter to Dadaji.

Tiruvanmiyur, 26. Dec. 1979

Dear Dadaji,

Working upon the book on 'Man as Householder', some ideas have come into my mind and I would be very grateful if you could approve of or correct them.

Why does Sri Sri Satyanarayan only come once?

Because at this part of the Kali Yuga humanity has reached a turning point, where a decisive step has to be taken to accelerate the development of Self-consciousness and to break down barriers, which have been constructed in the past by the mind in the realm of religion, language, etc. The individual has to learn his or her role as householder (holding His house): This is now the individual's role in evolution.

Many lines of development come together: In science there is a growing awareness of the interdependen-

cies of nature; in society people are beginning to reject old answers to new questions, especially young people. Operating with 'world models' we try to understand some laws of development. All this takes place within the mind; the mind naturally tries to tackle the questions of the day. To act as a 'householder' requires far more, a Self-consciousness = a consciousness illuminated by Him. That can only be reached by awareness of His Love. When I look at world and human evolution as an arc downward through Krita, Treta, and Dvapara Yuga, we are at the turning point of Kali and the arc begins to rise toward Satya: development of Self-consciousness = He is the Truth. Some elements of the coming Satya Yuga are already apparent in the Kali Age.

We have to overcome techniques which have become a hindrance on our way to Self-consciousness. The Satya Yuga and the upward arc demand : Surrender to Truth alone. Let His Love shine through yourself, that is, your SELF shines through. Discover His Love all around and you become a perfect householder. With Helena Petrovna Blavatsky I found the sentence : "Cycles are measured by the consciousness of humanity and not by nature." Is this correct? The state of consciousness could be 'measured' by the 'quantity' of love it is mirroring. It is the same with individual development : When His Love is realized, the development is accelerated. When the mind becomes 'Manjari', the Gopi rushes into the arms of the Lord.-

Dear Dadaji, I know that these thoughts are still very imperfect. I'm struggling hard to write down on paper, what is welling up in my mind following a very strong desire. I feel very much helped by you.

It is not needed to be together physically - there is no 'space' between us!

Currently it is very difficult for me to read books and I refrain from listening to lectures, etc., for I'm so full myself that first I have to give birth to all those ideas which come to me while pondering about the plan of my book. This is a wonderful, a joyful time!

With love,

Yours Peter.

P.S.: You are so right: If one's habitat is Sreekshetra (abode of Divine Love), then all is Sreekshetra!

Looking back at this letter from a distance of more than a decade, I recognize again how deeply I was involved in a way of thinking that didn't fall in line with Dadaji's message, which in the meantime I have found to be true. Let me give some examples of my erroneous understanding: "... at this part of the Kali Yuga, humanity has reached a turning point, where a decisive step has to be taken to accelerate the development of Self-consciousness..." Today I would ask myself in view of this statement, by whom these "decisive steps" have to be taken, and how? The whole sentence I wrote pretends a knowledge of the future development of humanity and God's laws. I have realized and must confess that I know nothing in this respect. All the long-term projections of future developments are misleading, for we try to understand what we call 'evolution' from our limited knowledge. Are we really able to discover in the complexities of life an operating mechanism causing a development we call 'evolution' and to explain the tremendous breaks in its direction? If we take our cultural or technological 'evolution', we find no linear upward movement as often normatively claimed, but a process interrupted by many 'regressions'. What comes later, isn't always better. We are dominated by value judgments, based on our own historical situation, having only relative validity.

Dadaji says that "many civilizations and their cultures have reached the apex of glory at one time or other. Due to the vicissitudes of time we no longer find any traces or sign of that glory today. Everything is buried in the limbo of oblivion. We cannot retrace them. Hence, we conclude that civilization and its culture do not proceed on a straight line, but move in a zig-zag way. Ideas however never perish. All are stored in the Cosmic Consciousness. Values change according to ideas" (*On Dadaji*, Part II, pg. 187).

Evolution is not predetermined. It is, as far as we can see, a selectively operating mechanism only excluding certain possibilities. And through our actions we have influenced developments. Dadaji not only disfavors the idea of progress, but is also not concerned with the world's surface where we see changes, developments, etc. He tries to center our consciousness on the Unchangeable, Eternal, where past, present, and future are One. He stresses unity and relatedness.

But back to my letter. What did I mean by "Self-consciousness" which I thought to be required for acting as a householder? It is not the knowledge of how we ourselves are composed which really matters, but that we are one with Him, in tune with Him as we go about our daily life. To make this point very clear: We may progress in our understanding of mind and matter, time and space, and yet not experience the Oneness in Him, His Love. This Love does not come through growing scientific insight or through a deeper intellectual understanding, but is bound to and evolves through His Will alone.

Without awareness of His Love we become entangled deeper and deeper into our erroneous understanding of our own roles of responsibility for 'evolution' or 'progress'. We may well design models of the future, may educate people with the idea of bringing these models of the future into being and try to find balanced power structures to stabilize peace between nations -

human efforts will all be in vain as long as they are not based in His Love and therefore according to His Will.

Dadaji says, "You cannot know yourself but through the Love that is He." How will we follow His Will, when we don't know ourselves? Also, in the future will we be able to avoid 'bad' developments till Satya Yuga has come to an enfoldment? "Some elements of the coming Satya Yuga are already in the Kali Age," I remarked in my letter. Only later I learned from Abhi Bhattacharya and Dr. Nanilal Sen that according to Dadaji the new Satya Yuga began toward the end of 1980 and will progressively manifest. I should mention here that Dadaji has his own concept of Yugas and does not, as far as I can see, follow tradition.

According to Indian tradition there are four Yugas (ages of the world) as already mentioned in my letter:

I Krita Yuga, the 'Golden Age', named after the side of a die with four dots and regarded as the lucky or winning die. It is also called Satya Yuga and is an Age in which all people belong to one caste, worship the same deity and have a single Veda, i.e. knowledge. It is the Age of integral righteousness: All moral standards are fulfilled, God is served through work.

II Treta Yuga has its name from the number 3 (Tri), because in this Age three-fourths of the moral standards are in operation. It is the Age of esoteric ceremonial sacrifice or self-sacrifice to the Lord.

III Dvapara Yuga hints at number 2 (Dva). In Dvapara one half of the moral standards are in action. It is the Age of serving the Lord's image.

IV Kali Yuga, as already explained, hints to the number 1: Only one-fourth of the moral standards are fulfilled. Virtues remain with a focus on singing songs praising the Lord during a time of strife and abundance of ego. With the Kali Yuga ends a Mahayuga, consisting of all four Ages, and a new cycle begins.

According to Dadaji the Kali Yuga ends, as already said, with the dawn of a new Satya Yuga, the Age of Satyanarayan. Because our consciousness is still bound to the ideas and circumstances of the Kali Age, it is difficult for us to grasp the meaning of the emerging Satya Yuga.

When I tried to understand the traditional Hindu concept of Yugas I got lost in the many different interpretations and calculations of the spans of time. So I found the Mahayuga with 4.320.000 years, divided into the Krita Age lasting 1.728.000, the Treta 1.296.000, the Dvapara 864.000 and the Kali 432.000 years. This is a much longer period for the Kali Age than the 5,000 years given by Dadaji. Luckily very soon I lost interest in all such calculations. Not only is it a time consuming affair, it also may lead one to the erroneous belief that one knows how the world is running. So I concentrated on the Kali Yuga and what Dadaji had said about it. As a result what I came to expect was and is a massive and dramatic shift in consciousness together with a breakdown of our cultural systems. As Dadaji says, "It is the human conscience which will be dawned at the culmination of this Kali Yuga" (*The Truth Within*, pg. 174); and: "But of the turbulence of Kali Yuga, Satya Yuga will emerge again. The infinite dimension will be unravelled through the dynamic process of change in Spirit" (op.cit., pg. 173).

The phenomenal world is the manifestation of His Love, of Absolute Truth, of Supreme Existence. Are these only concepts formed according to the nature of the mind? "That Supreme

Existence," writes Ilya Prigogine, who has made decisive steps in the development of a new scientific outlook on the world, "is not another subtle abstract construction of the mind, but the all-powerful Creator beyond all conceptual categorisations is proved by the fantastic supernatural miraculous manifestations associated with Dadaji" (*On Dadaji*, Vol. V, pg.113). This is only one small voice out of those many people who after having met Dadaji realized that all intellectual discussions of Truth (not of truths!) are worthless.

I have to admit that at the time I wrote my letters to Dadaji, that is, whenever I had a problem writing the book (and there were many!) I was not patient enough to wait for an answer from within, which, I'm very sure now, would have come in due course. Instead, I tried to tackle the subject 'Man as Householder' in the familiar manner in which I was trained: Collecting material, organizing it, developing hypotheses, and writing about it. But, this was no academic book, no academic subject - at least not *Part II*. Hadn't Dadaji written, "It only awaits the fragrance of your heart"? The "Fragrance", which is He, cannot be forced by the mind. This I still had to learn...

During the early stages of the manuscript, there was an inrush of many unconnected, 'unorganized' ideas and insights, which I began to note down. This stream of thoughts had, as I believed then, nothing to do with the book. At least I was not able to see a connection. Some of these insights seemed to me very questionable, but that was because I had not come to a deeper understanding of what I was realizing.

Sometimes I asked myself why I was interested in the subject 'Kali Yuga' at all. I had problems with what I called the 'turning point'. Are we not always in the habit of connecting past and future, because we live with time sequences? I felt an inner parallel exists between the two questions : From where have I come? And, where will I go? Is it not dangerous to use the idea of

'cycles'? They are mind images with all the limitations of thought models, which are used to reduce complexity in an attempt to understand that which cannot be understood in full. Having come to this point with my critical thoughts, I felt forced to a challenging new assessment of reality : I'm here - here with Him, and that's enough!

Time seems for us like a bridge across the abyss of 'no-time'. We view progress as successful achievement as we cross that bridge of time. We are frightened by the idea that time may stand still (as at the moment of death), and we may fall into that abyss. But, it isn't an abyss, life and death exist in the stream of His Will. Why do we talk about wanting to cross this stream? Do we expect to have safe soil under our feet when we reach the other side? There is no bridge, no other side, and no safe soil! The bridge is a mental image. We are always in the stream of His Love and Will and may be permitted to swim in the necessary direction, either to the right or the left hand bank for which we are destined. But the stream of His Will, which is the stream of His Love, coming from nowhere and going to nowhere, is the element in which we live and move and have our being. Dadaji wrote: Be like a log in the stream of His Will - you are sitting in His lap always. Vibrate His Love through the actions which come your way!

I was nearer to Dadaji with such thoughts and inspirations than with all my studious analysis of Kali Yuga. There is an inherent human tendency to bring Him and the world in which we live in line with our own selfish goals and our reasoning.

Today I see myself as having been at that time under some strong intellectual influences. One was the scientific attitude already mentioned. Having acquired a stock of information and ordered it according to theories and hypotheses, my mind was conditioned by these patterns and had become selective towards new information. Other equally strong influences came from the environment in the form of theosophical reasoning (mainly along the line of human

evolution), promoted by the relations with the people and friends from The Theosophical Society in Adyar and from Kalakshetra. And there was Bharatanatyam with its traditional background, Indian epics and literature. From that background I had many insights, about which I will report in the next chapter. These insights very often merged with those thoughts welling up from within.

All the time I felt I was closely connected with Dadaji, although I was not able to concentrate upon my chosen subject. Of course, it is futile to ponder about possible outcomes from the past, but I believe I had no chance to write a book as planned, because it was based on unsolvable intellectual contradictions. All the time I was making notes, which I'm now using while writing this text; thus the book I initially attempted to write using a familiar analytical approach, now seems to illustrate that Truth cannot be learned and expressed. It comes with the "fragrance of the heart". That is my experience now as this text, this book nearly gushes forth with no effort or thought or planning on my part.

In my diary I find some notes which clearly show the insights and problems which concerned me as I struggled in vain to write the book 'Man as Householder' more than a decade ago.

> Diary January 2, 1980
>
> Has one to clothe each and everything into words? Can one express inner experiences properly? It is as if you try to 'press out' what has been given to you, and in this process of 'ex-pression' all that you have realized changes its shape, becomes distorted.
>
> So you are left alone with the newly found Truth? No. There are other modes of making visible and sensible for others what has been given to you. For you cannot come into contact with Him, who resides in your heart, and remain unchanged. Do not try to 'express' Truth; Truth expresses itself through life.

Truth cannot be known, but only lived, and life also includes the way of mental utterances. Be patient: your words also will become a mirror of the inner light.

Your words? *Your* thoughts? Are they mine? We flippantly maintain many ideas as our own. Ideas have become a kind of property these days. But there are moments where you find yourself uttering things unknown to you before. It is as if you speak out of a hidden knowledge, and every sentence is a fresh discovery for you yourself. Dadaji smiles : Your words are not your own. They are not your property. Your thoughts are not your own - even though you consider yourself responsible for those you consider to be your property.

"You cannot love Him. He only can love you, and that as Himself. You can only feel His love, passively of course." When Dadaji wrote this to me nearly three months ago, I was forced to re-examine my concept of love, which is so much part of the Christian culture. Now I know that 'loving Him' is a wrong expression for this wonderful experience of Him being very near, of sensing the radiance of His love from within.

To love another person is nothing less than to discover Him in this person too! He in me, and He in you : No difference, no distance - only love.

His Love is shining through all the jewels of His Creation. When this Truth dawns within the mind, it becomes 'Manjari': The Lover is everywhere. Come and bathe in His love!

A letter came from Dadaji, which at the first glance I regarded to be the most important I ever had received.

Calcutta 30.12.79

Dearest Peter,

Your letter dated 26.12.79. You are pregnant with Him, and immaculately of course. And you have to be in the stable for a while to stabilize it against Herodianism. You do feel the pulse of the fetus right now, - the fiat of the Supreme Will as a spasm within or without ,- and need no outside help. And this man (Dadaji) is nobody and has no schooling either.

Satyanarayan comes because He comes, because the Supreme Will so decides. Let Him alone; even Mahaprabhu or Ram Thakur comes only once. Had they been here in this earth in Satya, Treta, Dvapara or even other Kalis preceeding or succeeding the present one, they would have cut no ice. This is a very special Kali, at once the worst of times and the best of times. The traditional human values the world over have been liquidated. People have been reduced to a machine for reciprocal exploitation. Nature is out of joint and is in tumult. Human culture and Nature alike are groping for a point of equilibrium which is now furthest from them thanks to computerization of all existence. In short, the salt of all existence is fast running out. The salt of Nature is Law designed to manifest Him through its impact on the freedom of the heart, which is the salt of humanity. But, it is also the best of times for the same reasons. For, there was never before a time in history when people were so much denuded of social, moral and religious obsessions and taboos and Nature of her obsessions of Law.

But, the more basic question is: Why does He come at all? If the Guru is within as two sounds of Mahanam - which is our identity, - if we are full to the brim, if we have to get nothing and far less from outside, if all people are equal and if all manifestation through body and mind is limitation, why does He come at all? Here one is compelled to say that, though what Dadaji says and impresses upon the people is cent percent (100%) correct, yet they all are proved false when Satyanarayan makes His advent. Not that He breaks Law which is already on the breaking-point. But, Nature in her overflowing joy breaks it. The king comes to visit His colony and even criminals condemned for life are released. He comes to suffer very really and to integrate in Himself all suffering of people and Nature, thus sanctifying it. He comes to pay off His debt to human and sub-human nature. This is called 'Radharin' (i.e., debt to Radha or Nature). His body is material and finite; yet it is infinite and immaterial. Wherever he goes, His touch, vision, fragrance deliver whatever comes into their contact. The foundational Nature being thus delivered, He has no necessity of coming here for the second time. It is better to say:'Cycles are measured by the consciousness of animal nature turned into self-consciousness by individuals'. The world is an organic whole. Even a plant or a fly is our 'Guru bhai' (a brother or sister having the same Guru, P.M-D) To usher in a change of cycles, while they are static, is an impossibility. But, Mrs. Blavatsky is more or less right from her standpoint. Don't you worry. The Master will take life upon your corpse and will do the needful.

With love to you, Uta and the children

Affectionately yours,

The Elder Brother.

I was not able - and I'm still not - to grasp the full meaning of all sentences. So I first translated the letter for better understanding into German, my mother tongue, and started to write commentaries on some passages. This gave me much food for thought, but I also listened to the voice of Dadaji, which I clearly heard from within. One thing I understood very soon: I was not a good enough swimmer for the deep waters indicated by the letter.

I understood Dadaji's warning that I had to stabilize my pregnancy with Him "against Herodianism" as a hint not to talk in the open about what I had found. "To be in the stable for a while" seemed to indicate the same. Today I know that the biblical King Herodes or his Indian 'counterpart', Kamsa, not only threatens the 'child' from outside, but is also within us.

Dadaji wrote: "The world is an organic whole". I reflected on his comment and realized that as children of our time we are always asking for a method or technique to obtain certain goals. We have no patience and want to accelerate partial processes not knowing the whole. The ecological problems we have to face are to a large extent due to our lack of holistic awareness ; we are thinking in cause-and-effect sequences, in isolated relationships. The wish to become independent from nature and to "have dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over the cattle, and over all the earth, and over every creeping being that creepeth upon the earth", as said in the Book of Genesis in the *Bible*, is in contradiction to the fact that the world is an 'organic whole', human beings included. Are we not looking in a male attitude at nature as a kind of brothel that we use rather contemptiously? He who dominates does not love. Nature is our true partner and also is He! Where has the "freedom of the heart" gone, the freedom to sense His Love? Where is the natural sense of caring, of protection, of real householding?

We are disturbing the balances of nature and trust in her laws discovered by us, as if they are laid down for eternity; but these

laws may be mere 'habits' of nature, open to change. In periods of extreme disequilibrium systems break down, and we are reaching such breaking points not only in nature, but also in our culture. Dadaji has given many hints regarding coming turbulences at the culmination of this Kali Yuga.

We will not know what really is the 'whole', for this dimension is 'beyond mind'. Dadaji is hinting at it with his command 'Remember Him'. The dimension of 'wholeness' doesn't open up through our efforts; we have to surrender to Him and to be patient. Dadaji says, "When you find Him, you will realize that there is no distinct existence to be felt. Neither He nor you will be there. He neither comes nor goes. There is, then, no intelligence, no understanding business." (*On Dadaji*, Vol.II, pg. XXIX).

Some days later I found time to reply to Dadaji's letter.

Tiruvanmiyur, 10. Jan. 1980

Dear Dadaji,

Your letter from 30.12.79 was very helpful in clearing my mind and understanding in many respects. In the meantime, my commentaries to your lines already amount to some 20 pages and prove to be stepping stones for the planned book. There is virtually not one day without a new thought, a new discovery, a new and deeper insight! I only have to ask you - and the answer develops itself! My present 'isolation' is indeed very helpful, although unexpected : I never before dared to dream that my visit to India would give me such a chance and so much freedom for work so near to my heart, to start writing a very unexpected book (unexpected from my side, of course). This all is so very encouraging, for now I also trust that I will have time in the future for such

a work. It is a reshuffling of priorities! Also a visit to Hyderabad this week, which had to be done and seemed to be a much unwanted disturbance of my present productive seclusion, proved to be highly successful in giving the opportunity for the discovery of some fruitful ideas.

Yes, I'm looking ahead with Him, expecting nothing. And I hope to be guarded against Herodianism by His love. I'm fully aware of the fact that all information I'm collecting from the outside must have the approval from within. So I hesitate to copy ideas from others, except when they come as fresh insights and most of those ideas change in the light of the newly found truths!

May I ask you one question? In your letter you write of "other Kalis preceeding or succeeding the present one." First this did not make sense to me, because I thought that there was only one Kali Yuga. But reading H.P. Blavatsky I found this Kali, beginning with the death of Krishna, to be that of the Western Aryans. Thus, she connects the cycles with the 'races' of humanity. Is this correct? And if so, can I speak of "humanity being in its Kali Age"? How much can I rely on such sources I have at hand? I learned from Abhi that you will go to Bombay the middle of January. I hope very much that we will meet before I and my family leave for Germany at the end of February!

With love of the whole family to the dearest Dadaji,

Affectionately yours,

Peter.

When I wrote that I would hope to be guarded against Herodianism, I was not aware of the real danger. That is, wanting to be and

remain sober, rational, and scientifically minded. Public opinion is always very cruel to those heretics who don't fit into the accepted social or academic framework. It took me a long time to discover 'Herodian concepts' of my own mind: thoughts and thought-concepts as great slayers of the Real. They prevented me from asking the right questions. The freedom of the heart, the "salt of humanity" Dadaji had mentioned in his letter, is under the constant threat of a way of thinking that only accepts 'calculable' facts. In order to secure the success of our strivings we try to discover the laws of nature in the widest sense, and to use them and thus 'to reign the world'. Dadaji calls this 'computerization'.

'Computerization' means the fundamental belief in the manageability of the whole future and is the expression of an anthropocentrism having its root in the thinking of Rene Descartes (1596 - 1650). He developed a mechanistic idea of a world where God works like a clockmaker who regulates His creation in an artificial manner and makes it tick correctly. For Descartes Spirit (res cogitans) and body (res extensa) cooperate, but the 'res extensa', which we can call nature, is dead. It can be exactly described. As nature is dead, one need not hesitate to interfere with it, one need not be concerned with obstacles which are without life and spirit. 'Res cogitans', human spirit (influenced by God) becomes the sole lord and master of the world process. Nature is the domain of human beings who impose their will upon it.

The result of this world view is that we only trust in a world which is computable and makeable - we only trust in us and our abilities and techniques, not in Him! Thus we are treading an earth which, through constructivistic thinking, is becoming a kind of artificial computerized head, a 'megamachine', giving us the illusion of control. In such a world there is no 'freedom of the heart'. Yet, this is the only freedom possible, all other 'freedoms' are illusions.

In the meantime, I found out that it would be far more difficult than I thought to write the book in the way I had planned. Dadaji's letter had opened new vistas, and my attempts to write some sort of a commentary to his letter evolved into hard work. I started to force myself into heavy concentration and spent some time with what in hindsight I realize I should not have done : Going through the literature at hand in the Adyar library. I wanted to come to a better understanding and was not aware that it was not intended that I pursue a mental exercise. Thus through this research I discovered other meanings and concepts - and my inner vision was not strong enough to withstand them.

I started to struggle to find time for the planned book on Dadaji. My co-author of the book on Rajasthan, Dr. Shantilal Sarupria, reminded me that our unfinished manuscript was still waiting to be completed; I urgently wanted to concentrate on that also. And, from Bochum University I had received a dissertation, which I had to review. In addition, the colleagues from the Indian Institute of Technology asked me to meet with them to talk about future cooperation. It wasn't that easy to 'reshuffle priorities'!

On 20th January I received another letter from Dadaji.

Calcutta 15.1.80

Dear Peter,

Your letter dated January 10. You do submit to your within, the Mahanam. Don't copy from others; don't copyright either the ideas and writings by implanting your ego upon them. Isolation or a crowded hour makes no difference with Him. You grow ascetic and try to create an ivory tower around you, if you try to avoid your duties. You should not be enchained by this writing effort even. Dadaji is against all idolatry; for, it is the ego that is peeping out from such effort. No one knows when the Supreme Will will

choose to manifest her imperious spasm within you, sweeping you off your habitual anchorage and illumining you through and through. So let writing grow into your life as one of your duties. Let writing write itself out through you.

You are to accept the Truth of love, of self-effacement, whether it comes from Blavatsky or some one else. Truth cannot be copyrighted. But, there is only one human race. Division, segmentation and classification are mental fictions. Reality is one. "Humanity being in its Kali Age" is correct. But, the current interpretation of it is not correct. Science was far more advanced in Dvapara at the time of Kurukshetra war, a global war. This Kali is the worst of times and yet it is the best of times. I have a mind to go to Bombay soon and meet you there.

My love to you, Uta and the Kiddies,

Affectionately Yours,

Dadaji

While struggling with the many problems the planned book had caused, I was again and again fascinated by Henry Miller's article *The Great Designer* which Dadaji had given me in Calcutta. It contained all that had to be said about Love and Truth and appealed directly to my heart, for it uttered what I also felt in the company of Dadaji.

Henry Miller also refers indirectly to the Kali Yuga. For him the encounter with Dadaji and Mahanam was "a soul-stirring beatific experience." But, I should quote at length from the great writer's article, which appeared in the *San Gabriel Valley Tribune* on 28 July 1979, shortly after he met Dadaji, who had come to his house.

"...I have felt for a long time that the Messiah must be round the corner. For these are the worst of days in man's history. And if, therefore, the redeemer must make his appearance, then these are also the best of days. What a soul-stirring beatific experience to find myself in his arms so unexpectedly one day! He suddenly took me by storm, breaking through the portals of my heart and filling my being with the omnific sound. Yes, Dadaji, that enigmatic personality annihilating all personality cult, that omnipotent nobody, came to me in flesh and blood as a Christ of love, a Buddha of wisdom, a Krishna of supreme yogic power, a Chaitanya of the profoundest emotional abandon and a Govinda of the most deliciously amorous masculinity. And he conducted me to Mahanam - the be-all and end-all of my existence. I have been thus made aware of the divinity within my core. I have found the omnific word inside me. And Dadaji himself is identified with this inner divinity. Who is he then? He claims to be no more than my Elder Brother - Dadaji. How fascinatingly he assures me about the principles that guide my life and vocation! 'Don't you bother yourself with virtue or vice; they are all mental constructions and have nothing to do with Him - the infinite ocean of Love. They are just actions and reactions ruling mental function. The entire world process is one. Only you take it in fragments. You are a role set by the Great Designer. Do play your role well, alive to the fact that you do whatever He chooses you to do. He is the pilot of your life and you have come here at His will to taste His overflowing Love. Flow with the stream of life, without attempting to stem its tide. You are one with Him, and yet separate so that you may love-play with Him. You can miss this supreme relish only if ego is allowed to wallow in self-importance. So, merge yourself into His all-engrossing love .'

So goes his reassuring message. He goes even beyond, from love-play to pure consciousness and then on to the void of structureless integral existence. But he repeatedly comes down to draw his brethren into him arms. He continues his liberating message: 'No human being can ever be a Guru. The Mahanam,

which is your true self, is the only Guru. You have come here wedded to that Mahanam, which is the life-principle at the source of your respiration and is the warp and woof of all creation. Submit to Him in love and confidence. Shake off all shackles of superstition and taboos. Don't go against your nature. Let your inner drives lead your sense organs wherever they will. Be a passive spectator of the drama. No ascetism, no austerity, no penance, no physical calisthenics, no mechanical muttering of mystic syllables. All these are egotistic activities. Your inner fullness can dawn only when the ego is fleeced off. Only then you are in the wantless state. It is the limited mind that constantly suffers from wants.' Dadaji thus removes the sense of limitation from which man suffers. There is only one Supreme Existence. Only one Truth. Why then should there be any divisions in the human race? The same Mahanam rings in every heart. Hence, all mankind is one. All logic chopping stops in front of Truth that is outside the reach of mind, but ever approachable through love and self-surrender." (*On Dadaji*, Vol. V, pg. 123 - 125.)

Henry Miller's heart-moving article was very helpful for me. Was it not 'logic chopping' that I did while trying to 'understand' His Lila and 'plan' a book on Truth? Today my futile ego efforts which went on through some of the coming years seem to me a metaphor of the Kali process - ending in collapse of ego concepts and 'control', out of which is born naturally the surrender to His Will as manifested and motivated by the "fragrance of the heart".

The reader may wonder about the variety of my approaches to Dadaji. I want to remind you to Dadaji's demonstration with the match box and the cigarette box when he was moving them close together, then apart over and over again. So it is that at one time we feel near to Him with all the wonderful visions and experiences of this state, we are consumed with and feel part of the whole, in unquestioning harmony with the flow of events. Then another state evolves when we become enmeshed in

'logic chopping', and through natural mental processes are mainly aware of fragments. Our world view is filtered and fragmented by our sense of self-control, individual responsibility and self-importance. Yet we learn in the course of time that both states are an integral part of His Lila. They belong together and are both necessary to do our duty according to the "role set by the Great Designer". The key is to always remember Him, in either state, in the still pools and rapids we encounter in the stream of our lives.

CHAPTER TEN

Being in the stable for a while

The days in Kalakshetra were days with Dadaji. I intensely enjoyed the time with my family and was always remembering Dadaji, also a family man. I read and wrote about Dadaji and he was often with me in inner conversations. Many times while having discussions with others, I ended up expressing messages of His love. Whenever I looked into books written by others like G.S. Arundale, I heard Dadaji's commentaries from within. When I went to watch the Kalakshetra Bharatanatyam classes, I saw Govinda and the Gopis before my inner eyes.

Diary January 16, 1980

Usha Parinayam (The wedding of Usha) is one of the Bhagavata Mela dance dramas, which are a popular feature of the temple festivals in Tanjore District of South India. During the Kalakshetra Art Festival I saw a performance of a version of this ancient drama, adapted to the modern stage by Rukmini Devi. The program gives the following synopsis of the drama: "Wishing to obtain a boon of a thousand arms and the strength of ten thousand elephants, the King Banasura performs vigorous penance to Lord Shiva who grants him his wish. Drunk with power, Banasura challenges Lord Shiva himself to a duel. Angered, Lord Shiva says that one day his pride would be subdued by someone who was his equal. Regretting his mistake, Banasura pleads with Lord Shiva who promises to help him when that moment comes." "Falling in love with a prince she sees in her dream, Banasura's daughter, Usha, seeks the assistance of her friend Chitralekha to find out if such a prince really existed. After Chitralekha draws countless portraits of eligible princes, Usha

recognizes her dream prince in the portrait of Aniruddha, Lord Krishna's grandson. With her yogic power, Chitralekha transfers Aniruddha to Usha's palace and the two are happily united. When Banasura learns of the presence of a stranger in his daughter's quarters, he imprisons him. Lord Krishna hears about the fate of his grandson and he sets out to defeat Banasura and liberate Aniruddha. Realizing the danger, Banasura asks Lord Shiva to come to his assistance as promised. Indra, the King of Devas, finally intervenes and brings about a reconciliation. Banasura's pride is subdued with the loss of his thousand arms, and Usha is wedded to Aniruddha". This is the simple, though dramatic story. But watched through eyes opened by Dadaji the drama reveals some fundamental truths. There is the power of egoism, personified by Banasura. He is able to increase further his power by the permission of Shiva and thus to conquer the 'three worlds' and to threaten Mount Kailash, Shiva's seat. But, power-drunk egoism is defeated by love: Usha, personifying the mind becoming 'Manjari', follows His will. When Banasura (egoism) tries to kill out the heavenly desire by imprisoning Aniruddha, Lord Krishna comes to save his grandson.

Now the most interesting part begins, the fight between Shiva, by whose *permission* Banasura has become so powerful, and Krishna, who *wills* to guard the young couple. Two divine principles seem to be antagonistic because of the hypertrophic egoism. Therefore the King of the Devas has to come and to reconcile: Egoism looses its power (without being destroyed!) and the mind is wedded to Him.

On the stage Banasura is always shown to be the law and that he has the power to enforce it, and also to

change it according to his selfish will. Usha follows the "freedom of her heart" in choosing the ideal bridegroom.

Is humanity not in urgent need of Him who protects the freedom of the heart and who reduces the power of egoism?

Thus I perceived Truth within the context of traditional stories, which I understood and had new insights about without any comments by others. For example regarding the distinction between 'His permission' and 'His Will'. I also recognized Truth within the context of my daily life: I began to realize what Dadaji meant when he said, "Life is Yoga". I was astounded by the richness of all life's experiences when viewed in this light.

When *Shyama*, a drama by Rabindranath Tagore, was given in the Kalakshetra Theater, the Archarya Kripalani was present. This aged and very remarkable Indian 'freedom fighter' was quite worried by the recent Soviet intervention in Afghanistan. Was another World War threatening? We had a long discussion of 'down to earth political problems', and the contrast to the atmosphere of beauty, which Tagore's drama had produced, was quite obvious and disturbing. Yet I experienced no contradiction in feeling both sides. In everything is He...

In a letter to Abhi Bhattacharya, I described our life in Kalakshetra.

Tiruvanmiyur, 17.1.80

Dear Abhi,

We are leading a quiet life, which for nearly a week has been enriched by the dance dramas of the Art Festival - a real source of inspiration. We start at sunrise. After breakfast, 'school' begins for the twins: First Uta is teaching grammar and

orthography, then my part comes with geometry. The family takes a swim in the ocean before lunch. Then comes time for a nap (which I use for letters, etc.). In the afternoons we do little excursions (I mostly work as in the morning) and then swim in the ocean again. After dinner a dance drama, and that's all. But this "being in the stable for a while", as Dadaji wrote, is tremendously fruitful. Whatever I read, hear or teach the children - all fits together, as if the whole day was one single exercise, resulting in fresh ideas, which enrich the book for Dadaji and give me a deeper understanding of basic concepts of his philosophy. From my point of view every day is a day with Dadaji - full of gladness and brotherly warmth. Thus nothing is meaningless, and a refreshing swim in the ocean becomes a lesson (because the waves breathe His Name in and out) as well as a conversation with somebody (in which I realize a new understanding of many things). I try to be open for the lessons from within, and nature and surroundings and a nice family help as much as possible. What an unexpected experience!

The 'lessons of the waves' mentioned were manifold. After the swim I felt myself full of energy, sensing still the breathing of the ocean in my blood and grasping the metaphoric meaning of the oneness of the foaming waves at the surface and the quietude at the depths of the ocean. But these 'wave lessons' had also another dimension.

Diary January 20, 1980

I'm now sitting here, still exhausted from the play with the waves, which changed unexpectedly into a struggle for survival. The sandbank on which we were awaiting the rolling breakers isn't very

long; suddenly we - Sita, Johannes and I - were at the edge of it and became lost in the turmoil of the breakers. I grabbed Sita and with great difficulty brought her back to the sandbank. I then tried to get hold of Johannes. But I had attempted too much, for wave after wave broke down on me, so that I didn't have a chance to breathe. (In the meantime, Krishna, Peter Hoffman's son, had rescued Johannes by use of his surfboard.) I myself felt totally lost, the more so as I could not see Johannes. In my trouble I cried: "Dadaji, help!" Immediately there was a wide calm trough in the sea (like the one having saved me one year ago!). I was able to swim and soon found sand under my feet, although I was totally exhausted.

I'm still under the impact of this experience and Uta asks, "Did something happen?" But I'm still not able to speak about it. I believe I have never been in such danger. And Dadaji is smiling full of love! (But Uta had sensed it; she feels confirmed in her fears she always has whenever we go swimming. I have to learn from this experience!)

It might not be believable, but in the early morning of this day I had opened my diary in search of a certain note and had come across my entry about the dangerous situation on 14 January 1979, when I also had to fight for my life with the waves. Whether it had been a warning or foreshadowing of coming events, I don't know.

Diary January 17, 1980

Conversation with Dadaji on telephone. I could hear him clearly; he was full of love. "You are my son. Whatever you want in India, let me know". ... He is

planning to go on 23rd January to Bombay and asks me, when we would come there on our return to Germany... Dadaji informed me about his forthcoming visit to Germany, "I come only to visit you". I tried to discuss some plans for travel with him, but he got annoyed and said, I should know that things are developing as they have to.

He wanted me to talk to his daughter, Ivy, who was interested in my next visit to Calcutta and how we had planned our return route. Then again Dadaji was on the phone wanting to be sure that we were missing nothing in Tiruvanmiyur and asking about Uta's health...

Strange, such a conversation by telephone. Most important is the voice I'm listening to. But there must be another kind of connection. I had the feeling of being with him. So much warmth, love, care!

When we spoke about our place, he said, "Very much sun, yes?" This "Very much sun" somehow came as a surprise, although it was suggesting itself; but it was unconnected with our conversation... Yes, that's the message: Sun at the physical level, very much sun - but also within me...

The Kalakshetra Art Festival again had *Buddha Avataram* on the program, the dance drama which had so deeply moved me the previous year. This time I had some new impressions. I felt Dadaji sitting next to me and got lost in thought. It was as if I was confronted by the drama with some inner truths I brought with me into this life, and which came vaguely into consciousness through the play... The life of the Buddha seemed to be a universal pattern, which also was connected with my own. I was in a contemplative mood, but deeply moved by the play. Some inner fermentation was going on.

In the meantime, I had to think more about the research work to be done at the Indian Institute of Technology. I paid a visit to the Vice President of the I.I.T. and had some discussions with Prof. Radhakrishna, the son of Dr. Bhagavatam. I also began to use the library of the I.I.T. and had interviews with some professors about my subject: The university as a center of transformation in the development process of India. We planned an Indo-German Seminar on *Technologies for Development - Demand, Transfer, and Diffusion* for May 1981 in Germany at the Ruhr-University and another one in Autumn 1980 at the I.I.T. I also was concerned with the impact of intermediate and alternative, labor intensive, technologies on employment.

So I was living in many different worlds - the academic world, where I felt very much at home, the world of Indian dance, the world of the family, the world of inner Truth - and all these worlds together seemed to me as one world, in which I found myself playing a role not designed by me.

Diary January 24,1980

Yesterday we had to go with Sita to the dentist. On the way we passed the building where in 1967 Uta and I heard Srimati M.S. Subbulakshmi, the famous South Indian singer, in a concert. (Together with Rukmini Devi we sat next to the singer on the podium, in front of us the fascinated audience was totally absorbed in the music - a picture I never will forget!) I told this to Sita - and in that moment Dadaji started to sing within me, so loud and impressive that I was spellbound and became unaware of the taxi in which we were riding in a crowded street. Dadaji went on with his song, and I was full of joy. Maybe, Dadaji just thought of me...

> Yesterday the Kalashetra Dance Festival ended. The last two evenings were devoted to episodes from the *Ramayana*, which closes with the coronation of Rama. The children were really enthusiastic about it. *Maha Pattabhishekam* (The great ceremony of coronation) was an especially exciting drama. I again listened to Dadaji's commentaries: Ravanas brother Vibishana tries to restrain him from the fight with Rama, for he would be subdued - even in egoism there is the realization of light. Ravana remains totally alone and Rama has trouble killing him .

I had many discussions with Rukmini Devi, whom I loved and admired very much. Not only through her, but also through his books I had developed a very close relationship with George S. Arundale, Rukmini's husband, who died in 1945. As a Britisher fighting together with the Indians against colonialism, he had been one of the great educationalists and one of the founders of the Central Hindu College at Varanasi, which later developed into an acknowledged university. As successor to Annie Besant, another great figure of the Indian fight for freedom, he had been President of The Theosophical Society. Out of the vast collection of theosophical literature nothing has influenced me more than Dr. Arundale's books. During our stay in Kalakshetra I re-read *The Lotus Fire*, also *Nirvana* and *Mount Everest*, finding parallels to what I had learned from Dadaji. I became so much involved in the line of thought of G.S. Arundale that I tried to understand Dadaji better through the commentaries of this author.

Looking back, I think that the opening of my eyes through Dadaji gave me quite another understanding of what G.S.A. had written. Therefore, maybe I read special meanings into some passages. In Calcutta I had given Dadaji a manuscript I wrote titled *The Message of George S. Arundale* to enlist his judgment. But instead of reading it, he held it between his palms for a moment, and said, "Very good". He then gave it to Dr. Nanilal Sen, and

I took the manuscript back, because I wanted to dedicate it to Rukmini Devi.

The days went on and we had to organize our flight back to Germany via Hyderabad and Bombay, where I hoped to meet Dadaji. I was able to reach him by phone; he already was with Abhi at Delphin House, Bombay. His first question was, "Do you need anything? You know, I'm your father!" He was very interested in Uta's health and I had to report about the three children - he seemed to enjoy this very much. I spoke to him about our itinerary and he promised to be still in Bombay when we arrived. He was also planning to go to Bhavnagar and stay at the home of G.T. Kamdar. I felt inspired by this contact,and a little bit later I sat down to write him a letter.

Tiruvanmiyur, 2. Feb. 1980

Dearest Dadaji,

All these days you have been with me in a very real sense, but today I feel that I should write a letter to you about some thoughts and experiences I had. Maybe, that I myself might come to a better understanding of things by writing down these lines.

Some days ago I read in my diary about our first encounter on 10 June 1978 and the following weeks in which Mahanam enfolded Itself within. I was embarrassed by the richness of events and experiences!

One day in August '78 I suddenly felt that I should write down the following lines, which I now have translated for you from the German:

Gopal Govinda

Beginning and End!
You Spark in my Heart!
You Germ of the Becoming!

Gopal Govinda

Embraced by the Heart,
the Divine Mother!

Gopal Govinda

You are my sole measure,
destroying Avidya (nescience)!

Gopal Govinda

Encircling Your Kingdom within me
as well as Your outer Kingdom,
the whole world!

Gopal Govinda

Enfolding life from within
according to Your Will!

Gopal Govinda

May my life be fulfilled
in Your Love and Splendor!

Gopal Govinda

When I wrote these lines, I still did not have an understanding of your philosophy, but I feel that something is in this *Bhakti Mahamantra* (great prayer of devotion), as I called it. It is an expression of deep reverence, aroused by Mahanam...

Looking into old diary notes I am aware of the extraordinary effects of my connection with you. And not only this: There is a clear line leading through all the experiences up to now. I only can speak of love, light,life - radiant love, shining light, vibrant life!

Being in South India, not only do I feel Lord Krishna very near, whose Names I breathe, but also Lord Subrahmanya, whose name is so beautiful: 'The One who took His origin from the Supreme Reality, which is Joy, and who is inseparable from that Reality'. It is as if I smell this Fragrance of Joy all around me - in the trees and the sand and in the sea: All is permeated by the sun, stuffed with light shining in various colors! But one Light!

Now it is dark outside. The silver of the moonlight has not yet come. But this darkness helps me to understand far better the message of sounds around.

The breathing of the sea and the wind in the trees, the ringing bells from afar and the sounds of the insects - it is a Song of Life, and with open ears I hear the melody of His flute in all these sounds. And together it is a Symphony of the Unity of Life - a Song of Joy within my heart. What shall I add? Truth cannot be expressed, but only lived. I feel Him near and I know that He will make everything new in the light of His Reality. My life already has become fuller through the radiance of love, His Love!

I have to stop here, for at the moment I feel all the shortcomings of expression with which I struggle. I'm unfortunately neither a poet nor a composer: They know to convey a deeper meaning, not so I. But Dadaji will understand...

Dearest Dadaji, I would love to see you in Bombay for some days. We really had a wonderful time here and are looking forward to the very great moment when we will see wild elephants. From 9th to 13th February we are all on a trip to Mudumalai Wildlife Sanctuary near Ooty. Rukmini Devi, who is the President of the Animal Welfare Board of India, suggested this. She will make some valuable contacts with the Sanctuary authorities. On our way back we will be one day in Mysore. The children are regarding this excursion as the crowning event here in India...

The family is well off and we are all looking forward to meeting you!

With love,

Yours Peter.

Long before our journey began I had agreed to hold a seminar on George S. Arundale's remarkable book *The Lotus Fire* in Adyar. This voluminous work, written in 1938/39, was not well known even after forty years, although there has been a second printing in 1976. I was planning to present the content of the book against the background of my own intensive experiences.

But the whole seminar, which ran over one week, became more a seminar on Dadaji than on the original subject, 'Symbolic Yoga'. Nevertheless, today I know that it was a mixture of 'old' and 'new' insights and ideas. To a large extent I felt it was a sort of farewell to a long and intense phase of my life. Many of those attending the seminar were very enthusiastic about my interpretations, which left the text far behind. I remember speaking about the region beyond symbols, being nearly overwhelmed by the flood of thoughts, which seemed to come directly from Dadaji - often I had to dry tears from my eyes.

After the seminar, Rukmini Devi sent me a beautiful present, a coat with wonderful embroidery, accompanied with a letter.

7th Feb. 1980

Dearest Peter -

The enclosed is called Choga and its embroidery is very rare - I gave it to G.S.A. 40 years ago - It is still in good condition - I want you to keep it and to wear it when you are sitting and reading or any other occasion in memory of G.S.A. and myself -

With love from

Rukmini

Uta got a similarly wonderful present, a Kimono, which had been a gift from Dr. Arundale to Rukmini.

And then, near the end of our stay in Kalakshetra, our excursion to the Nilgiris and to Mudumalai started. In the Wildlife Sanctuary we were able to watch undisturbed animal life while riding on an elephant's back. For all of us it was a great thing to see wild elephants! As a child I was already fond of elephants, these most remarkable and loveable creatures, and now I saw them for the first time in their natural surroundings - it was great!

When we came back to Kalakshetra, some of our friends, amongst them a professor of physics, warned us against going out during the total solar eclipse on 16th February. One could read in the newspaper under the headline *Eclipse Panic* that in some regions of India earthquakes were expected in connection with the eclipse. In Nagaland, people in large numbers had started to desert their native places, fearing a severe earthquake. The government there had already formed a committee to extend all assistance to the people in the expected earthquake ridden districts. Remaining at home, we watched the partial solar eclipse (88.8%) through a black film. On the beach we saw people meditating at that time. The forecasted earthquakes did not occur.

Looking ahead to a very busy time in Germany, the farewell to Kalakshetra was not easy, for I knew that I would miss this wonderful place and ideal situation. I felt content with what had been achieved during the time I was "in the stable". I had learned that the normal academic approach to writing could not be combined with the "fragrance of the heart".

Shortly before we had to leave for Hyderabad, Uta had an intense dream. She saw her husband as a very young boy in the arms of Dadaji, whose wife she was...

In Hyderabad, I found my friend Dr. Shantilal Sarupria in a difficult situation as his health had deteriorated. He also needed very much our co-authored book on Rajasthan to qualify at the University of Hyderabad. But how to work on the manuscript when one of the authors isn't in good health and the other is too busy with other things? I felt this great obligation as a heavy load on my shoulders. At that time I could not foresee that we really would be able to continue the whole project, in fact, devoting all free time - weekend after weekend - for the next two and a half years. Eventually the voluminous book was published in 1984.

Two days later we met Abhi at the Bombay airport and received the wonderful message that Dadaji was expecting us at Delphin House. First we had to go to the Ritz Hotel, where after the family was settled in I left to meet Dadaji and Uta remained with the children to have dinner.

Diary February 22, 1980

In Bandra I found Abhi's flat packed with people. Dadaji only said, "Come, come", and we embraced each other. Already at the door of the flat I had smelled the strong Fragrance. After this welcome in front of all the people, I was taken to an adjacent room

to have a light meal. Dr. Lalit Pandit arrived and we were glad to meet again...

In the meantime, Dadaji was busy with all the guests. Later, when most of them had gone, there was only time left to speak very briefly and to respond to Dadaji's questions about the health of the family. Then Dadaji began making plans for us for the following day with the highlight being another excursion to Elephanta Island. Having arranged everything he sent me back to the Ritz with the order, "to give Uta all love".

Sitting in the car, I asked myself what really happened during this meeting, for Dadaji and I didn't find any time to talk about anything 'important'. What was the cause of my inner contentment? Didn't Lalit say, "We are simply glad when we can be with him. That's enough".

The next morning I went with the family to see Dadaji. We spoke about the very small progress of my studies for the planned book *Man as Householder*. I told Dadaji about all the obstacles and problems I would have to face, but he made it short by saying, "Alright, you determine when it is ready". I felt relieved, for in the meantime I had made up a list of 'duties' awaiting me in Germany and realized I would be overloaded with work. Looking back to this situation I now know the real cause of my behavior: Many of the ideas I had come across or developed during the time in Kalakshetra by working on the material for the book were so revolutionary that I found it difficult to combine them with those which I thought to be my 'intellectual property', that is, the knowledge I had achieved through study and work along scientific lines. I had difficulty living in two worlds, the world of logical thought and theories - the world of a normal intellectual - and the world of one who had tasted 'Prema' - Divine Love. To bring together the two would mean to offer everything to Him, to

confess that I know - nothing. I had to go through further experiences before I was ready to accept this.

Then Dadaji introduced Uta and me to Harindranath Chattopadhyaya, a well-known Indian poet.

Diary February 23, 1980

I came to know that he was a close friend of Rukmini Devi, whom he wanted to marry when he was a young man - he now is 82. He was full of adoration for Annie Besant, who had published his first poems. And then he read to us a poem on Dadaji:

"A solitary being plies his task
Amidst a crowd of men who seek his grace.
Perhaps, he wears an ordinary mask
To hide the extraordinary face
Which I have seen behind - in my own fashion,
A face of deep affection and compassion.
It is no simple thing to understand him
Who seems a curtain difficult to raise.
They only brand themselves who choose to brand him
And scoff at him in most unfriendly ways.
The spirits calm and unobtrusive splendor
Knows that the darkness shrinks from self-surrender.
As far as I, a human, am concerned
I find my Dada is, in truth, no other
Than one who has most graciously returned
To earth, his home, to find a long-lost brother
In each of us who cares with love to greet him
And, on a plane of inner silence, meet him".

Harindranath also recited a lovely poem with the title *Spring in Winter.* With temperament he defended the thesis that love only starts at the age

of 50. This caused the comment by Uta that my own career in that field would begin in two months time. Dadaji enjoyed fully the conversation. What a nice man, this poet!

I was especially glad to meet Harindranath Chattopadhyaya, for I valued his poems highly since I came across his poetry in the 1960's through Rukmini Devi. Very early in his career as a poet, he was hailed by Sri Aurobindo as one in which " we may well hope to find... a supreme singer of the vision of God in nature and life, and the meeting of the divine and human which must be at first the most vivifying and liberating part of India's message" (quoted in the *Foreword* to Harindranath Chattopadhyaya, *The Divine Vagabond*, Madras 1950, pg. IV). And now I met this great poet at the feet of Dadaji!

Dadaji asked me to come in the evening to Abhi's place. Then the family and I went for lunch and to Elephanta Island, to have - as wanted by the twins - another look at the Trimurti.

When I came back to Abhi's house in Bandra that evening, there was a group of 10 to 15 people already expecting me. Dadaji asked me to talk to them. A little bit nervous I asked what I should talk about. "Tell them something about you", he simply said and left me alone with the people. So I spoke about my first encounter with Dadaji and what I learned from him; besides this I tried to explain what Dadaji would mean to Westerners. While talking I found myself listening to my own words - a strange situation! - and I had the feeling that Dadaji, who was not present, had arranged this intentionally. Afterward there was only time for a short good-bye to Dadaji, who seemed to be very content with my performance. On the way back to the Ritz I wondered about the manifold ways and means by which one perceives Truth.

Diary February 24, 1980

The last day in India. We are a little bit sorry because of the farewell. In the morning Uta came

to my room with her diary and read some notes she had written during her sickness. What a positive development her health has taken since then! This is the best present India could give to me!

Dadaji received us with a big hug and had time for us. He asked Abhi to bring us to Sun 'n Sand, a hotel at Juhu Beach, where he should arrange for the children were allowed to use the swimming pool. In June, Dadaji will come to Germany and we invited him to our house. "Of course, it is my house", he replied, "for you are my son and my daughter".

Veronika rushed into the room, for she had run into Johannes and hurt her head. Dadaji took the crying girl on his arms. He was sitting there like a grand-father - and I remembered that he really had become grandfather yesterday. We had been with him when the telephone rang and he got the good news. Full of joy he told us about the event, and Uta asked him to name the child Govinda, a name she loved very much. Now he was sitting with his 'grand-daughter' Veronika, trying to comfort her...

It was a family meeting, and I looked at it with a warm heart as did Uta also. Although Dadaji wanted me to come again in the afternoon, he said farewell to Uta and the children. When Uta said, "Good-bye", Dadaji interrupted her: "Not good-bye, I'm always with you, wherever you are!"

So we went to Juhu and enjoyed sun and water. Looking at the palm-trees under which Uta and I rested I sensed a wonderful inner quietude. I got lost in the fragrance of the blossoming bush next to me and suddenly remembered some lines of an early poem of Harindranath titled 'Equilibrium':

"Can you be as calm
As a palm
In the shy light
Of the twilight?

Can you truly be
As a tree
Blossom-bowed
To the cloud?"

Yes, I could. And spellbound for a while, I tasted this delicious awareness of Unity, the emanation of His Love.

At this time, I had little time to spent with the family, for some hours later I had to be with Dadaji. When I arrived Dadaji had plenty of time for me and we discussed many things, amongst them the problems of 'spiritual organizations'. Dadaji, as I knew already, was not in favour of them. He seemed to accept the Theosophical Society, but only as a platform for meetings, and I guess he was basically critical. J. Krishnamurti, who had seen Dadaji some time back, was described by him as being 'organization minded'. Dadaji warned me very earnestly against all such developments. "It is only to play the role of a king," he said.

This last meeting with Dadaji was not a normal farewell - it was something very special. I was full of joy when I left Abhi's place. How I would miss Dadaji's hugging in the coming months! And still, would he not be with me all the time?

CHAPTER ELEVEN

Stages of Life

It was a great event for the children to come home. Our neighbors had decorated the entrance of the house - it was a real 'red carpet welcome'! The sun was shining from a blue sky, not typical in our region of Germany for the end of February. The first thing I discovered was a discouraging mountain of mail waiting for me. Within a short time my plan to proceed with the book for Dadaji broke down completely under the confrontation of postponed duties.

Some time previously I heard a funny story about a hitchhiking American Indian. A farmer took him over a long distance with his car. When the American Indian left the car, he stretched out on the ground. Asked by the farmer why he was doing this, the Indian replied, "My soul cannot travel that fast, it still has to arrive!" This was the perfect story to describe to Uta how I was feeling and it was the same with her: I felt as though our souls were still in India.

One day I had a wonderful dream which I noted in my diary.

> Diary March 1, 1980
>
> Together with Uta and the children I'm in Dadaji's house and we are all bathed in radiant light, forming golden capsules around us. A feeling of hovering in these capsules, which were like gondolas, golden gondolas... Dadaji was full of love, very real and in such a way so near that I had the impression not to have been dreaming when I woke up.

After more than one week it felt as though my soul was also back in Germany. I asked myself, what had happened to me in India, for I found myself irritable now and then, when for the moment things were going somewhat awry. Although this seemed to be not

worth noticing, I had to pay severely for this irritability, as the effect was a feeling of 'not being in tune with my true self'. Thus by these circumstances I thought I learned that I should be on my guard to avoid situations in which I would feel irritable. However, I don't believe that I was able to consciously follow this new insight. Instead I developed the valuable attitude of watching myself and found out that in most cases where I reacted in a seemingly inappropriate way, I myself wasn't remembering Him within whatever situation I found myself. We cannot avoid irritable or tragic situations, but we can try to remember Him in adversity and thus buffer the intensity of our suffering.

During our stay in Tiruvanmiyur I had been able to devote a lot of time to writing and the collection of material for the book *Man as Householder*. Upon returning, most of my time was eaten up by the daily professional duties. Still there was an inrush of ideas and material for the book, even though I didn't have time to digest it all and to concentrate on writing. So I began to ponder about the priority of various duties, yet I didn't come to a clear solution. I tried to use nights for working only on the manuscript, concentrating mainly on the `householder role' of the individual. As already explained in Chapter 9, I regarded the 'householder' as a perfect symbol of the human role on board the 'Spaceship Earth'. Wasn't the world His house and we His householders? To my understanding this was totally in line with Dadaji's philosophy, in which the householder (Grihastha) was the highest stage in human development.

But what did 'Grihastha' mean in the classical Indian system? I considered it important to clarify the traditional meaning, so that I was able to understand Dadaji's position. I tried to dive as deeply as possible into the *Varn-Ashrama Dharma*, the 'Code of Right Living' of the old Hindus. Thus I found myself confronted with the idea of different stages of life, through which the individual ought to go or is going following the path of psychic development. The one is a socially indoctrinated pattern, the other akin to a law of human development.

These studies taught me a lot, but at the same time I found it difficult to draw conclusions in light of Dadaji's sayings. I also had not fully understood what Dr. Sen told me about the householder role during our meeting in Calcutta. So I decided to ask Dadaji in a letter. Another very prominent idea I contemplated at that time was regarding the responsibility of human beings for the development of our planet. I had been very impressed by a book by the philosopher Hans Jonas about that subject (*Das Prinzip Verantwortung*) and was planning to give his thoughts a prominent place in the context of my own arguments.

In the meantime it had become April. Shortly before my 50th birthday, it happened that I was asked whether I would leave the university and join industry. This offer became a real dilemma for me because in the German university system a professor is a civil servant for one's lifetime. The status of a Full Professor ends at the age of 67, but as a member of the faculty a professor can go on working as an Emeritus as long as he or she wishes. For me this had always been a very attractive prospect. Although I was offered an excellent and interesting position in industry, I didn't feel properly prepared by my academic work and I also realized I was lacking experiences helpful for this unexpected career opportunity. It was an opportunity to test myself like the medieval Buridan's ass between two equally attractive bundles of hay: I could not decide. It took me nearly a quarter of a year to come to the ultimate decision, and during this time I felt under a lot of strain.

For my birthday in April, Uta provided a big surprise for me and for the guests, who had been invited to our house. As her present, Anjali Sriram, a good friend of ours from Stuttgart, gave a Bharatanatyam performance in the living room. It was a very intimate performance, because there was no real stage.

> Diary April 30,1980
>
> The evening was a confession of my own faith illustrated by her dance. In front of the picture of

Sri Sri Satyanarayan I had no problem, talking about Krishna and Bhakti and also the cosmic dance of Shiva Nataraja. Family, friends and colleagues were listening - some rather reserved, others fascinated. And Anjali illustrated with her dance what I had tried to explain with words. I was rather unprepared for this and experienced a dreamlike state of great clarity, in which I spoke to the guests. But this was the result of a certain development: During the last weeks I found myself very often far away from all those things which had filled my mind so fascinatingly in India, and I had developed an inner longing to again be in that wonderful mood. Now I felt Dadaji with me again.

So many questions and experiences were pent up that I could no longer postpone a letter to Dadaji. It started with some excuses and developed into a rather long epistle.

Bochum, 4. May 1980

Dearest Dadaji!

I should have written much earlier, but when I came back with my family from India, so much urgent work was waiting for me that I forgot to send you a note and to thank for the inspiring time we were able to spend with you in Calcutta as well as in Bombay. A further delay of my letter was caused by my wish to report some progress on the planned book *Man as Householder*. I did some writing and reading, but could not find time enough to go on in a substantial way. But now I feel that time is overdue to give you at least a sign of still being alive.

The visit to India is now a wonderful dream, for the time was so full of inner and outer experiences! Remembering those three months is like reading a book and endeavoring to decode its rich and deeper meanings. Of course, I did not leave you behind; we cannot be separated... In many instances this was proven true to me. There is always this beautiful and inspiring 'Source of Love' in my heart! It was not easy to exchange the sun and the warmth of India for snow, rain and fog of the German winter. I caught my unavoidable cold immediately in the air-conditioned plane - and after arriving home the other members of the family caught it also. After some weeks everybody was healthy again and accustomed to German weather conditions and now we are enjoying a beautiful spring. (It is the normal spring for normal people, but for me it is the most wonderful I ever have experienced, for I'm spellbound by the extraordinary beauty of fresh green leaves, the song of the birds and the fragrances of the blossoming trees and bushes.) The university semester began and I resumed my professor's job in the classroom. In addition there were other very interesting engagements in the field of research management. All this left only a little time - I was no longer in the stable, but in the network of obligations. I try to do my duty - remembering Him always; and I'm sure: It is by this practical and down-to-earth approach in daily life that I come to a deeper understanding. It is not so important what one does, but it is vital to listen to the Song of Life, to His Song of Love, coming from the inner heart of things, *my* heart! Oh, so many times I have had conversations with you while walking to the University through the little park or coming back that way!

On our last day in Bombay you proposed to clarify certain problems in connection with the planned book by letter. May I ask you for your comment on the following?

As far as I know the ancient Hindu teaching of the 'stages of life' is concerned with four 'Ashramas' (stages):

- Brahmacarya, or the study of ancient wisdom (Veda) with a teacher;
- Grihastha, or the householder stage;
- Vanaprastha, or the life in the forest;
- Sannyasa, or the stage of renunciation, to be a Yati (ascetic).

Indology normally discriminates between ascetic (Brahmacarya, Vanaprastha, Sannyasa) and non-ascetic stages (Grihastha), which determine the ideal cycle of life. One also could hint at the growing ascetism, 'crowned' by Sannyasa.

For me it seems to be very clear that the 'crown' ought to be the 'Householder' in the sense of a complete merger with Him. Am I right that in the traditional teaching the Householder is *in the world* (in a separated state), and that in your conception the individual becomes 'one with the world' (no separation), for to be merged with Him means that the whole world has become his (His) House? And that by this the individual has been bestowed with a totally new sense of responsibility of His World? I know that Truth cannot be conveyed by words, but I try to grasp the meaning of 'Householder' in the terms of responsibility. The 'normal' householder or family member will say: *My* house, *my* family (as against *your* and other houses, etc.) But humanity is

one and so there are no different houses, but only One House - His House. We (or better: our minds) create all the differences, "the many chambers in the Father's House", as the *Bible* has it. Now, the 'understanding' of the Ultimate Oneness, being an illusionary affair of the mind, is not possible; it only can be experienced according to His Will. But the faint idea of an Ultimate Oneness may support the sense of responsibility as long as it has not become a realized fact. Or is this a mere construction of the mind?

Sometimes an answer to all such questions seems to be very near - usually at times when I try not to think about it or to solve problems by pondering about them. But there is always a last barrier - a mind barrier, to overcome only by living life. Please help, Dadaji!

I'm wondering about the time of your planned visit to Germany. Your house in Bochum is at your disposal and Uta and I would be so happy if you could spend some time with us. I have learned a lot for my book and also would like the opportunity of discussing with you an urgent question regarding my professional future. Please let me know your plans and arrangements, so that I can be at your disposal. Love from Uta and the children, and your son

Peter.

Having written this letter, I started to ponder about how to use the ideas for my book. I was only able to devote nights to it and was struggling very hard with the material. Why was I not able to write with the same inner freedom I was feeling when talking about Dadaji and his philosophy, experiencing always a stream of love? Was it that I was talking about myself, my very own experiences? Whatever I tried to write seemed to me very academic, missing

the "fragrance of the heart", the 'smile of Truth'. Some doubts were growing in my mind as to whether or not I was on the right track. I love scientific work; for me it is connected with intellectual satisfaction to work on a text, to consult scientific literature, and to try to promote the knowledge in the field by a personal contribution. But,this special analytical system of work seemed to be the wrong method to come to grips with the essence of Dadaji's teachings. All that I started during the time in India in the field of development economics, the essence of *Part I* of the planned book, had been completed and was ready for publication as an article under the title *Dimensionen und Perspektiven des Entwicklungsbewusstseins* (Dimensions and Perspectives of Development Consciousness). But although I was full of ideas, all of what I tried to write about *Man as Householder* seemed dry and a lifeless abstraction.

Not dry and abstract, but full of life was nature around me.

> Diary May 15, 1980
>
> A beautiful day - spring in a never seen glory! Again and again I marvel at all the beauty! Young beech-leaves, light green, like floating veils in the forest - pubescent! The meadows full of dandelium stars; and, in the green, the yellow of the earth wedded to the blue of the sky in an ongoing, outbreathing enfoldment. Dadaji is very near; I'm not separated from him...
>
> Everything is within. Everything... When mind and heart are not one, the division between inside and outside is born. When the mind becomes Manjari, there are no more divisions. The One rises out of the many. The heart knows Him because He and His Love dwell there. It is like in spring: A presentiment of ripeness. But, spring is beautiful by itself. It would be so, if there were no summer and no harvest.

Not to become and to have, only to be. What is, is good. Nothing is wanted. Everything is a gift. Everything is simple when we are in His love.

Rukmine Devi came to the International Theosophical Centre, Naarden, The Netherlands, together with Peter Hoffman, and Uta and I invited both to visit us in Bochum. They arrived in the last week of May and we had three wonderful days together. Rukmini always was an inspiring personality, not only when she was an active dancer. I love one of her sayings very much: "There is nothing greater in life than inspiration. If you can inspire people, you are really fulfilling life, and the fulfilling of life is our goal". But Rukmini also had been extremely successful in organizing institutions like Kalakshetra as 'platforms' for inspired and inspiring people. She asked for my thoughts on how she could insure that these institutions would go on with the original message? I was not able to give a positive answer.

And then, on 28th May, Dadaji's answer to my letter arrived. In it were rather disturbing lines. Dadaji seemed to know more about my present state than I myself had disclosed to him in my letter.

Calcutta, 23.5.80

Dearest Son!

Your letter dated May 4. Work belongs to Him as much as writing a book on Him. You plan a book on *Man as Householder* and make excuses like an ascetic. How funny of you! Let not your work bring in its wake an endless cycle of work. Rather be with Him. But, your duty you must not evade. Don't you worry. The book is being hatched by your loving submission and it will be on wings at the appointed

hour. The inner and outer experiences must be the same; or else it is hysteria, self-hypnosis or hypocrisy. One cannot make or unmake Truth. It dawns upon you and gets hold of your entire being. How can you leave Him behind? Your sense of leaving Him is rooted in Him. One who has this feeling can never leave Him; and aren't you one such? So a wonderful spring has come into your life. This is the time for offering the best flowering of your talents at the feet of your Beloved. Hallo, bride! sing hallelujah and pour yourself out to Him. Let the spring in your life be fruitful.

Your experiences are wonderful. Be with your experiences. This man should not intrude upon them. He is an outsider, though expert in eavesdropping. You possibly know Dadaji speaks of three stages of life and that in a different order. First comes 'Sannyasa', which means complete surrender through evaporation of ego. But, so long as there is life, there is ego. You cannot do without it. You can only take it as His ego. Your mind becomes a Manjari. The picture as a newborn babe in the mother's lap typifies Sannyasa, Then comes the stage of Brahmacarya when one lives in and through Him and feels His presence in every experience. Why, you are now a Sannyasi and Brahmacari. True Sannyasa is a sort of sub-conscious behavior or reflex action. And real Brahmacarya is conscious apperception of One Reality through the manifold of existence. While Sannyasa displays unconscious will and Brahmacarya evinces conscious feeling, the stage of Grihastha is marked by complete merger in thought, feeling and will. The real Grihastha is He Himself who indwells this tenement of clay. So you are perfectly right in this respect as in many

others. "... the whole world has become his (His) house." Quite alright. But, you speak of 'a new sense of responsibility' at the same breath. This is contradictory and smacks of egoism. No utilitarianism or altruism. Can you shoulder the responsibilities of your small family even? You have to do your duty without inviting the dissipating and disintegrating forces of nature. Duties are born with you, are latent in you talents. Make the best use of your talents with loving submission. Otherwise, you go against His design.

I am expected to be in Germany towards the end of June. Hope I shall meet you all and get the warmth of your company. My love to Uta, you and the Kiddies.

Affectionately yours,

Dadaji.

I read this letter many times. What were my duties in regard to the planned book? Dadaji seemed to warn me against mindful concentration on all the collected material, which still was growing and growing. "Rather be with Him" - and, "Let the spring in your life be fruitful." I still had not developed an inner awareness, or better, trust in the inner awareness of what my present duties were. Let me explain what is meant by this.

Shortly after the war, through my father I came in contact with one of the best German astrologers. He and his family had been customers of my father till we were bombed out in Hamburg. This astrologer, Wilhelm T.H. Wulff, liked my father very much and tried to help him in the very difficult situation after World War II, when he had to reopen his shop. Again and again I was startled by the exactness of the predictions of this evidently clairvoyant astrologer, who also took an interest in me. He liked to sit with me in the evenings when his work was over, but I myself never developed an interest in astrology, although I was shown breathtak-

ing examples of this art. A large clientele was using the faculties of Mr. Wulff for business purposes and to avoid risks. I was very much astonished to find so many prominent names on his list of customers.

To make it brief, although I had been offered lessons in astrology more than once, I developed the idea that I should abstain from it and not use the horoscope, but instead follow my own intuition and inner awareness of what had to be done. Time went by and I developed a kind of sense for what one may call the 'optimal periods' for work. I learned when to work and when to pause, and never to concentrate on only one thing over a long period of time. I always had and still have 'many irons in the fire' and work on one or the other whenever I feel that I should. Of course, there are occasionally conflicts with dates, office hours and other hindrances, but there are also means to resolve them. What is important to me is trust in my inner awareness of duties.

"Duties are born with you, are latent in your talents" - this sentence from Dadaji's letter did not leave my mind. There was one duty, I felt, the foremost duty - to love Him! Was this natural gift my "talent"? This talent, although not my property, was given to me by Him at the beginning like the "talents" in the biblical parable (Matth. 25, 14 -30) which says that we have to make the best use possible of what is bestowed on us, so that the original gift grows and grows, love multiplies love.

This idea freed me from the compulsion of "ascetic behavior" in regard to the planned book. I decided to talk to Dadaji about this during his forthcoming visit to Germany. At any rate I intended to not only have His permission but to follow His Will, the direction of which only could be ascertained from within.

Pondering about the "talents" had an unforeseen side effect. In the discussions with others about my still pending decision to leave the university and join industry I learned that many people responded positively about 'entrepreneurial talents' I had shown

in the past. I had not been aware of these talents, but began to realise they could be of good use for a new stage of professional life.

On 27 June 1980, Dadaji came to London and I contacted him by phone to find out when he would come over to Germany. He had to stay for a week in London and wanted to use the next weekend to visit us.

> Diary July 5, 1980.
>
> When I went to Duesseldorf airport to pick up Dadaji, the sun was shining and I had the idea that he was bringing the sunshine with him. What were my expectations? The days before many questions had welled up in my mind, but I did't note them down, for I believe one cannot prepare for an encounter with Dadaji.
>
> Dadaji's plane was late and I had to wait with Dr. Khetani. We also waited after the disembarkment, for there were difficulties with the passport control. How wonderful to embrace Dadaji! He has come together with his wife and son, and with Roma Mukherji , Abhi Bhattacharya and Kulwant Singh and his wife. A big party! Dr. Khetani and I brought them all to Witten, where we only had a short conversation. We sat together and I was happy. Dadaji was tired from the journey; we would meet in the afternoon.-
>
> (Afternoon.) When I arrived with Uta and the children at Dr. Khetani's house, Dadaji was still resting and we waited together with Michael and Annemarie B. Then Dadaji showed up and enthusiastically hugged Uta and then the children. He also embraced the B.s, whom he had seen previously during his last two visits.
>
> Then we sat together in silence. Dadaji smilingly looked at us and I had the impression of a stimulating

conversation without words. The real conversation started very slowly with everyday occurrences and the exchange of memories. Michael B. spoke about his last visit to Calcutta (where he had been with a group of people from the Calcutta Aid of the Protestant Church); he had not been able to see Dadaji. Dadaji interrupted when Paramhansa Yogananda's *Autobiography of a Yogi* was mentioned by Michael B. Dadaji knew Yogananda personally and also knew his teacher Sri Yukteswar Giri. He met Yogananda in Varanasi and gave a vivid picture of those days. He also mentioned Swami Vivekananda, a man who felt strongly obliged to society. Vivekananda had been against a Ramakrishna cult, as Dadaji told us, for this Saint had been a very simple man. Although Dadaji commented positively about these three respected persons, he nevertheless reiterated his disgust with Yogis, Gurus, etc., and their 'Ashramas'. "The world is His Ashram," he said. Through Michael B., himself a Protestant priest, we came to speak about the Christ, a theme which always excites Dadaji. The Christ, he told us, was not identical with the Jesus of the *Bible*. The figure of Jesus was to a large part a later invention. The same was true for the Buddha.

During the conversation, which mostly took place between the B.s and Dadaji, my letters were also mentioned. Dadaji said that I didn't know what I was writing (and, indeed, many times I myself wonder about it).

Annemarie B. had a curious question for Dadaji: "Can you yourself be hurt?" After some thought he answered, "Oh yes!" I wondered what this answer meant. He who cannot be hurt is no more human. To

me only one question matters: Being hurt, do you 'pay back' or not?

When the others went home, I remained alone with Dadaji to tell him about my problems with the book *Man as Householder*, being largely a 'mind-born', academic manuscript. I suggested that I instead use our correspondence as a basis, having myself learned so much from his letters - they could be helpful for others also.

Dadaji listened with a smile and evidently was very content with this idea. I added that up to now I had considered our letters to be a very private affair and not meant for others, of course, a very egoistic point of view. He told me that he wanted to publish some of the letters beforehand and I agreed.

On the way back to Bochum I had some difficulty with the proposal I had made to Dadaji. My mind produced a lot of questions in regard to the correspondence. Wasn't it too intimate and not understandable by other readers? Could it not affect my academic status? Should I not be afraid of "Herodianism" which Dadaji himself had spoken about in one of his letters? I comforted myself by looking at our correspondence as being still incomplete - a lot had to be added. But then a new problem arose: Would I be able to write letters to Dadaji having always in mind that they were meant for publication? What about the spontaneous way which had helped me up to now? In the meantime, I reached home and decided to leave everything to Him.

On Sunday morning I contacted Rukmini Devi in Naarden by phone to tell her that Dadaji would be with us at 5 pm and that Uta and I would be overjoyed if she and Peter Hoffman could come over from Holland to Bochum. Rukmini hesitated because of the long drive, five hours or more by car. But she agreed because of the opportunity to see Dadaji, and I was happy.

In the afternoon, Abhi telephoned to tell me that Dadaji had a slight temperature and that Dr. Khetani advised him to have still more

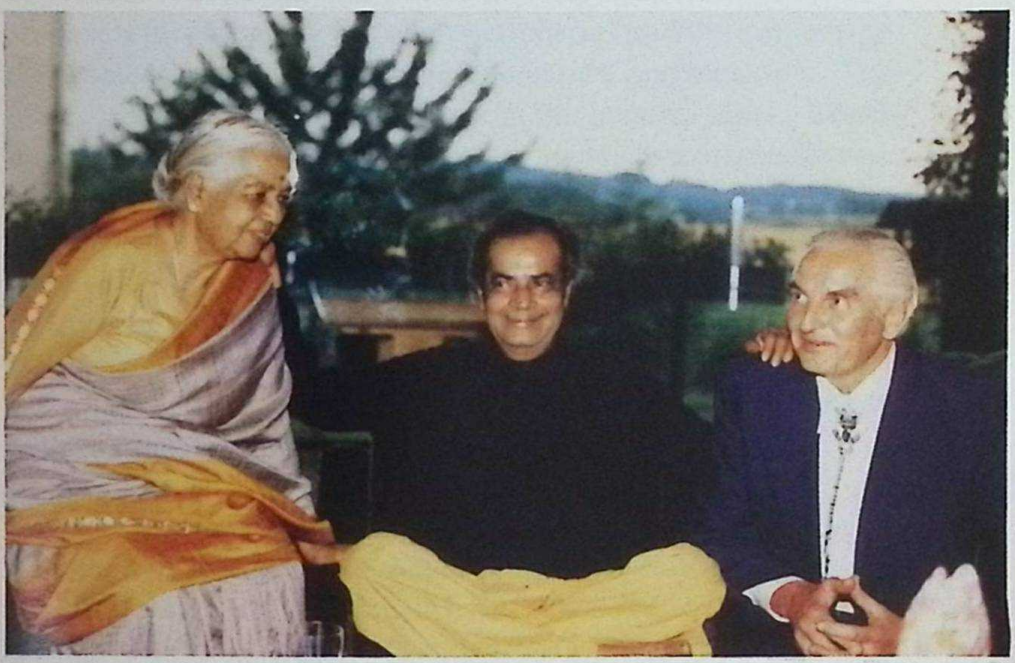
rest. Dadaji hopefully would join us at 6 pm. Rukmini had difficulties with the heavy traffic, she arrived with Peter Hoffman only shortly before before Dadaji came with Dr.Khetani, Abhi, Kulwant Singh and Roma Mukherji.

Dadaji was in an exited mood when he entered the house. He asked me, "What weather do you want?" I only had one wish: "Please, no rain! We have had enough of it during the last weeks!" It wasn't raining at that time and I'm sure, by this answer I missed seeing a 'miracle', for many people, amongst them Dr.Lalit Pandit, had reported seeing Dadaji change the weather.

In the meantime, Rukmini Devi had come from the living room where she had been waiting to greet Dadaji very respectfully. Dadaji took her by her hand and made her sit next to him. Uta and I were delighted to see the two persons revered by us sitting hand in hand and smiling at each other.

We talked about what brought us together - Uta's and my friendship with Rukmini lasting then around twenty years, and our loving relationship with Dadaji for now one tenth of that time. Dadaji spoke highly of the social work of Rukmini and that she had declined becoming President of India when asked by Prime Minister Morarji Desai, as it hadn't been her duty. For some years, Rukmini had been member of the Lok Sabha, the Upper House of the Indian Parliament, and had been offered the position of the President of India because of her nationwide reputation as a respected artist and social worker.

Then Dadaji started to quote from the *Bhagadvadgita* in Sanskrit, and as far as I could make out he tried to explain to Rukmini a special meaning of the quotations. They started some sort of dispute, and Dadaji commented that the original meaning of the quoted text now was distorted. The written text was one thing, but the understanding of the reader another one. As long as there was no "approach from within" by the reader, false



Dadaji with Rukmini Devi Arundale and Peter Hoffman in our Bochum home, July 1980

interpretations would prevail. To Dadaji's comment I added my favourite saying from the *Bible*, "The letter killeth, but the spirit maketh alive," and Dadaji asked whether our understanding was not conditioned by a certain background of experiences, theories, beliefs, "and other mind stuff". The 'beyond mind' cannot be understood but having experienced it, things are seen in another light.

As I understood Dadaji, there are two sorts of distortions in connection with traditional texts and scriptures. The first, where the text is inappropriate because of erroneous traditions regarding the content or mistakes in the expression or translation. The other 'source of distortion' lies in the present mind, which doesn't understand the text in the way in which it originally was intended. Over and again Dadaji stressed that "the real answers only come from within." "No acrobatics of the mind are needed," he added. The wordings of the holy scriptures are mostly mere shadows of the "Word", in which the wording, the idea, and the substance are one. It is the same with the two written 'words' of Mahanam which read by the mind are only shadows compared with His Name coming into bloom from within.

But how to spread Truth? My friend Siegfried Kuska, who again had come to meet Dadaji, thought certain organizations provide a good platform for teaching 'Divine Wisdom'. I was expecting Dadaji to give him the well-known answer that Truth cannot be organized, but only lived. This time it went another way.

> Diary, June 6, 1980
>
> Dadaji answered, "You cannot teach by words, only experiences are helping along the way." He told Siegfried, "Go to the next room and smell the Fragrance at his picture!" I joined Siegfried in following this sudden invitation. First we went to the bedroom, but then I remembered Dadaji having

hinted to go to the small room where I myself normally sleep. There a picture of Dadaji was standing on a small oval table next to the bed. Shortly before, this room had been prepared for Rukmini.

When we opened the door we smelled a strong Fragrance emanating from Dadaji's picture. Siegfried discovered some splashes of a honey-like nectar on the table, and the glass and frame of the picture. Dadaji hadn't been in the room, neither had any of the people accompanying him. He also could not have seen (at least with his physical eyes) that his picture was in this room ... Nevertheless he had pointed in the right direction. (We have many pictures of Dadaji in our house, but this particular one had been chosen by him ....)

I had a strange reaction: I took it naturally as a self -evident truth. But Siegfried was in a flutter. We touched the honey-like fragrant nectar with our finger tips to show it to those in the living room. Then Peter Hoffman visited the room. Dadaji's comment was that this could happen over 1,000 miles, and he added for Rukmini, "You will smell it in your room when you come home".

Of course, there arose many questions about the Fragrance. I quoted an old line from the Catholic Mass, "to breathe forth the Fragrance of the Divine life", and told Dadaji that for me this was intimately connected with the "immensity of His Love", we had spoken about in Calcutta. Dadaji looked at me with a smile. Siegfried remarked that the Fragrance and the music of Krishna's flute should be the same. But Dadaji replied that Krishna's flute is a symbolic picture and something else.

Dadaji's comment as to how these phenomena were 'done' was only, "I do not know anything". The

phenomena happened not at his, but His Will. He suddenly added, "Fragrance has changed!" Peter Hoffman immediately went to the room. Dadaji was right, it was quite another smell!

Evidently the 'Fragrancing' of the picture happened at the time when Dadaji told Siegfried to look at it. Entering the room with Siegfried the first time we found the glass over the picture and the oval table wet. Dadaji's picture behind the glass remained dry. But when I looked into the room the second time, along with the changed Fragrance some of the honey-like nectar had crept under the frame and wetted the picture at the bottom. The picture still emitted His Fragrance, while the room had the fragrance of Charanjal ....

Uta experienced the phenomena in the same manner I did: as a self-evident truth. The others were very excited, and after some time Peter Hoffman, Siegfried and Rukmini again went into the room. I remembered Dadaji's hand-prints on my jacket after he had embraced me for the first time in Calcutta!

A large part of the conversation was between Dadaji and Rukmini. I was not able to follow most of it, for Dadaji quoted in Sanskrit from the *Upanishads*, the *Bhagavadgita* and other scriptures. Rukmini seemed to be fascinated; most of the quotations were known to her, but Dadaji's comments showed them in another light. In between he smiled at her and said, "He loves you", and she admired his hands ... I'm indebted very much to both of them, for this was a very important encounter for me. Dadaji said to me, "You are the meeting point!"

I also remember another nice scene. Uta left the group gathered around Dadaji to go to the kitchen to prepare the evening meal. When she came back, Dadaji waved her to his side and tenderly

asked, "Where have you been?" Uta answered, "I have done my duty, Dadaji." Full of love Dadaji took her into his arms exclaiming, "Excellent, very excellent!" When Uta left us again, Dadaji spoke about duty as being "most important".

We all enjoyed our meal prepared by Uta. Dadaji remained in the living room and ate some nuts. Peter Hoffman joined him and sought his advice on behalf of Rukmini, who had some personal problems. After the meal Dadaji wanted to see the garden which he liked very much. Then he had to go back to Witten. It was a hearty farewell.

Next morning Peter told me of an experience, which deeply impressed him. When he went to get the car to drive Rukmini to Bochum, Dadaji came to his mind and he suddenly began weeping. While in the car he could hardly stop; all the way he had Dadaji in mind.

Rukmini was equally impressed by her meeting with Dadaji. But as the Head of a spiritual center she naturally had a different understanding of 'spiritual organization' than Dadaji. His Fragrance had soaked into her clothes overnight and she enjoyed staying in the small room with Dada's fragrant picture. The Fragrance also filled the car when she and Peter drove back to Holland.

Dadaji's Fragrance remained in our home over two days. Wednesday evening in Witten I had another appointment with Dadaji. When I arrived I found an Indian visitor with him, and after he left, Dadaji wanted my opinion about married life. I said that to my own understanding happy marriages are 'consummated in Heaven'. According to Dadaji a married couple has to bear together "Prarabdha (fate) with fortitude".

Dadaji was keen to know how I met Uta. In 1962, it had been love at first sight, immediately after I had come back from my first visit to India. On the day prior to my return I had in New Delhi with Rukmini Devi a long conversation about the importance of the real partnership between men and women and the desirability of a married life for a person's development. At that time being still a staunch bachelor, I was deeply touched by Rukmini's words which were full of love and wisdom. After I left her flat, I felt not prepared to go to bed although it was late in the evening; so I strolled round the Connaught Circle. There a Sikh astrologer wanted to sell me a horoscope. I was not ready to listen to him, but could not get rid of that chap. Following close at my heels round the Circle he tried to get my attention by calling after some time the Christian names of my father and my mother, their birthdays and other details he impossibly could know. I was flabbergasted! But when he mentioned that a nice girl, my future bride, was waiting for me in Hamburg, I believed him to be definitely wrong and sent him away. To days after my arrival in Hamburg where I lived with my parents, I met Uta for the first time and knew on the spot that I would marry her. Dadaji delightfully listened to my story; "You are really a lucky man," was his comment. When I mentioned Rukmini's name, he started to speak about her. With great warmth he again said, "He loves her."

I was with Dadaji for four hours that evening. He listened like a father to the things I wanted to tell him. We discussed my forthcoming professional change and he asked me about my next visit to India. Next morning I brought Dadaji and the others to Duesseldorf Airport. When the plane took off, I didn't have the impression that Dadaji left me.

CHAPTER TWELVE

Do not search for Him, be found

I don't know how the decision ripened within me to leave the university for industry. It always had been my approach to select the 'right time', not as a rational process but by intuition. When you believe, based on intuition, that now is the 'right time' for a decisive step, you also find the soil under your feet for this very step. We are not the agents of our fate, but part of a whole which influences and conditions us in many ways. And, of course, a change which happens to us also influences the situation of others, often in a decisive way. An example being one of my assistants, who told me that in reaction to my decision, he would quit his very promising academic career and join an international organization.

Never before had I such a clear understanding that it wasn't me that made the decision. The 'pros' and 'cons' had been equally strong; of course, 'pros' and 'cons' are largely created by our mind and a result of past value judgments.

One may ask whether Dadaji influenced this. In my encounters with him he had stressed over and again the importance of the *inner* authority. He himself did not give advice like a Guru does. Instead he asked me to listen to ' His voice', which usually does not speak in words. He really behaved as an elder brother, who tries to give the younger one a chance to become independent. He also taught me to rely on my common sence.

Dadaji's letter from 23 May 1980 gave me much to ponder. I was still busy studying the 'stages of life' according to Hindu tradition and according to Dadaji. I struggled with a stack of literature about life cycles and the law of periodicity, creative and formative periods of individual life and so on.

Diary August 9,1980

Only now it became clear to me why Dadaji speaks about the sequence of Sannyasa - Brahmacarya-Grihastha as apart from the traditional 'Four Ashramas' of Hindu teachings. The reason is simple: The 'Four Ashramas' are fixed to the life cycle and are more an ethical or social norm than a description of the factual sequence. In contrast to this, Dadaji sees Him as the sole Agent of life, which is not bound to single passages counted in years of the life cycle.

The traditional Hindu Sannyasa stage refers to a saint or hermit, venerable with age, having long gathered experience through an 'ascetic life' and is also socially defined as the Guru, the Master. But Dadaji views the Sannyasi "as a little child in His lap" at the beginning of inner development which unfolds naturally.

The traditional Hindu Brahmacari celibate chastely studies the scriptures. Dadaji sees this person living through an inner process of becoming conscious of the fundamental Oneness, while living normally in the world, in which the person sees Him more and more and finally becomes one with Him. Symbolically in Hindu teachings the *Varn-Ashrama Dharma*, the law of the stages of life, is fixed to the 'clock-face' of life, while Dadaji looks at the four stages from the center.

Gurus are only able to show outer paths- or they have to give up the Guru status by saying,"He alone is the Guru!"

Sannyasa as the crowning of life or as life filled with Him? While the first may appear to be based on hierarchical thinking and differentiations as in Hindu

teachings, it is essentially the latter, that feeling of Oneness and identity. It has become very clear to me that Sri Krishna Chaitanya had to revolt against castes which were based on the misinterpretation of the four stages representing inner states. *Varn-Ashrama Dharma* is a part of applied metaphysics and an answer to the question how ideal society has to be from the traditional Hindu point of view. Dadaji is against applied metaphysics, for this is mind business. He wants to make us aware of Him alone within the context of normal daily living.

In connection with these 'stages of life', as I had written in my last letter to Dadaji, is the idea of 'responsibility'. Dadaji's reaction had been very harsh: "Can you shoulder the responsibilities of your small family even?" This was not easily digested. The idea of responsibility is to such an extent part and parcel of our social order and mental attitudes that we shy away from all kinds of challenges to this concept.

Responsibility is tightly bound to commonly accepted Western social and cultural norms. It is based on the law of cause and effect: I am responsible for certain effects, when I am able to influence or cause them. The moment we become aware of a totally interlinked world, the "world as an organic whole", where "even a plant or a fly is our Gurubhai", as Dadaji had written in one of his letters, we might think ourselves 'responsible' for everything. Such a 'total responsibility' is a demand too excessive for the individual. Thus, it cancels itself out. 'Freedom of decision' is the philosophical basis of individual responsibility. When our actions are seen to be connected with everything that happens, we are no longer 'free', are no longer the 'doers', no longer the 'decision' makers.

The question arises as to whether anybody could do harm to others and claim not to have the 'freedom of decision' and thus

be free of responsibility. The answer to the problem of responsibility which I have found is very simple. Not responsibility, but 'responsiveness'! Responsiveness, as I understand it, means the ability to respond to the, as Dadaji puts it so beautifully, "actions that come our way" by "vibrating His love". This is more than mind-based logical decision or effort of individual will. It is responding in a natural way, as our hearts demand and guide us in any and all situations. Our mind then becomes a servant, fascilitating the process in ways unimaginable.

I also pondered about the meaning of duty in this connection. Duty is a word which in our common understanding hints at responsibilities we have taken upon ourselves, or which are culturally ascribed to us, may it be professional responsibilities or those in a family or in whatever our roles.

'Duty' as Dadaji uses the word is far more. Dadaji says, it is our first and foremost duty to love Him - to love Him unconditionally. We have to be open to Him always, to respond to His Will. Can we really love Him and not love life? He is the Essence of life, is Life Itself. So we have to surrender to Him, to surrender to Life, which is Love. "Don't run away from life," says Dadaji. How to? By always remembering Him. "Do your duty": That is the command to realize the wholeness of life, its holiness. And to remember Him means also to respond to Him. "Do your duty" is the all-embracing command not to try to escape, not to run away. There are the 'good times', the 'nice moments', when we are not embroiled in the conflicts of life; when it is easy to accept life as it is. These are normally the times of easy duties and we accept and enjoy them without question. Inevitably we also experience the hard times of sickness and sorrow, the drudgeries of life; times we would rather try to avoid, situations which make us feel fully incompetent to cope with them. Is it, then, our duty to fight our way through these hard times, to struggle bravely with the difficulties, to overcome misery and 'bad luck'? No, here we shouldn't try to escape; it is our duty to accept life, to fully

participate and say 'Yes' to life under all circumstances. In these, as in all situations, we have His Love and strength to guide us. Whatever we do, the result, the outcome is in His hands. Dadaji says, "Take Him as the Doer, and do whatever comes your way with perfect planning, motivation, and execution. Leave the thought of outcome to Him, you can really do nothing." Humbleness and patience are a prerequisite of responsiveness. Our duties as they come our way we must not evade - it is only the responsive consciousness, that compels actions taken with Him in mind, which matters.

Dadaji is correct: The whole world is *His* house. He is everything. This leaves no room for the selfish claim of our personal power to decide and our individual responsibility for what happens in our lives. Responsibility, as he wrote in his letter, is "contradictory and smacks of egoism." Of course, the moment we say that it is *our* responsibility, it contradicts *His*. But He is everything. Still I know that I live in a world with social rules, where the concept of responsibility plays an important role. Responsiveness to His Will in living submission is underdeveloped and restricted by the norms of our take-and-give culture permeating our whole consciousness. For example, when a duty or an office is conveyed to me, I become responsible for it. This is a clear, often contractual, relationship between the people concerned. And, should I break the laws I become responsible for what I have done. Here, in either situation, my difficulties start for my 'inner law' might not be in accordance with civil or criminal written law. This conflict is a favorite topic of great occidental literature. It is in the 'inner law', the "moral law in our bosom" of the great Immanuel Kant, where responsiveness has its root. Here I'm not talking about internalized social norms. The "Moral Law" I have in mind is found far deeper in the human being. It is an expression of His Love.

Reponsiveness : This also means to respond to Him, to be in tune with Him and the Unity of all things. I am not responsible for the

world and for humanity; I *am* the world! I *am* humanity! At first this seems to be a revelation, but it is a realization - Self-realization. J.Krishnamurti speaks about "responsibility toward ourselves." I guess what he has in mind is the responsiveness to the Self which is He, the real and only Doer.

Responsiveness is also bound to our opennes and readiness to respond. It is an expression of the "freedom of the heart", and it may well be that there never has been such an opportunity to be free as today in an age where the fascination of the fundamental controllability of all processes is so strong. "Excellent, excellent is the Kali Age," says the mythical Sage Vyasa in the *Vishnupuranam* (Part VI, Section 2).

Another point in Dadaji's letter was the opposition against altruism: "No utilitarianism or altruism," he wrote. The cultivation of extremely altruistic behavior is seen as very desirable not only in Christian society, but also by the representatives of many other religions, whereas an utilitarian behavior does not have ethical value for it is judged as egotistic. Either rigid by self-discipline or by socially endorsed rules the individual is expected or forced to change and refine egotistic behavior. Is this not a denial of the individual's natural inclinations to at times be sincerely altruistic, at times be selfish? Forcing any behavior to the extreme is what Dadaji warns against, especially if the intent is "spiritual" advancement. In the centre of gyrating egoism or utilitarianism solely rests the 'I' and in altruism everything supposedly gyrates around the 'you'. Yet a sense of superiority often creeps into the mind of both. Therefore, altruistic behavior as social norm is not the opposite of egoism but only its specific expression.

However, there are times when we are compelled from within to care for others, that is, we take the welfare of others into consideration spontaneously, naturally without thought of ourselves or what we might receive in return. At the moment we

respond to another person as being also in Him, there is no question of altruism or utilitarianism. "So long as there is life, there is ego. You cannot do without it. You can only take it as His ego," Dadaji had written. He is always very skeptical in regard to religious, cultural, social or political 'rules' and 'norms' (charity, sacrifice, altruism, etc.) which are promoted in countless ways as means to bring individuals, communities and even nations nearer to "God".

One may ask, should we at least not try to encourage concern for the welfare of others? Would not brute egoism kill all norms necessary for an ordered social life? It is simple, we need only remember Him in the actions that come our way and realize that it is *He Himself* who prompts and prods us to do what He wills. Yet we more often view the behavior of others and our own actions and mentally label it altruistic or at times utilitarian or even brutally egoistic. He makes no such behavioral distinctions of good or bad. We have to be aware of the fact that it is His simple command to do our duties as presented and always remember Him. Let us also take this view and accept ego as His - He is the Doer.

Often the poet seems to be a kind of medium, a conduit to the invisible, with poetry as the expression of intimate revelations. One day I rediscovered a wonderful poem by Rainer Maria Rilke (1875-1926) and called it a 'Brahmacari poem'. This is the original german text which starts with the following lines :

Durch alle Wesen reicht der eine
Raum:
Weltinnenraum.
Die Voegel fliegen still
Durch uns hindurch.
O, der ich wachsen will,
Ich seh' hinaus, und in mir waechst
der Baum.

(Through all the worlds extends one space:
Internal space of the world.
The birds fly silently
Through us.
Oh, I who seek to grow,
I look outside,
and the tree is growing within me.)

Diary August 14, 1980

This poem perfectly describes my feeling that everything is within. I have to tell this to Dadaji, who again is very near to me now. How much has been experienced already - but is not conceptualized and preserved in words. When I read this poem thirty years ago and marked it in the book, what fascinated me? Was it not describing perfectly the experiences during the Hamburg days of my childhood at the Alster Lake in early Spring, when water washed around the stones near the bridge and the willows were dreaming of fresh life? "Through all the worlds extends one space": Seemingly external, these worlds of finite images, picture galleries, playgrounds, stages - they are all permeated by the "internal space of the world" (Weltinnenraum). This internal space is not 'room' defined by the mind, but infinite space without borders.

Very often during these months I had remarkable experiences. For example, occasionally while pondering about this or that question absent-mindedly, I looked casually toward the book shelf in my room. All of a sudden I felt that I had to open a certain book which came into view, and I then and there found the answers and commentaries to my present questions. On evening I was concerned with the use of the law of wisdom contained in

scriptures - about which Dadaji warns us because of their distortions - and I felt attracted by *The Gospel of Sri Krishna*, collected by Duncan Greenless and published 1962 in his *World Gospel Series*.

Diary August 15, 1980

I opened the book and found the story of how freshly bathed baby Krishna, only three months old, was placed by Yasoda, his step-mother, in a cradle under the mild cart to have a little nap. She was busy with the preparations for a festival and did not hear her son crying for his mother's milk. Annoyed, the child kicked up his tender little feet and upset the cart in such a way that the earthenware and glass vessels full of milk and curds were smashed. The wheels came apart and the axle and pole were shattered. Suspecting it was the work of some evil spirit, Yasoda picked up her crying son and gave her darling milk.

Greenless gives the following commentary (which also, I guess, could have come from Dadaji) to the scene under the headline 'Book-learning': "Now he must learn to reject the vast and varied load of knowledge acquired by his own study and research and that of his predecessors. While those who love him and are to guard him are busy, Martha-like, with social activities, the child craves the milk of spiritual learning, which is love. He lies crying under a cart loaded with milk and all its products - all the forms of truth described by words, in books, in Holy scriptures. To teach devotees not to rely on any verbalization of the living Truth - which is love and can never be truly defined in language - Krishna breaks this demon cart and upsets the content of all its vessels. The bibliolatrist relying on the written word can know little of the Truth, so his faith in bibles

must be broken, even the Scripture itself be shattered... Yasoda gives the child the pure milk of mother-love to satisfy his longing, and he sleeps again in peace."

I was deeply moved by this story and others, which I read during those weeks. I often heard Dadaji's voice inside as if he were talking to me.

Dadaji was still in the U.S.A. Far away? No, everywhere! Abhi Bhattacharya wrote in a letter from the States dated 13th August 1980 that in Dr. Samiran Mukherji's house in Calcutta, Charanjal was coming from all the water taps. No plain water in the entire house! Can one comprehend this? Uta and I were overwhelmed by this story. I did not know then that in the future the same house would offer me some of Dadaji's surprises.

I tried to write a letter to Dadaji, but it wasn't the 'right time', so I left it. It took some days till I was in the right mood.

Bochum, 5. Sept. 80

Dearest Dadaji,

This is the third time I start to write to you and I hope not to be disturbed, for our conversation by letter is for me the same as if I sit in front of you and ask questions, try to explain ideas which have come into my mind, and listen to your answers and comments. My questions and your answers: For some time this is a hindrance in our correspondence; at that moment when I start to write down a question, your answer comes. So, why write down questions? I have had so many conversations of this kind with you, I have received such valuable help by comments of the

'non-letter type' that sitting in front of the paper with a pen in hand is a very special thing. At least it is of help for me to write down experiences and ideas. Writing is a kind of meditation in front of a mirror. But again: this is a letter to my Elder Brother, who still stays with me in our house - inspite of his 'bodily departure' after his visit here two months ago.

I try to understand this ambivalent reality of absence and presence, and I confess that I'm only able to accept the fact, not to understand it. Your are so near, you are here - and yet I'm penning a letter to you in Calcutta! It is good to write these lines, since I become aware of a reality which is a mystery.

Of course, I know this normal feeling of the presence of a member of the family, who seems to be in his or her room inspite being absent. 'My wife or father is around here all the time' - this is normally an expression of the fact that we live with the picture galleries of our memory and are used to projecting familiar people into their surroundings. We perceive a presence - and we may be very disappointed by then realizing their absence.

I clearly remember the armchair you occupied sitting next to Srimati Rukmini Devi Arundale in our drawing room during your visit. I also, of course, remember the Fragrance, which manifested in my bedroom with the appearance of nectar sprinkled on your photo on the small oval table next to my bed, without anyone having entered the room - an unexplainable event! I have stored in my memory all the moments of our encounters during your stay in my and Dr. Chandrakant Khetani's house. Still, although this is past, your presence here and now is actual reality! And it has been an unwavering actual

reality all the time since you departed. It is like this: All of a sudden, I realize your presence, not like that of 'another person' in the room, but more a sharing of consciousness. Often when I write down something in my diary, or when I ponder about a question or a problem, or when I try to explain to a guest, friend or student a difficult idea, or want to help someone by giving certain hints, I suddenly know you are present - and it's not me who speaks. This is a very peculiar thing, which I cannot describe in a better way; it is some kind of amalgamation with you. You will know what I mean. It is not strange and I do not lose my identity, but I'm 'in tune' with you and I'm enthusiastic about it.

One day you said to me : "You do not know what you are talking about", and I was a little bit disturbed by this remark. Was I talking nonsence? In the meantime several times I have experienced that I do not know what I'm saying, for I do no repeat what is already known to me in my mind. Something new comes, something fresh -astonishingly new, at least for me. And what is most important : For me it is creative truth. But from what source does it come? It is not *my* truth, *my* knowledge, which I have, so to speak, acquired before. Rather it comes as an unexpected gift, for which I was not longing. These are moments of great inner joy and upwelling thankfulness, and I would love for such movements to be of longer duration. By talking to somebody and trying to help, I myself am taught! Who is the teacher? Only He. He, who resides in my heart! Who dwells in the region between inbreathing and outbreathing. The Point in the Lotus ...He. It is most wonderful!

Another idea has come into my mind. Re-reading familiar books, I very often find deeper meanings of sentences unnoticed in the past. Till a short time

ago I considered this to be a very normal process of understanding growing naturally. Now I have come to the conclusion that basically there is nothing *in* books and *in* scriptures. It is all inside us. Everything is inside; but because we are trained to discover ourselves in the 'outside' mirror-world, we inevitably are prone to come to false conclusions. In other words: Nothing comes out of a book per se; I read everything into it. Right reading is a creative performance. I heard you saying, "All holy Scriptures are distorted." They are broken mirrors, glasses through which we see darkly.

Sometimes books are partially helpful, of course. For a long time I've experienced a very helpful process which enables me to understand myself and many other things: I sit in my library doing my normal work. Suddenly I have the strong desire to look into a book of a certain color located in a specific place on the shelf or elsewhere. Very often the title of the book does not matter and I do not expect anything special. I open the book somewhere, anywhere, and there I find an answer to a question I was longing to know. Or it contains a certain comment which fits very well into my actual activities.

Thus I have come to know there is an 'inner guidance' providing the means to make ideas conscious. Instead of exclusively growing in my mind without the aid of mirrors, at any unpredictable moment, I'm guided to take such 'book-mirrors'.

I know it is a strange idea that nothing is in the book but a series of alphabetical letters and that the whole content is within us. "The letter killeth, but the spirit maketh alive," says the *Bible* (and my inner understanding of this matter). Am I right, Dadaji?

It was shortly after your last visit to Germany that I realized by reading poems I was in search of a poetic expression of an idea I was not able to utter in proper words. Poems, you know, are excellent mirrors, for there is so much room for Truth between and behind the lines. And I discovered a beautiful piece of poetry, knowing at once that I should write about this to you. It is a poem by the German poet Rainer Maria Rilke, whom I love very much. The only trouble is that it is impossible in translation to give you an expression of the beauty of the language. I will read it to you in German, when I come to Calcutta in October, so that you can at least hear the beautiful sound of the words. This is the translation, in which I attempt to convey the meaning in a language, which is not my mother tongue:

Those who attempt to seek You,
tempt you.
And those who have found You,
Will bind You in image and rite.
But I want to embrace You,
as the Earth embraces You.
In my unfolding
Your Kingdom
is growing.

Is this not a beautiful poem? To seek him through ritual is mind-business (often real money business, when the selling of various techniques and organizations are involved). Why search for Him? He is always here! And to tempt Him who never can be led into temptation, means to go astray. He permits the seeking, as nothing can happen against His Will. And are we not inevitably imprisoned by images and rites: Static and repetitive mind-pictures of utterly dynamic forces! Who seeks to paint the sun will fail.

He is everything, He is everywhere - and He is illuminating the mind by making us realize that the mind is also He. This illumination we experience as a change of the quality of our thoughts.

While writing this I occasionally look out of the window. The sun is rising and the trees in the garden change their quality: Trees before sunrise are different from trees in the fresh new light of day.

Is this nonsense? Are these not the same well-known trees day and night? How can I speak of changing trees! I'm sure: there is a constant flow, a constant change. I myself change with every heart-beat. Everything is new each second. Although it is to us an often unobservable, immeasurable change, an immense totality of changes is going on all the time. I often feel myself part and parcel of this flow, which seems to come from one distinct source: This flow, this energy, this Mahanam is the living Message.

There are new aspects of life and new perspectives unfolding every moment. Every moment is fresh and alive. 'New' means Presence, neither past nor future. 'New' = 'Now', a dynamic point... It is beyond explanation. We may try to bottle the present and the future, to fix it by our plans, to boil it down to columns of computerized datas, creating dry mind-stuff, tinned goods without fragrance and taste. Inevitably His Will prevails. His Love is the means and the end, the past, present and future.

I'm reminded of the story of baby Krishna lying in a cradle in the shadow under a milk-cart. With a kick of His tender feet he destroys it and the whole load of milk and curds in earthenware and glass vessels. He demands the pure, fresh milk of mother-love from Yasoda.

What a wonderful, heart-warming story! It is love, which opens the sources of wisdom, and this new quality of thought I was talking about is nothing else but the radiance of love ! Dadaji, I'm so filled with His love, filled with Him! There is nothing left to desire- only to remain in this love consciously always.

6.9.80

I wasn't able to go on with writing the letter, so I will continue it now. Sometimes my days leave little time for personal activities.

Some days ago I was asked by a young friend, who is an expert in languages, about the practicality and usefulness of a study he planned in the field of so called 'spiritual languages', i.e., the mode of verbal expression of Gurus, Bhagwans, etc. At first I did not understand what 'spiritual language' could be. Does it mean the individual vocabulary of these 'spiritual teachers'? My friend told me there should be a difference between the normal way of expression and 'spiritual' (= inspired) expression. Now, this is not my field, but I'm quite sure that one is led astray by trying to research a special 'spiritual language' from texts. I myself did not find such 'spiritual' expression with you. The 'language of the heart' is highly spiritual, though it uses normal words and normal sentences. This language does not differ at all from the normal usage in family life, business, etc., but the meaning it carries for the person receiving the message can be highly inspiring. What really inspires is the One Language you talk about, which does not exist in differentiated words, but as the essence of communication. Language is One : Your original language is Bengali, mine is German,

we try to communicate by a not-fully-mastered medium, English; but that is the communication at the mind-level. There are other layers of consciousness and other means of communication - where it becomes Communion. This is the realm of the One Language, I guess.

A text, a word, a sentence is nothing really without the receiving part. It is fully up to one's ability to be open to such 'spiritual content' that allows one to become inspired. I remember a very interesting conversation with you by phone from the house of Mr. Someswar in Madras last winter. He rang you up in Calcutta and it was a rather short exchange between us; you were very much concerned with me and my family's well-being. I do not know why I did not tell you about a wonderful experience I had shortly before in Kalakshetra where we were living: Everything around was 'stuffed' with sun, was radiating like the sun - a sun-like existence all around. The sun was not a distinct radiating star far away, but 'incorporated' in the sand and the stones, the plants and the trees, animals and people - everything permeated by sun, the radiating light or energy being the whole essence.

I did not tell you this on the phone, though I had planned to do so when I came to visit Mr. Someswar, yet on the phone you suddenly inquired: "How do you like your place (Kalakshetra)?" And you added in the same breath, "A lot of sun there, yes?" I became aware of the more profound meaning of this statement after our telephone talk was over. "A lot of sun" - this hit exactly the point I had in mind to mention, and was to others only a statement about the weather conditions. It was some sort of

communication between us, which took partially the 'mind-road', after my actual experience of having been connected with you on another level.

Coming back to the constant change of the trees outside my window and of everything around, now I know this is the same experience as the 'sunny' one in Madras. What a Power! What a Beauty! An Ocean of Love....

Dearest Dadaji, this has become too long a letter. It is very inspiring to have you here *and* in Calcutta. Communion causes Communication! I hope to see you in Calcutta during the Utsava days and I will try to come some days earlier. I'm planning to leave my place for Madras via Bombay on the 26th of September, but it is still not fixed. There is an Indo-German Seminar going on from 2nd to the 5th of October at the Indian Institute of Technology, Madras, for which I am responsible as the German partner. I'm still unable to give you exact dates of my further program, but I have to leave Calcutta on the 19th of October for Germany. As soon as my itinerary is fixed I will inform you.

The last weeks were overshadowed a little bit by the consequences of my decision to leave the university and to re-direct my activities. And only recently my doctor discovered a certain weakness of health due to the fact that there was no time for real holidays. I will tell you about this when I come, but I'm already using your help! Uta and the children are well and we enjoy the last days of summer. Uta would have loved to come with me and to meet you, but that is not possible this time. Please give my love to your family. Looking forward to embracing you soon,

Yours Peter.

After I had finished this lengthy letter, I was still in a mood to go on writing. The idea came to my mind that He sometimes plays hide and seek. He plays this with our mind. The mind does its best to find out where He is hidden - behind this idea, that symbol? Has he gone far away to another country, hiding Himself in the garments of another religion? Is He an Indian? Was he born at Bethlehem? Where is He? Many, many minds go on in countless ways endeavoring to seek and to find Him. "Question is, who is in search of whom? *What* are you searching?" says Dadaji, and he laughs. "He is with you 24 hours of the day! You don't know ? Why do you want to know? He will give the answer. Everything is bound by time-factor."

In the meantime, I had to prepare for the journey to India. I was very curious what Utsava, the meeting of the friends of Dadaji, would be like. Sometime before I had read about it, but I tried to remain open for my own experiences. Also the forthcoming Indo-German Seminar in Madras had to be planned. It was an offshoot of the cooperation with the people from COSTED and some professors of the Indian Institute of Technology.

At the same time I was very busy as Chairperson of the newly founded Centre for the Promotion of Innovation and Technology Transfer of the Universities of the Ruhr District. I decided to leave the university at the end of February 1981; so it was my focus to strengthen the Centre for the time when my successor would take over.

I very much longed for Dadaji's answer to my letter; it came on 23rd September. Overwhelmed with joy I read it - it was as if I had been prepared for this letter by the reading of the *Gospel of Sri Krishna.*

Calcutta 16.9.80

Dear son,

Your letter dated September 5.

A splendid performance in communion with Him. Why do you talk of ambivalence? It is an absence in presence; and that is Vrajalila. And a 'sharing of consciousness' is the acme of it. Being 'in tune' with Him you create the eternal Truth in your life. You can create because it is right there in your, so to say, insensitive heart eternally. You create the uncreate to recreate your body, mind and senses with it. You immerse yourself thereby in the water of Ganga (i.e integral consciousness) and are nestled in 'the point in the Lotus', as you say, with a dying ecstasy never experienced before.-

Yes, whatever is, is within. But, that does not brush off the outside world. Whatever is within must also be there in the outer before me. The cycle must needs be completed. Otherwise, I shall suffer from a cleavage in consciousness. If one always feels His inner presence, one has to admit the feeling of His outer presence also. Or else, one is a fraud; or, it may be, one is defrauding oneself. You know full well that Gopis had such inner and outer experiences. And what about my good old son, Peter? He surely has a deluge of such experiences. So books certainly have some objective reality. And they certainly have some germs of truth in some neglected niche. But, they are mostly covered up by the files of verbiage and secretions of the putrefied ego. Rilke is wonderful and has much affinity with Tagore.

Yes, there is a constant flow which takes the garb of a constant change with a view to knocking the bottom of our egoistic frigid stance. Our limitation, our finitude gets a pleasant jolt through this flux and gets the booster to break the bonds of finitude.

Yes, 'new' is 'now', an eternal presence, a dynamic overflowing.

What! A 'spiritual language' as opposed to 'profane'! Funny, indeed! Then the 'spiritual' person must be an abnormal person. But, he has to be very much normal. Yes, it is the language of the heart, the language of communion. You look very sunny even now and are going round and round the inner sun, the primal sun.

Let us know of your itinerary as soon as it is fixed. The Utsava dates are 17th and 18th October. Don't you worry. He is always with you. My love to all of you.

Affectionately yours,

Dadaji.

Immediately I sent Dadaji my answer - to some extent a commentary to his letter.

Bochum, 23. Sept. 80

Dearest Dadaji,

To receive your letter from 16th September was a great joy! I was eagerly expecting your answer, because the time of my departure to India was coming near. So these lines will be mailed to you tomorrow in Bombay, where I hope to meet Abhi. I guess I will reach you earlier by phone than by this letter.

Your remarks about the 'outside world' were very helpful for me. "Whatever is within must also be there in the outer before me. The cycle must needs be completed," you wrote. What a simple, natural thing! Formerly I believed that the feeling of His inner presence is somehow 'easier' than to realize His outer presence. But now I know this to be a delusion, because He is all-pervading and always the full and limitless cycle. I can see Him also

before me. How could I live with closed eyes? Goethe wrote: "Would not be the eye sun-like, it never would see the sun". Sun-like eyes are able to discover the sun inside and outside, for there is no difference. And the dance of the Gopis with Krishna embraced by arms and heart is so wonderful ! It is not a story from olden times; it is down-to-earth reality, when the eyes are open.

I have another explanation of this state: Realizing His Love and permeated by His Love our awareness is changed, our senses are cleansed and we find ourselves in Him and Him in us. It is an awareness of Union and continuity. Vrajalila takes place everywhere. Thus He loves Himself...

It is still summer and yet there is already autumn in the fresh air. I love this time of the year. The apple trees are laden with marvelous fruits, and the wide, clear blue sky has a certain boundlessness. It is a distinct change of seasons: the departing one has grown ripe, the coming one already signals its beauty. You will understand when I speak of the 'breathing of the seasons'. It is more than a time-bound rhythm - it is like a heartbeat of Life. What is inside, what is outside?

Now I have to pack up things. In a short time I will be at Duesseldorf Airport and on the way to Bombay. I'm planning to come to Calcutta on 12th October, probably from Hyderabad, and I will inform you as soon as possible. My departure time is already fixed. I will leave Calcutta on 19th October for Delhi with IC 402 at 20.10 h and will go back to Germany with Lufthansa from there.

Looking forward to meeting you soon, with love from Uta and the children,

Affectionately Yours,

Peter.

Dadaji replied warmheartedly, but I got his answer only when I came back from India. And at that time it was a written token of the immensity of love I was able to experience during my stay in Calcutta.

Calcutta 29.9.80

My dear dear son,

Just received your lovely letter two days back. Oh, it is as good as an article! I have a mind to print it somewhere as all should know your thoughts. The words you have mentioned are His words. The fact that you feel His presence always at your place is that you are in tune with Him, in other words, you are inseparable from Him. I really miss you a lot and long to see you at Calcutta, although I often talk to you. Try to come a few days before, but inform me of the exact dates. I am sorry Uta and the children are not able to come this time. You have a tremendous beauty inside you, Peter, which has enabled you to realize Him so perfectly. With lots of love to you, Uta, and the three children - and best wishes -

Dadaji.

CHAPTER THIRTEEN

Utsava - Giving up the body

The flight from Frankfurt to Bombay was very pleasant. I had forewarned Dr. Br., my assistant, who was travelling with me, about the weather in Bombay. When we left the plane, it was enormously sticky, like in a hothouse. Monsoon had just said farewell to West India.

Abhi welcomed us at the airport together with Lalit Pandit, and made the proposal to go to his place, Delphin House, for we had ample time till our Madras flight would leave. When we were sitting in the taxi it suddenly was filled with Dadaji's Aroma. "He welcomes you", Abhi laughed. It was indeed a fragrant welcome!

After the arrival at Abhi's place I was totally occupied by the discussion with him and Lalit. I didn't take notice of Dr. Br., who was an attentive observer, certainly surprised about the many remarks showing him a field of my interests which was totally unknown to him previously.

In the evening, Dr. R.L. Datta, President of the International Solar Energy Society, came to see me. He learned from Dadaji about my arrival in Bombay, and I was glad to meet this very respected and likeable scientist. We shared the experiences we had with Dadaji and spoke about my destination, the Indian Institute of Technology, Madras. It was a pleasant time with friends. Dadaji seemed to be present all the time and I felt very enthusiastic about it. When we had to leave, Dr. Datta offered to bring us with his car to the airport.

After some time of driving we had to stop at a crossing in town. There a young woman, dirty and in a torn Sari, knocked at the car window begging for money. I didn't have Indian money and asked

the others for coins, but they also didn't have any. Against the warning of Dr. Datta I opened the window to explain the situation to the begging woman, but she seemed not to understand. In a kind of despair she grasped my arm and Dr. Datta became very angry, trying to scare her away. It was an awkward situation. In this moment I took her begging hand and caressed it.

All of a sudden, her face changed, beaming with an incredible beauty. Smilingly she looked at me and whispered, "Okay, it's alright". She withdrew from the car with a gesture indicating she had received a wonderful gift. In the meantime the light turned green and the car started. Although I had many heartwarming encounters with Indian people, in my memory this is one of the most wonderful. I never will forget the moment when her dirty face began to shine with radiant love - the love I had experienced so often in the presence of Dadaji.

Dr. Br. and I went to Madras for an Indo-German Seminar on 'Impact of Academic Institutions on Regional Development' organized by the Center for Rural Development of the I.I.T. Before the Seminar started on 2 October 1980 I had enough time to see friends of Kalakshetra and to have a swim in the ocean. Afterward I had dinner with Peter and Sarada Hoffman. Dr.Br. was with me all the time and seemed to be a little bit irritated because of the huge difference between life in Germany and in these Indian circles. But having a natural sense for human genuineness, he found the people he met most interesting. For me it was some kind of a test, for I had never talked to people who didn't belong to the group of my very close friends about this side of my life; I found it too difficult for others to appreciate it.

Diary September 30, 1980

Strange dream: It was as if I was flying out of my body. I looked into a house of European style. A

normal upper-class house, furnished in the fashion of the twenties: heavy curtains, armchairs, cupboards. On the wall of one room a big mirror, no door. Some- body was telling me that I had to shatter the mirror. But behind the broken mirror was the wall.

There was another gorgeous mirror - the same. The third seemed to shatter by itself. Behind it was a way to a deep shaft in which I saw horrible masks, seemingly meant to frighten me. But all the time I had Dadaji in mind and found myself in His care; so I was ready to spring into the deep shaft - Dadaji would catch me with his arms. I tried to spring, but in this moment the dream ended.

It was a strenuous seminar with many discussions in the morning and evening and the obligatory dinner invitations. A German colleague, Prof. M., had arrived in the meantime together with a specialist for technology transfer from the Technical University of Berlin. We four Germans remained very busy all the time, living up to the high expectations of our Indian hosts. We invited them for another seminar in Bochum the following spring.

Diary October 4, 1980

Already I'm one week in India; in a special way this is a wonderful time. It's not so much the country and people but the daily experience of harmony of thinking and acting which makes me happy. Here in India it is so easy to speak about things with others that I would not discuss with people in Germany; that is, outside the small circle of real friends. Here there are many opportunities to talk about questions in connection with my own ideas of life, colored by the philosophy of Dadaji. Such encounters are helping me understand my own position, and my self-consciousness is growing. The isolation in which I

found myself in Germany fades away with the interest expressed by others in my thoughts and experiences.

In the German context, 'normal' people in my professional circles seemingly never find themselves confronted with existential questions. But the whole environment here seems to make people 'philosophy minded', resulting in good exchanges of ideas. I find myself ready to talk about things near to my heart.

In the past, in Germany, I very often had the disappointing feeling of being the sole pusher trying to move a heavy freight train - in this world of India I feel unhindered and energized...

"It's also His play and we have to accept it," I hear Dadaji say, who is very near these days. With this kind of awareness that I'm experiencing, my relation with India has also changed. I meet with the country feeling more sober than before, because I know that this is not a special situation here; no difference between India and Germany exists. Difficult to say : On one hand, for me this country is a homeland, on the other, I have gone through a kind of 'emancipation', for He is everywhere. I need not travel to meet Him, He is always here. But my heart is vibrating with a thought that I will go to Calcutta in the next few days.

Sunday came and I wanted to accept an invitation from Mr.Someswar to see him. But I found myself confined to my room because of strong diarrhea. After some time I ventured to take a taxi to Lloyd's Road, where Someswar was living. Having disclosed my difficulties to him, he thought I should consume liquids, and prepared black tea for me. The tea was in a cup and burning hot, so that I had to wait for it to cool down. We spoke

about Dadaji and in my thoughts I was with him all the time. In the meantime the tea became drinkable - and when I sipped it I found it tasted like Charanjal, the fragrant water Dadaji occassionally gives to some people who are ill with all kinds of sickness! It was not easy to accept this fact which Someswar was not able to explain. But one fact was indisputable: The diarrhea immediately stopped after my consumption of the tea.

Madras, 6 Oct. 1980

Dearest Dadaji,

For one week I have been enjoying the Indian sun in Madras, after having met friends in Bombay. Just after arriving in Bombay I was greeted by your Fragrance and at once felt at home. I'm now looking forward to coming to Calcutta on Sunday evening.

Speaking to Mr. Someswar, whom I met yesterday, I sensed a little bit of that force of love which has brought all of us together and draws us nearer to you. It is not the bond (or shall I say, bondage) of an organization, but an inner urge. Organizations are created by the mind and they may play an important role at that level. But they always differentiate between members and non-members. Love cannot be fenced in; love is synonymous with the freedom of the heart and mind, surrendered to Him. How could this be organized? It is as if one would cut a piece from the circumference of a circle, which is He, as well as the central point which also is He. I'm so happy to have found this inner freedom from all attempts to approach Him at the mind level. I know fairly well that this is an act of love, not the fruit of personal strivings. Looking back to our first meeting in Written/Germany in 1978 I again feel this mighty force which has drawn me nearer to Him. I'm so thankful for this, for my outlook on life has changed

fundamentally. Now I'm looking forward to meeting you and embracing you and I already do this although I am in Madras!

On the 9th of October I proceed to Hyderabad.

Affectionately yours,

Peter.

During our stay in Kalakshetra, Uta and I visited a well known boarding school and orphanage, the Children's Garden School in Mylapore, Madras. It was founded some decades back by an Indian, Dr. V.N. Sharma, and his German wife Ellen. Two of their daughters, Shakuntala and Gita Sharma, had taken over the institution. Two days before I had to leave for Hyderabad, I paid another visit to the Children's Garden School. I had an idea that I met the one daughter, Gita, some years before. We found out this must have been during the time when she was working at the German Consulate General in town. She also remembered me, but her story was very surprising. In December 1978, through her father she met a "holy man in Calcutta, whose name is Dadaji." He told her, "Meet Mr. and Mrs. Meyer-Dohm from Germany, they may be of help to you!" This was before my first visit to Dadaji in Calcutta. Probably he had shown her the picture of Uta and me ... Not knowing what to do with this advice, Gita Sharma since had forgotten it. Dadaji himself never had informed Uta or me; we had learned about the Children's Garden School through our friend Nachi, after asking him whether he could suggest an Indian orphanage which we could help with sponsorships for children. Dadaji is an enigma.

On the last day in Madras I was invited to lunch with Rukmini Devi. Her encounter with Dadaji in our Bochum home had been a remarkable experience for her. She explained it in detail to Shankara Menon, her Deputy of the Kalakshetra institutions; for some time we spoke about it. But then she changed to another subject. She seemed to be very concerned about the future of the

Theosophical Society. While she was talking it became very clear to me: As long as organizations like the T.S. are more than a kind of meeting place or platform, we are in danger of being conditioned by them and restricted thereby in our inner freedom. When such organizations become something that 'belongs to us', a kind of property, and we try to guard it, we are imprisoned and have lost our freedom. Dadaji was totally right: Freedom of the heart cannot be organized.

I went to Hyderabad for four days, mainly for discussions with Dr. Shantilal Sarupria about our book on Rajasthan. Being involved with the Aachen-Bochum Osmania Cooperation Scheme, I also had to make contacts with the Osmania University. But all this business remained more in the backgrounds of my mind. I had started to read the *Srimad-Bhagavatam* again and found myself overwhelmed by some of the texts.

> Diary October 10,1980
>
> When I read about Krishna's youth and the beauty of nature along the banks of the river Yamuna, a deep longing and love begins to fill my heart. I feel like a Gopi, about whom the following is said: "Hearing the music of the flute that kindled love, some of the women of Vraja began describing it to their companions where Krishna could not hear them. But when they began speaking of it, they were put in mind of Krishna's doings and their hearts were filled with such a tumult of love that they could not go on". To stand mute because of inner joy, the upsurge of love, and thus be drowned in love overwhelms me while reading the texts. The description of nature enraptures me.

My professional colleague, Dr. Br., who during our stay in Madras had been witness to many discussions about subjects not common

to him, had also come with me to Hyderabad. One day he engaged me in a conversation about Astrology. Some Indians had told him incredible cases of predictions having come true and he wanted to know about my own experiences. So I spoke to him about what I call 'Inner Astrology' which is independent from all traditional types of astrological analysis. It is following an intuitive sense which recognizes the needed and the possible, combined with the readiness to learn from each situation in which you find yourself. And then, do your duty, always remembering Him. He seemed to have difficulty understanding this, but easily followed another idea that one could become dependent on traditional astrological forecasts or become dependent on a Guru.

Through this conversation we came unavoidably to the main point of all my thoughts - His Love. It was like plunging into a mighty stream carrying me to an unknown destination. I became so enthusiastic talking about His Love that, as I was told later, Dr. Br. didn't dare interrupt. He seemed impressed and said, " Many, many thanks! Now I'm seeing you with other eyes." All this foreshadowed the events I was expecting in Calcutta.

During the ongoing professional discussions and business with my Indian colleagues, some of whom where materialists, very much westernized, and alienated from their original culture, at times I felt I was living simultaneouly in two worlds. Two worlds which I felt could not be brought together, and I again fought shy of being open with these colleagues about my inner feelings and my creed.

> Diary October 11, 1980
>
> Today I read the story in the *Srimad-Bhagavatam* where the wives of the Brahmins came to Krishna, who waits for them in the forest on the Yamuna bank. Some of the sacrificial food had not been given to the husbands, who concentrated upon a special rite where the ladies should be at hand. The wives, attracted by

Krishna, the great Lover, feared the wrath of their husbands because of their disobedience. But Krishna comforted them: " Your spouses will nor be angry with you, neither will your parents, brothers, sons or any one else for that matter because you have been with me with my permission..."

This text is very important for me, because now I know that my visit in Calcutta will cause no difficulties at home. Why difficulties at all? Clearly it is not common for an economist and university professor from Germany to do what I'm doing! And in noting this down I know that social rank and name is of no avail.

Although there were plenty, so to speak, 'inner diversions' from my business in Hyderabad, I was very content with the academic work accomplished. Also the manuscript on Rajasthan was progressing well. Dr. Br. left Hyderabad for Germany and I for Calcutta.

Diary October 12, 1980

I'm sitting in a room of Dr. Samiran Mukherji's house in Calcutta in an astonishing atmosphere. Abhi, who together with Dr. Mukherji picked me up at Dum Dum Airport, told me the following story: Because the room in the Ramakrishna Mission Hostel at Gol Park is only available tomorrow, I have to spend one night in Dr. Mukherji's house. There is a so-called 'Dada room', decorated on all four walls with several pictures of Dadaji. This guest room has a bed and an attached bathroom. Dr. Mukherji's son Gautam who had cleaned the room and prepared it for me, thought it would be good if

Dadaji would inspect the result of his work. This morning, even though Dadaji came to the house to use the telephone and to have a chat, he didn't go to the room. When he left the house, the well-known Fragrance announced that something had happened: Dripping from the pictures in the 'Dada room' was the honey-like fragrant nectar; partially behind the glass directly on Dada's pictures!

As I write, I'm now in this room. This picture on the wall to the right looks as if it were sprinkled. On the bed were handprints, as if Dadaji had sat there with his hands on either side of him.

Open windows and a strong fan have removed much of the aroma, and I have a fresh blanket; but the room is still filled with a wonderful atmosphere!

The time of my arrival and meeting with Abhi and Dr. Mukherji at the Airport was also significant. Both had been sitting with Dadaji when he told them, "Now you go to the Airport!" Abhi thought it was far too early, but when they arrived, the plane, which normally was late by 30 minutes or more, landed 15 minutes earlier then scheduled. They came at just the right time.

In the plane on the way to Calcutta and during my wait in the Hyderabad Airport, I had very intense contact with Dadaji. I saw him in front of me and knew he was with me. Sometimes I was 'looking out of his face'. And now, this very special welcome in the 'Dada room'!

I had an unforgettable night in the 'Dada room'. First I was not able to think about anything else but Dadaji and remained awake for a long time. I finally fell asleep, but after only a few hours, I guess at 4 o'clock, I woke up again because inspite of the fan

the mosquitos had been successful in reaching my feet. Normally I'm fully alarmed at the approach of a single mosquito. This time I didn't object to their bloody meal; I was in a totally peaceful mood. After some time I thought I should stop their early breakfast and I put on my socks and trousers.

After breakfast with the Mukherjis I was brought to the Ramakrishna Mission Hostel, where I waited to be picked up for the drive to see Dadaji at 10 o'clock.

Diary October 13, 1980

In Dadaji's house, his very nice wife first welcomed me, and Kumar, their sweet grandson, wanted to sit on my lap. I had to report about my own children and especially about Veronika Rukmini. Abhi was already waiting on the first floor. Entering Dadaji's room I found him sitting on his bed. He uttered a sound of joy upon seeing me. I rushed into his arms. Present were Harvey Freeman, Manjit Paul, G.T.Kamdar, Kulwant Singh and another Indian unknown to me.

Dadaji spoke with G.T.Kamdar about possessions and property and tried to make clear how meaningless it was to say, 'I have a house costing about 500,000 dollars'. Then he pointed a me, "Look at his house in Germany! It is also my house. Be not bound down to property!" The conversation in progress when I entered seemed to revolve around money which some people were attempting to give to Dadaji.

Dadaji found time to ask whether I had comfortably settled into my quarters in Calcutta. He handed me five letters from Uta with a commentary in Bengali out of which I only understood 'Uta' and 'excellent'. I was not able to read Uta's letters, for Dadaji began

to describe to those present the meeting with Rukmini Devi in our house... He then concentrated on talking about my letters to him, saying, "He does not know what he writes." This hits the truth, for my letters are mostly written spontaneously. To write a book is usually a mental affair, and I told Dadaji that according to my understanding the problem exists when one writes for a particular readership and one aims to impress them. But my letters to Dadaji have no other readers than him. I need the privacy of a personal dialogue to really open up. Harvey Freeman affirmed my comments with his own experiences.

Another subject we spoke about was sickness. Harvey reported some miracle healings which he said were done by Dadaji; he also described healings that occurred with persons having no inner connection with Dada like Harvey's own father. Others added to these examples, but I did not listen all the time, for I believe that sicknesses are also opportunities for us. Both are gifts, sickness and health, and we have to be thankful for both. Had not artists created wonderful pieces of music and poetry while sick? And what is sickness, what is health?

Dadaji looked at me and asked Abhi to explain again what had been said before and what I had missed. Then Dadaji himself added the following, as if he had read my earlier thoughts. The individual life goes through many incarnations in which Prarabdha (fate) is formed. Sicknesses are our destiny, and also healing is destiny. We never should forget that our physical body is His temple and, so to speak, entrusted to us, so that out of thankfulness we should guard our health. Healing doesn't take away Karma, but when one looks at a sickness as His gift, it is much easier to bear Prarabdha with fortitude. Healings are very often His signs! At that moment I didn't know that I myself would experience a situation where I would be able to look at a severe sickness as His gift.

Before I left Dadaji he told me he had invited some university people and other prominent guests for Utsava and that I should speak to them. The subject was left open to me.

The next morning I was with Dadaji again. Nearly the same group from the previous day had gathered, and we spoke about 'Gurus'. Harvey told about his many journeys in Asia in search of 'holy men', at the end he had found Dadaji. In the meantime, Dr.Lalit Pandit and Dr. R.L.Datta arrived from Bombay, and in the afternoon I found both of them with Dadaji. Being still under the impact of the experience with the 'Dada Room', I wanted to learn a little bit more about His Fragrance. So I asked Dadaji about the importance of the sense of smell. Through it we smell the 'Fragrance of the divine life', something immaterial. So must not the sense of smell be a very special sense? Dadaji listened with full concentration, but asked Lalit for his commentary after I had ended. He and Dr. Datta couldn't find a special importance of the sense of smell; indeed, we are able to experience the 'divine' with all our senses.

I was not content with this answer and inquired about the connection between breath, Prana (life force), and Fragrance. Was not Fragrance very often mentioned by the mystics? I was so tenacious with my questions because I myself had been fighting for many years with a somehow over-developed sense of smell, an undesired result of Yoga exercises. I did not get an answer; but when Dr. Nanilal Sen arrived later, he reported Dadaji's comment given to him in another connection some time before: Divine Fragrance appears with separation. The moment the state of 'being in tune with Him' ends, in which there are no egotistical phenomena, Fragrance is emanated. I called it 'memory of divinity'.

Smilingly Dadaji followed our discussion. We all knew the phenomenon of Fragrance is not bound to the physical presence of

Dadaji. People on the other side of our planet commonly smell it, if he (He) wants them to have Fragrance. And what about the honey-like liquid nectar dripping from the pictures? Many people ask Dadaji to 'produce' the fragrant nectar. One time Dadaji answered in reference to himself that they were going "to destroy this body". This time Dadaji didn't give any comment and only caressed my head.

After some time Dadaji came back to one of his prominent subjects: To *have* or to *be*. To have something - money, a house, the body - is of no importance. 'To have' means egoism, 'business'. Dadaji emphasized, "Dadaji is nothing, he is everything." But Harvey wasn't content with this and said something shocking: "Dadaji, you are not right in saying all the time 'I'm nothing'." Harvey added that after having been witness to so many healings, miracles and so on he had come to the conclusion that he, Dadaji, was "the incarnated Christ." He ended his remarks saying, "Maybe, I'm the first one to build a church in commemoration of you!"

I really felt shocked. I responded that for me Dadaji's often said remark, "I'm nothing" was a most important message. Harvey replied that five years back he also thought along these lines, but under the impact of his own experiences and those of others he had witnessed, he was forced to change his understanding. I was impressed by this statement. Who really was Dadaji?

I was not able to look at Dadaji as one who had come to us as a 'Saviour'. Was this not creating some sort of separateness? For me He was (and is) everywhere, and I add: Most visible in Dadaji. And, he (He) and I cannot be separated. That Dadaji said in reference to himself, "I am nothing", suggests God is everything.

It had been my fear when I came to Calcutta, not to have enough time with Dadaji. But on the next day I was again called to him.

I found Peter Hoffman with him, and the group sitting with Dadaji had grown. A discussion about churches and temples had already started. Dadaji said it is totally false to look at churches or temples as His exclusive places. There is no special place for Him. "He is underneath my feet when I walk; He is everywhere around; He is in my body - everywhere is He. Why visit a temple to meet Him?" Dadaji gave many variations of this theme.

I tried to question his statements by asking, if He is everywhere, why not also in churches and temples? Could it not be that believers also could find Him there? Dadaji replied that exactly there a danger is hidden. When one goes to a particular place to find Him, one is expecting His blessings. So, you only go to the temple to get something, and this ulterior purpose is the main problem: It converts everything into a give-and-take relation, a business. Thus churches and temples have an overall detrimental impact.

Before I went to dinner, Dadaji took me aside and asked me whether I had decided to leave the university and join industry. When I told him my decision to do so, he embraced me with the words, "Wonderful, I'm so happy!" I found myself standing in a cloud of His Fragrance.

Diary October 15, 1980

Durga Puja - great festivities in Calcutta! The shop - lined streets are crowded with prospective buyers. Hawkers squat on the ground. Loudspeakers shrill music from all sides; the smell of unknown spices and herbs, burning incense and the clouds of diesel exhaust of the busses mix in an everchanging way. Everybody is bargaining and buying the best holiday attire they can afford. The wonderful perfumes of the flowershop - who will buy all the garlands? In the

middle of the crowd at the edge of the street, a frail lady is decorating a Shiva Lingam (cone of stone symbolizing divine energy). Every car uses its horn.

One hour ago I was still stuck in the traffic without any hope to come in time home for lunch. I had visited some Bustee (slum) workers of the Paikpara Social Development Centre, whose address I brought from Germany. I saw some of the Bustee dwellers, presenting their products, metal boxes made from scrab, with a moving idealism.

What a town! From where do all these people come? I feel lost in the bustling activities and the milling crowd. And yet everybody has his or her goal. Durga Puja - days of joy!

Durga Puja, the joyful autumnal festival of Durga, otherwise known as Durgotsava, is devoted to the Great Goddess Durga within whom all goddesses reside. Durga is considered the great protectress sheltering believers from all worldly adversities. She is the fierce fighter against the Asuras (demons), the "vessel upon the ocean of life", as she is called in the *Devi Mahatmya*, an important Sanskrit text probably from the 5th or 6th century A.C. The Goddess Durga is also known earlier in the Vedic time as Bhagavati, interestingly in a role as Creator of humanity. Manu, progenitor of the human race, can only be creative through Bhagavati. This tradition hints back to Pre-Vedic or Pre-Aryan cultures, e.g., the Indus Valley cities Mohenjo-daro and Harappa (3,000 - 2,000 B.C.), where the Goddess was also venerated. The masses in the streets of Calcutta probably have no idea of the venerable antiquity of the Goddess. These days in Durga's name businesses flourish. People in a holiday mood spend large sums of money on the construction of elaborate idols sheltered in large Pandals (tents), which form the basis of neighborhood competitions. At the conclusion of the three-day celebration the idols are ceremoniously transported by oxcarts or trucks and dumped in the Ganges river.

The next day, Thursday, as Dadaji asked, Peter Hoffman and I came at 9.30 a.m. to visit him. An Indian visitor, who was interested in medicine, was also present. Dadaji changed from Bengali to English as we sat down. He wanted me to tell something about homeopathy. So I tried to explain this interesting type of medicine and spoke mainly about Samuel Hahnemann (1755 - 1843), the German founder of homeopathy. Hahnemann, who acted as a self-dispensing doctor, had a troublesome life and unusual enemies, the dispensing chemists and pharmacists. Today the bulk of homeopathic medicine is no longer prepared by the doctors themselves, but there is still a battle going on between the pharmaceutical industry and the homeopathists, who have difficulty giving scientific explanations for the undeniable success of their cures.

Dadaji seemed very interested in homeopathy and spoke about the self-dispensing doctors; in this way doctor and medicine remain in a close relation - "No business in between," he remarked. "Can you explain how homeopathy works?" Dadaji asked me. I was not able to do so, for I only knew about the homeopathic principle of 'similia similibus curantur' (the same is cured by the same), or: What makes sick will also heal. I did not know the 'mechanism' behind it. "Nobody knows," was Dadaji's comment; and he came back to Samuel Hahnemann: "He was a Saint."

Then our discussion followed a political track. We were all scared about the Oil War in the Gulf. There were - not only in connection with this war - predictions of a coming World War and the use of nuclear weapons. Dadaji thought the 80's to be very critical, but he didn't expect a nuclear war. One should be more aware of natural catastrophies. He told us that the Mahabharata War, a World War, had been very short - it only lasted 11 days - , the main destruction not coming from people, but due to natural catastrophies.

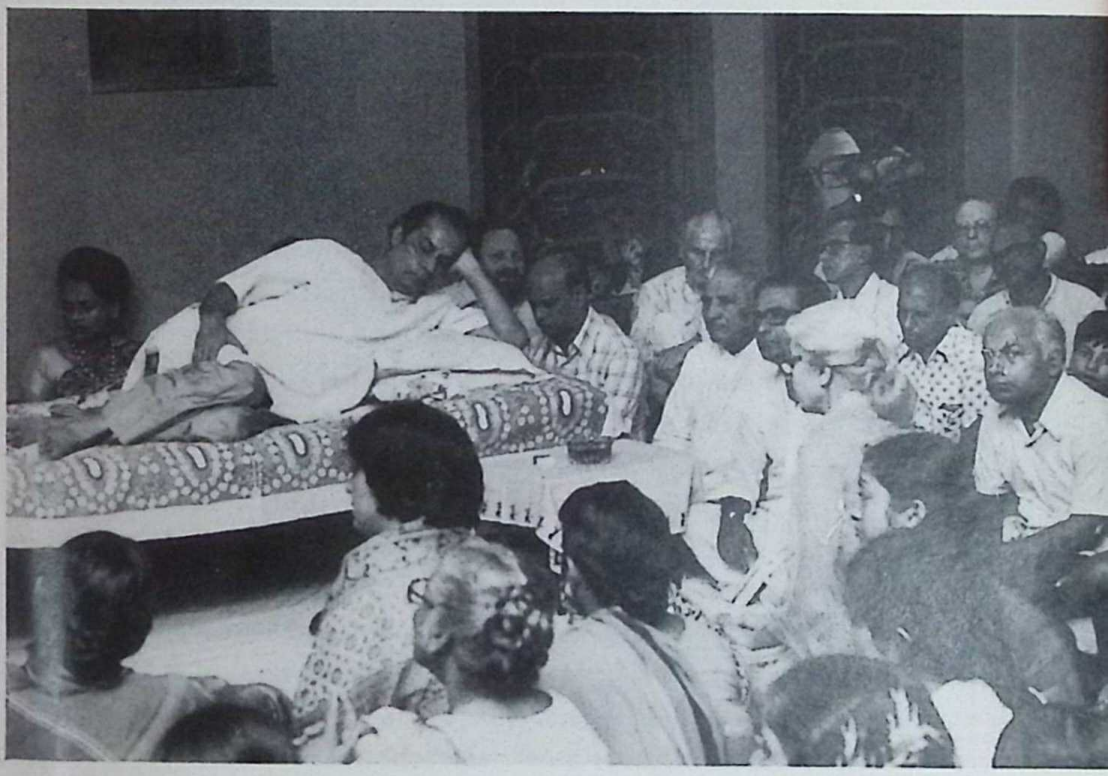
The Soviet Union became the object of Dadaji's ridicule. He called the Soviet socialist system a very inefficient one and a

brutal form of exploitation. For him the U.S.A. was a far stronger system, and he warned us not to rely on available media for information: "Don't ever trust the newspapers."

Dadaji enjoyed speaking about all these subjects which are to some extent controversial. He always stressed that he himself was no expert politician and was not competent in these fields, but he seemed to be able to look at politics from another point of view. Indeed, we are sometimes easy prey of information which we cannot test and which only mirrors our political prejudices and value judgments.

At the end of our discussion Dadaji asked me as an economist, why the economic development in India had been in general a positive one, although the population had grown to 700 million. This, of course, was a challenge for me and I tried to show all my expertise. Dadaji smiled and listened. When I spoke about a growing portion of the people living below the poverty line, mostly in the big towns, he intervened and said that poverty did not increase, only right categories for measurement were lacking. We always forget the tremendous contribution of women in the household. I took this as an important hint. Had not Western prejudices crept into my own arguments? At that moment I remembered that the argument of growing poverty in India was normally used by Western churches as an effective appeal for charity. The Bustee workers the other day, out of evident self-respect, had been strictly against all kinds of Christian charity and alms.

In the afternoon, for the first time I visited Somnath Hall where Utsava was going to take place. Somnath Hall is a big hall which can be rented for weddings, gatherings and other activities. Once a year, during Durga Puja, Dadaji engages the hall for the Utsava celebration, a gathering of people near to him. Situated



My first Utsav, October 1980

on a rather small lane, which opens up to a green park, not far away from the Ramakrishna Mission Hostel, Somnath Hall is known to many people.

Diary October 16, 1980

When I arrived with Peter Hoffman and Dr. Datta, first we waited in a small room till 8 p.m. The hall filled up slowly. Friendly and uncomplicated people. I took my seat next to Mrs. Manjit Paul, leaning against the wall, not very far from Dadaji's cot. From here I had a good view of the crowd. Many were known to me. In the meantime, Mr. Someswar had come also. Men and women were seated together on the floor; no separation of the sexes as in Madras, Peter Hoffman remarked. To my right was a row of pretty young girls and women, also children. It is a kind of informal get-together on the eve of Utsava, the big gathering. The hall was one third full. Half an hour later Dadaji came and all arose. He reclined on the cot and those who wanted to greet him queued up. One after another, men, women and children, touched Dadaji's feet, some placed flower garlands around his neck. He gently stroked some people along their back when they were bowing down before him. They were showing traditional reverence to a great person, but I didn't see any signs of subservience. Of course, such behavior would not have been compatible with the friendly, heartwarming behavior of Dadaji.

After the queue ended, Dadaji called certain people to come near to him, many of those Westerners who did not have the opportunity to see him often. I was also called to Dadaji and he wanted to know whether I had any difficulty sitting on the hard cloth-covered marble floor and needed a chair. I declined; it was an

unusual way of sitting for a European, but not uncomfortable. Dadaji was content with this. Now and then he looked at me with a smile. In the meantime a few Indian musicians brought their instruments and those gathered started singing variations of the *Nama Song*, written and composed by Dadaji many years before. Dadaji seemed to be totally absorbed by the music and I also felt fascinated by the song. This lasted for nearly half an hour. After the music stopped, invitations were extended for everyone to be served a large traditional Indian meal upstairs. Dadaji called me: "Now you go home and come tomorrow 10 o'clock". He embraced me in a sudden cloud of Fragrance.

The next day when I arrived at 10 a.m. at Somnath Hall, Dadaji was already there, waving me and Peter Hoffman to come sit next to his cot. Elderly G.T. Kamdar was already sitting in an armchair surrounded by a large group of other gentlemen. Immediately after I sat down, I felt somebody pushing me on my back. It was Mr. Someswar, introducing Dr. V.N. Sharma, the founder of the Children's Garden School in Madras. Peter Hoffman, who knew him from Madras, was also amazed to see him here. Dr. Sharma was living in Calcutta and his daughter Gita had written him about my visit to Dadaji.

The hall filled up very quickly. Those arriving late tried to negotiate their way to Dadaji through the crowd in the packed hall. Whenever important guests arrived, Dadaji leaned down to me and whispered some remarks about them in my ear. Most were judges, lawyers, doctors, engineers, high officers from administration, professors from universities, politicians and industrialists - a large group of educated and intelligent people seemed to be interested in Dadaji. At 11 a.m., according to my estimation 500 to 600 people were present. Outside the windows

were crowded with people trying to catch a glimpse of Dadaji. It was an atmosphere with elements of the extraordinary and the familiar, or better: It was a family-like gathering. Utsava - to be immersed in Him.

At 11.40 a.m. Dadaji gave a sign to G.T. Kamdar. Both arose and worked their way through the crowd to a door of a small room in the back of the building. People started singing Nama songs. After some 30 minutes, Kamdarji came back, emitting the wonderful Fragrance of Dadaji. He sat down in his chair, and I saw his chest under the shirt was wet with the well-known honey-like liquid. He had sat in the Sri Sri Satyanarayana Puja room. Although it was not his first time, he told me it was always a new experience. Dadaji had led him into the Puja room and then left him alone behind locked doors. Kamdarji wanted to tell me the details, but then Dadaji came back, also in a cloud of Fragrance.

Some of us were invited to have our lunch upstairs in Somnath Hall. We sat in long rows on mats and the food was eaten from shining Banana leaves. It contained some of the 'Prasad' (food offerings) from the Puja room and was not too spicy for the Western palate. As always I enjoyed the Indian food thoroughly. It was a cheerful atmosphere.

Diary October 17, 1980

> Is it easier in a group to be 'immersed in Him'? I don't know, but I can speak about a pleasant feeling of inner freedom and joyfulness. Surprisingly I didn't have any difficulty sitting for a long time on the hard floor, and the crowds of people weren't irritating (as a I had feared). The joy on the faces of those who were touched by Dadaji, was indescribable.

In the evening, only a relatively small group was in Somnath Hall. At the beginning Dadaji seemed a little bit tired, but after a time he became more and more energized and joyful. G.T. Kamdar was asked to report his experiences in the Puja room. Unfortunately I was not able to follow his story, for he spoke with a very low voice, severely overpowered by the noise of Durga Puja drums in the Pandal outside the hall. Next Harvey Freeman spoke about miraculous happenings like healings and manifestations of objects he witnessed of in the company of Dadaji. Then the evening ended and Dadaji told me that it was a pity that Uta was not present. We embraced each other and I went to Ramakrishna Mission Hostel.

On Saturday, the second day of Utsava, I was in Somnath Hall before Dadaji came. After he arrived, he again wanted Peter Hoffman and me to sit next to him. In a short time the hall filled up with people, although far fewer than on the first day.

Dadaji reclined on the cot, conversing with the group next to him. All of a sudden he sat up and began to speak. This, indeed, was fascinating! I hadn't seen Dadaji talk in such a way. He spoke to us about his childhood, when he already had the feeling that everything was his (His). What more should he want? He called those people fools who wanted to come to Him through meditation and 'physical gymnastics' or austerities (Tapasya). Surprisingly, Dadaji took Harvey's and my vegetarian diet as an example of wrong understanding, as long as we looked at it as a path or means leading to Him. According to Dadaji all of us were brought up to respect and abide by social norms and therefore ready to suppress our wishes and desires. This to him is false! If one follows one's own desires, always remembering Him, these desires will naturally fade away in time. Yes, the desires against which we sometimes struggle so hard will become 'helpers', 'friends'. I remembered the words of G.S. Arundale, "Vices are

virtues in disguise." It was wonderful to listen to Dadaji! Peter Hoffman was likewise fascinated and impressed. "This is a self-realized person - and more!" was his comment.

Mr. Sri Dhar had invited me for lunch. He and his wife were friends of Rukmini Devi: Peter Hoffman was staying with them. Mr. Sri Dhar told a funny story about his gardener, an old man, who had such close contact with the plants in the garden that they would "call" him when he was in the garden and didn't pay attention to them. I wanted to have proof of this fascinating faculty, but the gardener was not at home. After lunch I met Dr. V.N. Sharma, who confirmed that before I had met Dadaji in Calcutta in 1978 he had already mentioned Uta and me.

In the afternoon Somnath Hall was again packed full of people. After a while Dadaji asked Dr. Lalit Pandit to address the audience. Lalit spoke about 'Patience', giving a very fine philosophical discourse. Also Dr. Datta was asked to say something; he chose to speak on 'Science and Miracles'. Then Dadaji wanted me to say some words. Although Dadaji had given me a hint some days back, his request found me somehow unprepared and I was a little bit nervous about it. Dadaji made me sit next to him on the cot on which he reclined. Then I had an experience that I would have many times in the years to come. I began talking about an event in 1978, which came into my mind. During my visit to Calcutta, Dadaji had said to me, "You do not know who you are." Upon first hearing this it didn't mean anything to me, but after some time it began to make sense. We all cannot *know* our origin which is He, but because He is Love we are filled with Him. I do not remember how I went on talking or what I said about 'God is Love', but I felt very inspired, because I was giving expression to a state in which I found myself in those moments. Peter Hoffman told me afterwards that it had been moving and that Dadaji himself had been a joyful listener. It was something wonderful. After I stopped speaking, Dadaji embraced me with a kiss and whispered in my ear, "Now Utsava has reached its goal for me!"

The next to speak was Harvey Freeman, who called me the first economist ever to inspire him! He was sure that sometime I would write a book 'The Economics of Love'! But then he became serious and spoke about a visit to a church in America. Dadaji told the people assembled there they had a totally false understanding of crucifiction. The real meaning is this: "It is your egoism by which you are constantly putting nails into My flesh!"

One of the Utsava guests was B.G.N. Patel, Chairman of Larsen & Toubro Ltd., the big engineering consultant company. I already had a very interesting talk with Mr. Patel in the morning. Dadaji asked him to sit in the Puja room. Together with a few others Dadaji escorted him into the small locked room and was back in the hall in ten minutes. The people started singing and I joined in joyfully. After half an hour, four of us were selected by Dadaji as witnesses to see what happened in the Puja room where Mr. Patel had been and no one had entered. There I found a large framed picture of Sri Sri Satyanarayan dripping with the fragrant nectar. Baskets with fruits and biscuits and other 'prasad' were in the room, which was aromatic with Dada's Fragrance. The floor was sprinkled with fragrant Charanjal. Somebody had eaten from the fruits and the biscuits, clear water had changed into coconut water. And in the middle of the room was a deeply impressed Mr. Patel, wet from the fragrant water and the fragrant honey-like liquid nectar.

Later Mr. Patel spoke to us about his experiences. I asked him to write them down and received the following report two months later through Dadaji:

> "On my way from our factory at Kansbahal, Orissa, I stayed in Calcutta on the 17th and 18th of October 1980, to participate in the Puja celebrations at Somnath Hall: I have attended this yearly function four or five times and I have felt completely at peace during this period. I was therefore very happy to have the opportunity of being in Calcutta during these two

days. There was a Puja on the 17th morning where Kamdarji was asked to sit in the Puja room. On the 18th evening when I reached Somnath Hall around 5.30 p.m., I did not have any idea that I was to be asked by Dadaji to sit in the Puja room. I was sitting in one corner of the hall and after some time Dadaji called me near him and asked me whether I would be willing to sit in the Puja. I was delighted since I have seen so many Pujas, but I never had the benefit of sitting in the Puja room. Dadaji's concept of Puja is quite different than the traditional one, since according to him, worshipper and the worshipped are the same, but because of Maya we do not realize this identity.

On the evening of the 18th of October, Somnath Hall was filled with people amongst whom the distinguished visitors included some of the judges of High courts, some foreigners, including: (1) Professor Dr. Peter Meyer-Dohm, (former Rector of Bochum University), West Germany, (2) Harvey Freeman from U.S.A., (3) Maco Stewart, Lawyer from U.S.A.,who is writing a book on India.

Dadaji asked the distinguished visitors to observe the Puja room which contained a portrait of Sri Sri Satyanarayan with a garland of flowers and a vessel filled with some coconut water and a glass containing plain water. Also kept for the Puja were 'Prasads' such as mangoes and a few other things. I followed Dadaji in the Puja room. It was a simple one where nothing else except what is stated above and a lighted Dip (oil lamp) and two Asanas (mats) to sit were kept. I took my seat on the floor as suggested by Dadaji and began remembering Mahanama. Dadaji left the room within a short time and I could hear that the room was being closed and locked from outside. After about five minutes or so I could feel that somebody entered

the room by opening the main door and a huge flash of red light passed close by my eyes giving me a little warm feeling. I could hear somebody lighting the Dip which was on my right. After some time I could feel that somebody was walking around dropping water from above. I was breathing different aromas in the room and was completely at peace. After a few minutes somebody again was dropping water around me and on my head. Then I could hear that somebody left the room. The time passed on quietly. I do not know how long it was before somebody put a hand on my head and asked me to open my eyes. It was Dadaji who was touching my head and there were a few other distinguished visitors with him. The whole room was filled with fragrant air and the floor was sprinkled with divinely fragrant water. Thick drops of fragrant honey dripped from the photo of Sri Sri Satyanarayan. The coconut water had become highly fragrant 'Ksheer' and the plain water had been transformed into coconut water. In the 'prasads' both the mangoes had teeth marks. Other items also showed that somebody had eaten the Prasad.

B.G.N. Patel

Bombay / 10.11.1980

Again we were served food out of the Prasad from the Puja room. Dadaji, radiating with love and full of joy, embraced me and said good night.

The next day, a Sunday, was the last in Calcutta and I felt a little sad about it.

Diary October 19, 1980

Lunch and dinner yesterday had been too much and I didn't sleep well this night. Very tired I packed my

baggage in the morning and at 9.30 a.m. I was in the Somnath Hall. Dadaji came a little bit later. How familiar the many friendly faces are - again and again the hearty welcome! Dadaji was beaming indescribably and took me into his arms. As on the days before, he first talked to those sitting close to him. We spoke about his journey to Belgium, America and Germany, and he mentioned that Harvey and I like to drive very fast (and he, indeed, likes it too!). After a while he sat again in an upright position on the cot and started to talk about the Buddha. According to Dadaji this had not been a man, for the name 'Buddha' was hinting at 'Bhuma', the Plenum, the Infinite, the Supreme state of Liberation. The reports of the life of the Buddha were full of distortions; there had been many additions to the story. We shouldn't concentrate on the person, but on the essence of the simple teaching.

The Dr. Nanilal Sen spoke about Dadaji and Mahanam. There are cases where people spontaneously got Mahanam without the presence of Dadaji... Dadaji was in a joyful mood reclining on his cot, although a car was waiting for him. When he learned that my flight was leaving in the evening, he asked Dr. Datta to drive me to the airport. It was a heartwarming farewell to Dadaji.

During the flight from Calcutta to Delhi I didn't have the feeling of leaving the place where I had so many experiences. I recalled all the things that had happened and what Dadaji had said, so that I was surprised how fast the time had gone when the plane landed at Delhi. I had to wait in Delhi a few hours for my connection to Frankfurt, time enough for a letter to Dadaji.

Delhi Airport, 19. Oct. 1980

My dear Dadaji,

I want to use the time in transit at Delhi Airport for thanking you again for the heartwarming experience of the Utsava days in Calcutta. Although I had already read something about these gatherings of brothers and sisters around you, I was not able to imagine what it would mean to me. First of all it was wonderful to meet you again and to be together with you. I learned much in those days and many questions got their answers. And secondly, it was uplifting indeed to meet so many old and new friends, having come together in the same spirit of love, which is Truth.

Out of the many impressive events during Utsava I can only mention very few. So it was for me a kind of revelation to sit next to you and to watch some men and women, girls and boys drawing near to greet you or to say good-bye: How love brightened their faces with a shining light! And I, as a silent observer, witnessed a miraculous change of the attitude of people coming into personal touch with you. It was as if they responded to radiant love! Another important thing is to listen to the experiences of so many people having come in touch with you! This really is overwhelming. It is one thing to read about it, and another to follow the very personal explanations of others, to share, so to speak, the fruits of their experiences - and to find out, how it changed them. I also met one or two skeptical people, who, having watched 'miracles' several times were still unable to open up to the unexplainable (which simply has to be accepted), and to grasp an inner meaning on a level other than the mind. I found it rather difficult to argue with them. Who has no eyes to see... It isn't the argument that matters. Arguments are related to understanding. Under*standing* means to fix a

certain *stand-point*. But how can such a dynamic force like life be understood in real depth? You have to leave your point on the shore on which you have stood for such a long time, and plunge into the stream of life to find Truth.

When you first told me that I should address the Utsava meeting one evening, I fell spontaneously into a well-known habit: I tried to note down a line of thought to prepare myself for this task. But by doing this I became aware of the absurdity of this approach. And, thus I was led to remember the many, many instances where I responded to a certain situation without preparation - and with remarkable results. So my small and unprepared contribution was also a test for me, and I felt very inspired by your presence. (In the Latin verb 'inspire' you have 'spiritus'=spirit; "it is the spirit that maketh alive!" says the *Bible*). Is it not this way, how the message of Truth is spread - by being inspired and by inspiring others? I do not like the word 'spiritual' in this context and I guess, you also have your reservations.

The events which were reported by those present in the Puja room were really fantastic. I would love to have a written report for I did not note down everything. I this possible? What is the importance of these events in the whole Utsava? And does it have a history?

The end of the transit time has come. Through this letter I want to thank you again for the fragrant welcome in Dr. Mukherji's house. It was a pleasant experience to sleep one night in a room with pictures of you, from which His fragrant nectar was dripping. I was reminded of your house in Bochum, where the same thing happened, but not on such a large scale!

I'm very happy to look back to the last days. It is a pity that Uta could not be present. Not only from her letters I know that she was with me all the days.

Dearest Dadaji, thank you very, very much for all the loving kindness and the precious gift of the Utsava days.

Embracing you once again I am yours Peter.

Dadaji's answer came on 8th November and I read it several times.

Calcutta, 24.10.1980

My sweetest lad,

Your letter dated October 19th from Delhi Airport. If your eyes are not befogged, you will see the gleam of sunshine everywhere. Love is the essence of Truth. One feels very happy to learn you have discovered that 'spirit of love' everywhere. Submit to that resonant love, be one with that love and know thyself through it. You cannot know yourself but through the love which is He. Skepticism, if not honest, is the trait of a weak mind. Skeptics try our fidelity to Truth and are our friends on that score. Yes, to understand is to stand apart. Truth can only be lived. Yes, 'inspired'. When He breathes into your being, you become a vehicle of Truth unawares. The word 'spiritual' has, indeed, profane associations. Yes, you will have a written report of the Puja events later. Please remind me of it. These manifestations are the surest marks of a real 'Utsava' or 'Puja'. An 'Utsava', says Ram Thakur, is 'to be in supernal light'. Dadaji says, 'ut' is 'giving up' and 'sava' is 'body'; so it comes to giving up the body, i.e. all empiric sense. History in what sense? This type of Utsava or Puja was never manifested before except only once at the time of Ram Thakur. Be in His work most devotedly. Your work is His work. My love to you, Uta and your children.

Affectionately Yours,

Dadaji.

CHAPTER FOURTEEN

Do not be a fashionable mystic

Diary October 20, 1980

Strange dream: I'm meeting a sage, who wants to sell some of his wisdom. Dadaji's warning, "It's all business," comes into my mind. I feel strong enough to withstand the seductive seller and do not let myself be take in by him.

Some days after my return to Germany, I met a friend and sociologer, who through me had come to read theosophical literature and became fascinated by it. Thus I was confronted with the 'bookish knowledge' which I thought I had left behind. My visitor was keenly interested in the predictions of coming disasters like a Third World War, cataclysms and other natural catastrophies. I found myself inwardly forced to respond to the questions: What does this really mean to me? Do we not project our present fears on a screen we call 'future'? Are we not therefore conditioned to some degree in our present activities by all the various pictures we project? Is not our mental perception of the past also selective? Isn't the perception of past *and* future colored by our present mental state? As the questions arose, I had a vision of a timeless Power, the 'Now' working at the borderline between past and future. From this 'Now', the past flows as a never ending stream, and simultaneously flow infinite images of the future. I sensed the power of the Source from which the stream of Life wells up - like a fountain, an unfathomable womb, full of energy, enormous! A breathing, pulsating fountain...

Against the background of my inner visual experience, my attempts to describe it and my special understanding of the future was troubling to my guest. I was so much in the 'Now' that I was not able to respond as he expected with mutual alarm to his gloomy pictures. It was a new experience for me and I had the idea to write Dadaji about it, but I didn't find the time.

Winter came early and I had to plan winding up my university work. Uta and I had to look for a new house in Lower Saxony and were, after some time, very fortunate in finding what we called 'the ideal place' in Destedt, a small village near Braunschweig. Dadaji seemed to have withdrawn into the back of my consciousness, although every day I was remembering him and Mahanam. My attempts to write him a letter during this time failed.

The Christmas days were a turning point. Dr. Khetani rang me up from Witten to inquire about news from Dadaji. I didn't know anything new, but instantly felt that I should have written him long before. I sat down to make some diary notes. All of a sudden I had the strong feeling of the presence of Dadaji in the house.

Diary December 25, 1980

He loves me. But how do I respond? With suffering? Why suffer, and from what? I only suffer from my egoism, which is between Him and me. I suffer from being separated. But separateness is only in the mind. I cannot be separated from Him, for I'm in Him and He is in me. He is the dearest and nearest. Hold Him, who is beyond sin. Mind makes sin.

When I tried to write a letter to Dadaji, I came into an inner dialogue with him (in the English language):

- What about the new house in Destedt, Dadaji?
- Is it a nice house?
- Why do you ask, Dadaji? You know!
- And you know also, Peter. Why do you ask me?
- Was it the right selection?
- What do you mean by 'right'?
- Good for the future.
- What is your future?
- I do not know.
- Your future is within you. Your future is your past - is He

- Is the house good for Him?
- What a question! Everything is His house. You really should know better. But, everything is Okay.

- Dadaji, I'm so happy to talk to you.
- Do you know that you talk with me?
- With whom else should I talk other than with you?
- Did you not give my name to some voice? Can you distinguish my voice?
- No, Dadaji. It is a voiceless voice. It comes direct into my pen.
- Who is it?
- You, Dadaji.
- Are you really sure?
- Difficult to answer.
- You are speaking with yourself!
- Myself?
- Your Self. At that level we cannot be separated, the level of Oneness.

- What is Christmas, Dadaji?
- A joke.
- What do you mean by it?
- It was a path of Yoga; now it has become a joke.
- Joke for whom?
- Those who try to bind themselves to outer rites.
- Is it a special day?
- Also this is false.
- Was it not this date?
- As long as you look into history for Truth, you will be on the wrong way. Christ is born within you long before your birth. His birth is not fixed to a certain day. He is born into time, being

Himself timeless. You do not understand Him by talking about a certain day in the calendar. He is the Eternal Now. Just now He is born, and this all the time. To be born means to be active. And now go to bed.

The next few days I felt "full to the brim and ready to overflow", as Dadaji says. I was only waiting for the time when I could sit down to write Dadaji. One evening I suddenly felt I had to start. The letter came out of my pen as if dictated and I lived through wonderful moments of joy. I was in a dreamlike state, in which I felt Dadaji with me. But I was not able to complete the letter in one sitting, for after some time I was totally exhausted. When I started again to finish the letter, I had the same joyful experience.

Bochum, 28. Dec. 1980

Dearest Dadaji,

I think, I mentioned already some time back that it is not easy to write a letter to you. Or better: it is not possible to write at any time I choose. Many sheets of paper starting with 'Dearest Dadaji' and filled with some uncomplete lines are witness of this. Whenever I sit down with the intention to write to you and look at the blank paper, nothing comes... Either I get lost in an inner conversation with you or I start thinking. In the meantime, I have found out that writing a letter is an easy task when it comes 'unintentionally'. It is the same thing I learned during conversations with you in Calcutta: The most meaningful contributions come unplanned, so to speak 'by the way'.

During the last weeks I have often tried to concentrate on a letter to you. It was useless. Sometimes I came into some sort of exchange with you, sometimes not. Looking back to these fruitless efforts I know now

that I was not in a state of openmindedness or whatever you may call it; I was so silly to become overwhelmed by the so-called 'duties of the day'.

Only with the Christmas days began a 'creative pause' and I was fortunate enough to plunge again into the shining sea of joy and happy remembrance of Him. It now has become clear to me that I myself blocked the way and that made me unable to write to you.

You know that Christmas is one of the great Christian festivals. In the memory of my own childhood, Christmas Eve plays an important role: The shining Christmas tree, the festive atmosphere in the house (because of the 'Christ-child being present, but invisible', as I was told), all the pretty gifts... It is a somehow sentimental memory. When I saw our own children three days back marvelling at the Christmas tree and the sparkle of the candles glittering in their eyes, I had a brief moment of sentimentality. I felt myself again a small child under the impact of the story of the Holy Night... But, Dadaji, is it the very date of the Christmas Eve, which matters? We have set apart a day in the year for the commemoration of a birth which according to tradition took place in Bethlehem. I remember the great German mystic, Angelus Silesius, saying:

> Though Christ is thousand times
> in Bethlehem be born
> and not within thyself,
> thy soul will be forlorn.

This means: It is not the outer event or date that matters, but the inner individual - not fixed to a day of the Church year.

And yet, I'm not fully content with this interpretation: No 'birth' takes place within us, for we are born already in existence with Him. He is always there! Inside and outside! Only during the 'day' we are normally not aware of Him.

Looking out of the window at this late hour I only see the darkness of the night. The familiar lush images of the garden in front of the window cannot be seen. In the darkness I cannot make out separate things, no trees, no bushes, no distance, and only after a time I see the faint glimmer of the stars. Thus is revealed to me the 'Holy Night'. There is no separateness: the Night is a whole, a womb. I am immersed in the motherliness of the Night, in the midst of His Splendor: a naked (pure) child, being at the same time an old, unadorned, naked (pure) adult. At the moment of this awareness a natural rebirth occurs. Thereafter, when the 'day' of the mind comes, things of this world have changed, have become 'new': separateness fades away, because His Light shining on and in the world prevails! With our fear, greed and selfishness we attempt to illuminate the night (the unknown), so we can guard our physical and mental properties (we are not aware we are imprisoned by our fear of losing such things).

The experience of the Holy Night without space and time is marvelous: At first I felt lost and without orientation and really alone-but then I discovered: I'm not *alone*, it is *all one*! And the darkness is only hidden light, a fact which now becomes obvious. Light=Life=Love! What I need is an ongoing proper perspective to look at things, but it is still not easy to maintain such a view. In this moment I remember that you have given me the advice: "Let writing write itself out through you." When I look at the fragment

of the book with the title *Man as Householder*, which I started one year ago, I feel utterly incompetent regarding that matter. I planned a book mainly along scientific lines, linking some ideas in the field of development research with the outlook on individual and world problems conveyed by your philosophy. I tried hard to bring both things together, but I have to admit that I did not succeed till now. I know the reasons why I was doomed to fail: First of all I remained bound to the level of argument I'm accustomed to in the field of economics or sociology and from there I only derived concepts of an individual's responsibility for this world. You have already commented upon this ("No utilitarianism or altruism," you wrote some time back). And secondly, in writing the pages of the manuscript I was already aware of potential readers for whom I tried to explain my point of view. Thus, I was always interested in others approving my arguments. There came a moment when I suddenly felt I was selling mind-born concepts, dry ideas. I was following the rules and regulations of scientific business and was trying to copyright things. I was collecting literature and formulating footnotes - the writing did not write itself out through me. Besides some portions of the planned book where I was able to follow your advice, I only experienced 'heart-born writing' with my letters to you. Writing to you takes place in a kind of intimacy. I'm aware of your love and understanding, and your readiness to correct my views. Last time we met you mentioned that some of my letters were good for printing. That gives me the courage to propose publishing our correspondence under the title *Man as Householder*. Maybe I will be able to write the book I originally planned in the years to come, after I develop the ability to combine scientific

argument with inner vision. At the moment I feel too many shortcomings and shy away from secondhand thoughts and concepts. I want to discover Truth for myself; and Truth only can be lived....

To live Truth means to grow beyond ourselves, to naturally, effortlessly transcend. Is not evolution a process to transcend mental borders? One may talk about this, but more important is the inner urge to act with this awareness.

There is a secret connected with those mind/ego borders: One is aware of them only shortly before they are reached and as they are breached; and after they are transcended these hindrances are forgotten. He is borderless, yet borders are His Grace allowing us to grasp His immensity, step by step. It is a process, a natural unfolding, and all will fail, who try to plan or control this process. I have surrendered to His Will. I have no wish to reach Him, for He is here. He is with me as He has always been in the past - and will always be in the future! We need experiences such as these to understand that to speak of individual responsibility "smacks of egoism", as you wrote in one of your letters. I needed some time till I found out the real meaning of your remarks, "Can you shoulder the responsibility of your small family even?", and: "No utilitarianism or altruism".

As you know, individual responsibility and free will are important ethical concepts in Western thought and your hints were somehow disturbing for me at first. It is very strange that I did not find time or, better, forgot to ask you for a comment on this when there was an opportunity for discussion both at the time of your visit to Bochum and while I was in Calcutta.

Yes, Dadaji, you are right: I'm not able to shoulder the responsibility for my family, for I'm not the doer.

All my planning is in vain when I rely on my abilities alone. The responsible person does his or her duty while always remembering Him. To respond means: to answer by action to his Will. I now realize I'm not responsible for my family - I love my family and that is much more ! The idea of individual responsibility is inexorably linked with action and result, with cause and effect. We are culturally educated to use our free will to avoid 'bad' actions and cause 'good' effects or results. Love has nothing to do with the mental ideas of 'good' and 'bad' cause or effects. Love we share sincerely with others can be His expression, not looking for fruits, for something in return. With responsibility mind comes into play. We cannot avoid mind, but mind can be illumined by Him. The illumined mind ("always remembering Him") is, I guess, a proper guide, for it acts like a mirror. In pondering about responsibility and ethics, I remember the wives of the Mathura Brahmins bringing food for Krishna inspite of the religious rules, which were against it. They acted irresponsibly (according to the rites their husbands were performing), because they responded to the urge of their hearts, responded to Him. When we feel His love, our power of discrimination of Truth grows; we begin to develop a sense for what is genuine and what are dry mental concepts. Because altruism is thought of as the opposite of egoism, it is on the same level. Altruism - that means: to avoid egoism. Thus it is ' egoism in disguise'.

Love does not plan; love does not avoid or cause. Love is no instrument, no technique. Love - that is His Eternal Presence. It is most wonderful and utterly unexplainable.

Why to be against egoism? It plays its role and will fade away when the mind starts its love affair. It

comes in time; all that we need is courage and patience.

Some weeks ago I was confronted by someone who is concerned about the predictions commonly connected with the so-called 'troublesome decade' starting next year. This friend of mine was interested in learning my opinion regarding an astrologically expected crisis in 1988, when times seem to be ripe for another World War, as they say. As you know, I never really tried to understand Astrology, and inspite of many positive experiences with astrological forecasts I'm very cautions in trusting an astrologer. I told my friend that only if the forecast happens to be in line with what my own inner expectations or inclinations say, are an astrologer's words relevant to me. I guess there is an inner awareness at work; this awareness seems to me more important than all forecasts following any technique upon which we may become dependent. We are very much conditioned by our selection of events we call history of experiences, and I feel that the images of the future which mirror past events are colored by our value judgments of 'good' and 'bad'. I remember very well certain literature, which gives a description of past events and those destined to come, thus continuing history into the future. While reading such a book I suddenly had the impression of watching an endless stream of time. I was not so much interested in and fascinated by this big stream and how it looked - rather I was interested in the Power making the waters of time run! I wanted to plunge into the depths to feel here and now its Power of Creation. In that moment the time scale and also the difficult characteristics of certain time periods, as well as past and future events, were of no

interest to me; there is a Power, making everything new - it was the *Now*, out of which flows time. And here another line you wrote to me has to be remembered: "Be like a log of wood in the stream of His Will." - I'm sure this also means not to be concerned with projections of the future, but to *be*. And to be honest: Most of the people, who are so fascinated by future events, may miss doing their duty here and now. Some time back I learned about some people, who selected Ireland as a proper place to settle down, for this island country is said to be safe in the time of cataclysms whereas the rest of Europe has to suffer. But, Dadaji, where am I safe? If He wants me to survive in the midst of a cataclysm, I will. No escapism! So I'm patient. It is wonderful to be a patient of the Supreme Doctor, the curer of the disease of selfishness. But like all diseases this one also has to play an important role in the drama of life. Egoistic desires are not 'bad'; they have a certain function in the development of character; these desires will fade away, giving place to an overwhelming desire for His overflowing love! Oh, how often I want to tell others: Accept yourself as you are! He loves you as you are: Feel this love and leave everything to Him. - But this is not a matter of argument, not a matter of words. This message can only be lived, like you do it.

Many times I read Henry Miller's article *The Great Designer*, which you gave me. I feel very moved by the words of this admired and great writer; he expresses important thoughts in a far better way than I could do it: "You are a role set by the Great Designer. Do play your part well, alive to the fact that you do whatever He chooses you to do. He is the pilot of your life and you have come here at His will to taste of His overflowing Love." You are a role - how often I was aware of this in performing my duties. And how helpful was this insight in many

incidences where I was asked afterward how I was able to manage things under such difficult circumstances. In fact, many times I felt my Pilot so very near that I really performed a role in constant connection with Him. One prominent sign of this state: Total absence of fear and one-pointedness of decision. There are no 'pros' and 'cons' left: You know exactly what to do (and this is not always easy to explain to others).

I have also found the difficulty of reaching certain decisions is often connected with intrusive barriers of the mind. Basically it is clear what to do, but the mind does not want to accept it. This is nothing but distrust or lack of recognition of one's inner vision. Yet even when one starts 'arguing' in the mind - fortunately after long mental detours you come to the same decision which is always in accordance with His Will. Looking back at this process, one feels that all the arguing was not worthwhile. Is this not a process of learning? How otherwise could one dare to rely on one's intuition?

Dearest Dadaji, I want to close my letter with a short report about a very fortunate development, which took place during the last weeks. You know that we will have to go to Braunschweig next year. Our search for a new house was at first not very successful; but then we were offered a new home in a little village near Braunschweig, which is exactly what Uta and I had talked about for years as the ideal house. It is located next to an old park with beautiful trees; a huge hilly forest, the Elm, is bordering the village. I hope that I will be able to sign the contract of purchase in the first weeks of the new year. And I'm sure: You will love this, your new house; I hope to show it to you when you come to Germany to visit us!

It is my plan to come to India for a weeks time on 7th or 8th of February '81. I have still to find out whether I will be able to come to Calcutta for one day or so at the end of the week. I will have to go to Madras and Hyderabad. As soon as it is ready I will send you my itinerary.

Uta sends you her love. She has had many inner encounters with you during the last months and was sitting down for a letter to you, but she did not write it. But love needs not to have the vehicle of a letter.

When I look back to the time in Calcutta, I feel at once present in the joyous crowd assembled there. This is not only a memory of a past event, but something more. It seems as if connections as strong as those between us can be built up with others. I felt very much inspired by long talks with Dr. R.L.Datta and by coming into closer contact with Harvey Freeman, whom I met for the second time after 1978. But now I have to stop. I only want to add that Uta and the children wish you a happy New Year. Looking forward to meeting you perhaps in February,

Affectionately Yours,

Peter.

On the last day of the year 1980 I went on a long walk with Uta in the fields next to our Bochum house. We talked about the recent developments and I felt thankful to Dadaji. I heard his comment to this, and an inner dialogue started.

Diary December 31, 1980

- You need not to be thankful, Peter, for you did not receive anything. It is all in you.
- But how can I express my gratitude for the precious gift I received?

- Again: You got nothing. How silly to speak of a 'gift'. The 'gift' was always with you! Don't feel dependent. Don't send back love; it is not a matter of give-and-take. Be happy, remember Him always, and share your happiness with others.
- Which others?
- Be not selective. Let not your mind select. You are not 'distributing' happiness. Draw those near who want to share.

I was waiting for Dadaji's answer to my long letter from 28 December 1980. I felt as if it had already reached Dadaji and he was enjoying it. At the same time I was pondering about what to take with us to the new house in Destedt. What does one need? Can one live without all the property?

Diary January 7, 1981

By using things continuously a certain attachment may grow - but a sense of property? My desk, which I have been using for 25 years, is a piece of furniture I like very much. It is very pleasant to have it. But, I could leave it behind and go away. Sometimes I ask myself what this indifference means. Is it correct? Then I consider such a question as silly. No, it isn't indifference, for those things around me actually cooperate with me. And I'm thankful for this cooperation. But one can leave friends without being hurt...

Will it one day be the same with the body to which I have to say good-bye - thankful for the service which ends?

Dadaji gives a sign that we shouldn't waste time with such speculations. What will be, will be. Don't produce images, be open for reality. Awareness is needed - nothing else.

On 28th January Dadaji's letter arrived. What he said was not easy to digest.

Calcutta 16.1.1981

Dearest Son,

Your long, though exquisite, letter of December 28.

You are quite on the track of nowhere-ness of love, of life, of Truth. Your writing is blooming into worship; your loneliness has dawned upon you as all-one-ness; your responsibility has unmasked itself as responsiveness. Yes, Silesius is right. But, you are not 'forlorn'. The Holy Night in its spasms of travail has enveloped you and the birth of the child is round the corner. But, here and there you seem to blush or ogle, to turn back in apprehension or to be in two minds. Don't be a fashionable mystic. The world is real; of course, with Him as the Reality. People generally tend to swing between two extremes. That is the result of action-reaction on the mental plane. You be with the Whole.

Dadaji has nothing to do with Darwinian evolution. Nor does he advocate any process, any climbing stairs. If reality is one and impartite, no such segmentation and stratification is possible. In fact, He is realizing Himself through you, me and everybody. His immensity is lived in a twinkle of supernal light. We do not 'need borders'; we induct them to suit our thought-habit. You know it all quite well. But, let not our intuition be self-delusion. At

a moment of emotional upsurge or stress, the mind is off it wonted rails, is in a fluid state and seems to intuit truth. The upsurge minus its contributory cause is quite all right. But, we can seldom shake it off. In other words, Truth is negation, - not intellectual, of course, - of all fancied possessions. It is stark nudity. That is why we are to witness ourselves being void in order that He may manifest His fullness within us. We glibly talk of 'transcending'. What will you transcend? Can you transcend your body and yet remain a lump of flesh and blood? Let us negotiate the matter from another standpoint. A snake is furiously darting towards you. What will you do? You have fear: you have sense of aggression and urge for self-protection. Will you fancy the snake being He Himself and start embracing it? This is fashionable mysticism turned to lunacy, - a sheer hypocrisy.

'Love does not plan'. How exquisite of you to write out such nectarine words! Yes, don't go against egoism or anything whatsoever. Pay the toll to everybody. Why, you are the architect of your fate and 'Philo-logy', i.e. Love, is the greatest astrology. Your 'now' and 'new' are really gripping. Yes, be a patient of the Supreme Doctor and all is done. No pros and cons, but a monolithic He only. Haven't I already seen and been living in your house?

In February I shall be in Bombay. You may meet me there any time after the first week. Why doesn't Uta write to me? Let her shake off shyness. With love to you all,

Affectionately Yours,

Dadaji

The last months of my tenure at the university had come. I settled my affairs; one was arranging the forthcoming Seminar in Bochum together with my colleagues from the Indian Institute of Technology, Madras. Based on discussions with my Indian partners, I decided to hand over the job to Prof.H., one of my German colleagues. So, together with him I found myself again on the way to India.

In Bombay, in transit to Hyderabad, I only had a short talk on the phone with Abhi about Dadaji, who was planning to go to Gujarat via Bombay. In Hyderabad we contacted the Osmania University people regarding partnership affairs and on the next day we were in Madras. I rang up Abhi again and learned that I would not have the chance to meet Dadaji on my way back through Bombay, but Dadaji had promised to come in June to Europe.

In Kalakshetra, Nachi had guests, Francesco Clemente and his wife Alba. Francesco, a well-know Italian painter, was just becoming internationally renowned after exhibitions in New York, Cologne, Amsterdam and other big cities. He was very interested in Indian philosophy. Nachi, a specialist in photo engraving and relief printing and owner of the Kalakshetra Press, was not only working for him, but also was Francesco's friend. During our stay in Kalakshetra, Uta and I became acquainted with Francesco and Alba, and I was very glad to meet them both again.

I had a long conversation with Francesco, in which I disclosed my relationship with Dadaji. He was fascinated by the personal perspectives which opened up for him through Dadaji's philosophy. As an artist he had a very fine feeling for what it means 'to be in tune with Him'. I was surprised when he told me, "Peter, you look like a great Yogi!" First I thought it to be a joke, but he was very serious. So I replied, "Guru is within," hinting at his own wish to meet a Guru. For a long time I pondered over the conversation with this nice and uncomplicated artist.

Prof. H. and I had only two days in Madras for our business with the I.I.T. people. I went back to Bombay and stayed with H.P. Roy. He conferred to me best greetings from Dadaji, who had told him, "Why should Peter come to me? I will come to him!" In the evening Dr. Lalit Pandit came and we spent many hours talking about Dadaji. Both of us, Lalit and I, had the feeling of his (His) presence.

Diary February 12, 1981

Had an important thought during my conversation with Lalit: My wish not to be a 'second-hand man' (a follower of others) is fulfilled through 'originality'. Originality - that is not the wish to be different from others; rather it means 'to be in tune with the Origin'. Who is the Origin? He. Out of this link with Him an original understanding grows - not second-hand from books. What is in the mind may be used, but it is not 'new'. So what comes as utterances out of this 'originality' may be colored by one's own personality, but nevertheless it is original. Now many others, potentially everybody, have access to this Origin. Thus it is not deference to the utterances and ideas of others that really matters, but the openness for Truth.

It is not essential what others say or what we find in books; really essential is what we experience ourselves. We only should accept that which corresponds to our own experience.

Back in Germany, the time came to say farewell to my colleagues and academic life at the university. Of course, I would be connected with the Ruhr-University in Bochum as an Honorary Professor, but by joining industry a new professional life was starting on 1st March. It was still winter. I was strolling through

the snow and the cold. All of a sudden I was overwhelmed by an all - embracing feeling.

Diary February 19, 1981

All is Love. See the shining snow in the elbows of the tree, the snow caps on the fence. Breathe the freshness of the icy air and sense the prickling cold on my face. How fresh the wide horizon smells - all the fields rest under a blanket of snow. The song of the lonely bird tells of the white winter. Everything is as full as in the bright sun of the summer. It's not a day, a week or month, not a certain time which can be read from the clock; it's the communion of the present moment. The Now, being always new. And nothing is left but love and love and love. Do not talk. Be in silent tears, united as Lover and Beloved in One.

CHAPTER FIFTEEN

Be patient and let God do the rest

I had some trouble adjusting to the new rhythm of work and a business manager's life. No time was left for the diary, and although I had many inner encounters with Dadaji, it seemed as if the contact had lessened. In May 1981, I got a note from Dadaji indicating that he was prepared to come to Germany in a month's time on his way to England and the U.S.A. It took me more than two weeks till I found time to respond to him.

Destedt, 9. June 1981

Dearest Dadaji,

There are many unwritten letters to you, many unfixed thoughts about my experiences, many unspoken words between you and me - but now I have to write about the great joy in looking forward to meeting you soon. In this mood I feel you are already here in our new house - and this is very real, not mere imagination!

It is as if after a long time I'm really home again, at home with you. Like a householder, who has come back from a journey and now discovers his duties anew, His family.

Since I feel your presence so very strongly here, I'm at home in the lovely surroundings. It would be a great pleasure to show everything to you when you come.

I'm planning to meet you in Witten with Dr. Khetani on the day of your arrival. Then we can plan and follow His wishes.

Uta is very eager to see you in Destedt - it is a three hours drive from Witten. Next airport is Hanover. How wonderful: You will come!

Full of love,

Yours Peter

I could not manage to be in Witten on 17th June, when Dadaji arrived. The next day I went by car from Destedt to Witten, arriving in the evening. The drive was an unforgettable experience! While listening to classical music and driving the car, I was lost in thoughts about the forthcoming meeting with Dadaji. When the music ended, I concentrated again on the heavy highway traffic. Then suddenly I became conscious of a state in which I might have already been for some time, a feeling of expansiveness and joy! I was one with everything around. It was not just for a moment, but lasted some time - I do not know how long. I literally was bathed in His Love, felt immersed in Him... Afterward the environment seemed to have changed. It was more colorful, as if energized. The overwhelming experience was still vibrating in my soul, and if I were not sitting behind the steering wheel, I would have danced.

Upon arriving in Dr. Khetani's house in Witten and entering the room on the upper floor where Dadaji was, he shouted, "Life comes!" We embraced each other and I remembered our first meeting in Calcutta.

As usual, first Dadaji wanted to hear news of the family and about the new house. After that I could not wait to tell him about the rapturous events during my drive to Witten. He stopped me by saying, "Wait a moment!" He asked Abhi to call for Harvey and then I had to start anew. Dadaji was very happy about my report. When I asked him for his comment, he called the state I had gone through as the "real Yoga", which cannot be performed by a person's will, because it is a state beyond mind. He gave the following explanation: "The mind, being fully absorbed performing the duty (like driving the car) is left behind, and the consciousness opens for His Lila."

For me this was a very important comment for it threw new light on Dadaji's advice, "Do your duty, but always remember Him!" It is the conscious mind, which perceives our duties; Yoga

happens when the mind is then absorbed through the attachment with which we do our work as we are one with Him. When we become aware of this union, when our consciousness is opened up by Him as mind becomes immersed in selfless action (and *not* through exercises, etc.) we really 'remember Him' in this most wonderful way. We become 'His members'. Real remembrance is not to make an effort or ritually try to imagine Him mentally, but when it happens naturally to "see and feel and hear and fully sense Him" everywhere, we realize that we are bathed in His Love "24 hours a day".

Isn't it a poor and ineffective substitute to try to remember God with mental exercises of repeating His Name (Nama Japa)? He comes when He comes! We can do nothing. So patience is the most valuable virtue, but, we also cannot be patient by our will. Patience, real patience, is sustained by love, and we cannot command love. It is not under our will. We can do nothing. Love happens.

Against this background one gets another understanding of those Mantra-sellers and self-proclaimed experts in all types of so-called 'spiritual' or selfish self-liberation. Dadaji insists these are all bluff. This particular evening Dadaji spoke about a visit from Bhagwan Rajneesh of Poona, a very controversial figure in the big Guru business. He came to Dadaji at Abhi's home in Bombay. Abhi was present. Rajneesh explained to Dadaji his comprehension of sex and Tantra. Dadaji, rejecting all esoteric Tantra practices and rites, became very angry and pointed out some dangerous misconceptions held by Rajneesh. To him Rajneesh was nothing but an exploiter of innocent people, misguiding them in a dangerous way. Dadaji warned him about this. The great Bhagwan eventually had to leave India for the U.S.A., deeply frustrated. Harvey told about some female disciples known to him, who were sexually abused. The Ashramas in Poona and later in the U.S.A. were eventually closed down and Rajneesh's international empire collapsed under the weight of it's own corruption.

Why do people run after such 'Bhagwans' and 'Yogis' and the like? For some it is primarily egoism, ignorance, or helplessless, the wish to have a successful, happy life, and also the absence of patience. The first question asked of Gurus and priests always is: What do I have to do? When such 'spiritual authorities' demand it, seekers are ready to stand on their heads, murmur Mantras, offer candles and property; in other words, they endeavor to bribe Him, to buy His Grace to satisfy their own ends.

Some people want to prepare themselves, to mould their consciousness for the revelation of the Deity. Even this seemingly innocent, harmless activity becomes a hindrance, when one mistakenly believes an intercessor is needed or certain 'religious' practices are necessary to find God. We can do nothing, and this for me is the most wonderful message! Who am I? Am I the 'I', or am I 'He' who sings His Name, Gopal Govinda, the "Names of Keshava", in my heart? Although I'm not aware of His presence all the time, having experienced even once that He is with me is enough for a lifetime. Nobody can sell this experience to you. Guru is within.

"Are we not all actors in a play?," I asked Dadaji and added, "And if so, should we not play our roles as perfectly as possible?" Dadaji agreed and explained that mind gives us our different roles, but in reality there is only one Actor behind all roles. I remembered Henry Miller: "You are a role set by the Great Designer."

"It is the same with books," Dadaji said and then asked, "Who is the author? The real author is the Original in it's true sense. Books are mirrored wisdom, often distorted. Don't get lost in all the books." And he stressed again, "Nobody can teach you. Truth is within. What is duty? To perform a role to the best of one's abilities." But the latter means also self-forgetfulness, absorption by the role. And self-forgetfulness cannot be achieved consciously. "Do your duty, always remembering Him - and He will look after the rest."

Being an early riser, I woke up at 6 a.m. and heard Dadaji already awake also. Soon he called for Harvey and me. He told me that I should not be disappointed, but he was not able to come to Destedt, for he had to go to Brussels. I took it easily, although I wished he could have spent some time with my family.

Dadaji was interested in my opinion about war. Before I could answer, he asked whether war was not also His Lila? Some time back Dadaji had helped me to question my basically pacifist attitude, so I told him that I agreed with him, but nevertheless I felt obliged to do everything possible to prevent wars. Sometimes there are situations where war is an unavoidable consequence of a multitude of actions which lead to a martial conflict. In some cases, I told Dadaji, I had the feeling that people had to go through awkward painful experiences and even martial conflicts to 'learn a lesson'. I was not able to decide whether a lesson should be learned this way or if it really could be learned another way. According to Dadaji there are always clashes of egoistic interests and strivings. 'Peace' very often is the wrong label for the temporary resolution of the various conflicts, which cannot be resolved for all time. 'War' is a state where killing is legalized; "But the question is: Who kills whom?" Dadaji left his question unanswered.

Another thing Dadaji wanted to know from me was whether I thought that only one person, a leader, could be made responsible for a war. I told him that according to my own experiences with the Nazi regime this would be far too simple. "Most of us share the responsibility for what happened. It is not correct to blame only one person," I said and tried to illustrate this by speaking about my experience as a former obligatory member of the Hitler Youth, who sang terrible songs about the Jews, thus thoughtlessly responding to dominant political ideas of the time. Of course, at eleven years old I might have been too young to really understand what I was doing along with the other youngsters marching along the street. Nevertheless, today I still feel ashamed.

Harvey Freeman, being of the same age as I, was very moved by this statement. As a Jewish boy in the United States during the same years of war, at youth camp he sang equally disgusting and horrible songs about the Germans. And now we found each other as brothers at the feet of Dadaji! "This is a real wonder!" he exclaimed.

I had to leave Dadaji to give a lecture at the Bochem university. When I came back, I heard a group of people had come see Dadaji, amongst them Michael B. and his wife Annemarie. When Dadaji joined us, we stopped talking and nothing happened for a quarter of an hour or so. Dadaji sat in an armchair, silently looking at us. Nobody dared or cared to say anything. I followed my own thoughts. It was wonderful to be together in silence. Now and then Dadaji sent me a little smile.

After an endless time, as it seemed to most of us, Dadaji broke the silence by asking Michael B.: "Do you know who Jesus Christ is?" Michael explained that being a Protestant priest he had the well-known theological answers at hand, but he knew beforehand that Dadaji wouldn't accept them. Dadaji nodded agreement and said, "You people know nothing!" He told us not to be bound by false concepts. "The Christ is wonderful," Dadaji asserted, "never say anything against the Christ." This confirmed that Dadaji's criticism against theological concepts and tales of the *Bible* was not against the Christ. He stressed this again and again. But at the same time he left no doubt that he was very much against church organizations. A real danger exists for those members of religious organizations whose horizon widens by coming near to Him. More and more they will feel entrapped by the dogmas and religious structures. Even when breaking free they might temporarily suffer under the repercussions of losing their old rigidities and superstitions. Michael B., who revered Dadaji very much, didn't protest because he had a deep sense for the genuineness of Dadaji's message.

It was a long discussion in which I didn't take part. I was totally absorbed looking at Dadaji, who seemed to enjoy the exchange of views and arguments. At the same time he, I'm sure, was acting at a level above all this arguing, a level which only can be described with the word 'love'. When reacting in an annoyed manner to this or that argument, he was also 'embracing' all of us. It was late at night when I finally said good-bye to Dadaji. He sent me away with the words, "He loves you".

Looking back at the following months I could say that nothing happened. But, is this correct? Often we see our own history as a chain of events which have a lasting place in our memory, and the time in between seems to be too unimportant to remember. Every day we are taught lessons, and for me all these days were embraced by Dadaji's remark, "He loves you". I could not forget it in daily work; it was in my mind all the time and became very clear when Mahanam welled up from within - everything was 'colored' by this certainty: He loves me.

Doing my duties and going through unavoidable conflicts, corresponding with friends and discussing various topics with guests - always in the back of my consciousness was this Truth. At the end of September, all of a sudden I suffered severe lumbago, a debilitating pain in my back and I had to stay in bed. After some days of physical therapy, I was able to crawl on all fours and in this state I was brought to an orthopedic clinic. Some injections removed the pain.

Although I was suffering a lot, I was in a wonderful mood. Dadaji was very near to see me through my troubles. Whether one believes it or not, I enjoyed this state inspite of the pains. So it was a wonderful week with Dadaji, I felt cared for by him all the time.

Sometime later, after the lumbago was cured, sciatic attacks started in my leg. Massage was helpful for some days, but the

painful attacks came back. I didn't feel troubled by them, even when the doctor said I should prepared to live with it for a long time. Were the pains not prompting me to remember Him?

For the Christmas holidays we went with the children to the nearby Harz Mountains. When not hit by sciatic attacks, I enjoyed long walks with the family through the snow covered forests and tried to answer the question to myself: Who is Dadaji?

Diary December 25, 1981

Why do I shy away from this question? I say: Dadaji is God. Isn't this a risky statement, a blasphemy? Although I know this truth, it is a discovery I should not write down, because it will be misunderstood.

Dadaji is a human being. Son of a woman and a man. But am I allowed to say this? The sun suddenly radiates in full force upon the wintry landscape ... Why do I not accept this 'Dadaji is God'? Is God the Unimaginable, surpassing all understanding? Yes, of course; but He is also with us, amongst us! And I understand in Him, through Him, what is approachable for me.

I am in God, and God is in me. Also Dadaji, as I see him sitting in front of me, is in God and God is in him. Because this can be directly and indirectly experienced with Dadaji, is he both message and messenger of the consciousness of the Divine? When God spoke to Moses out of the flaming bush - was this bush 'God'? There, in the fire? Only there became Moses' consciousness aware of Him?

God doesn't fence Himself in : We ourselves are limited by mind, and in our limitation we tend to try to make Him small and achievable, or in our desires and

images we make Him so vast that we do not see Him anymore. Our expectations are distorted, and thus we miss Him in both the great and the small. We try to understand Him, we are not simply patient...

God is Love. That is why this love wells up in me when I remember Him, when Mahanam comes into my consciousness.

What is reality? When I look at the winter forest in the foggy morning, this gives birth to feelings in my soul which add colors to the undetermined gray of what I see.

Again : What is reality? Would someone else have the same image of the forest? Already through our memories we are all different. I must ask myself, what is acting in reality? There is something of which I'm aware through my senses; and there am I, who is aware - and who takes it for truth? Within me an image is developing, and that goes hand in hand with a value judgment. Value and reality are not identical, but I cannot discriminate. Only when I am aware that He is acting within me, do I realize the source of everything.

I asked myself whether the Invisible has visible gates, and whether Dadaji was the Invisible and at the same time the gate for me to the Invisible. Such questions I had to leave unanswered. In this situation I found Annie Besant's remark about Lord Krishna, already quoted in Chapter 5, helpful : "He is human to the very core, born in humanity." And yet, I experienced Dadaji as being something more. Today (in 1991) I would say : Dadaji is Satyanarayan, the One whose coming he has announced. But I still needed some years to fully accept this Truth. One day I found the following statement of Dadaji: "Satyanarayan transcends even the Krishna state. It is the essence of vacuity. Here all is not; yet, all is. Infinite is in

infinitude. I and thou are merged in One. Even pure devotion is not. Beyond the plane of Radha-Krishna state, the body evaporates and Prema (Love) withers away. Satyanarayan transcends the plane of Lila. Govinda (Krishna) delivers Mahanam and the Omnipotent Will is His too. No potency of Will does ruffle Satyanarayan" (*The Truth Within,* pg. 45).

On New Years Day 1982 we went home to Destedt. I sat down to write a letter to Dadaji.

Destedt, 1. Jan. 1982

Dear Dadaji,

Again and again I have pondered about the words you wrote to me after our first encounter in Calcutta. "There is no distance between you and me." For a long time I thought these words were indicating a certain nearness, and indeed I witnessed in some instances your very real presence. Now I have come to another understanding: Also nearness is still distance, and memory and imagination are able to play a misguiding role. It was through Mahanam that a glimpse of the deeper meaning of your words was made possible. There seems to exist what I may call an identity, and it is a state beyond nearness; it is the end of separation. Should I dare to say: You and I are one in the Name? Oh, Dadaji, I feel like a pregnant woman, but what might be born is beyond my power of imagination. There is nothing more wonderful than Mahanam! Whenever the Name wells up in my consciousness I have to smile because of the sweetness of love in my heart. Very often I feel in these moments all the shortcomings of language - there is no possibility left but to remain silent. I guess a poet must be accustomed to the wish to chisel out of the language a poem or phrase.

For some weeks I have developed a keen interest in writing. I try to refine my style and to become able to speak in a language adequate for a message for which I wish to be open and which as yet I do not know. All of a sudden I followed an urgent inner desire and started writing poems (mostly about trees). It is as if autumn leaves, the foggy November, the icy and snowy days of winter are my teachers and I discover with them new and deeper meanings. I do know nothing - it's all beyond understanding. I'm only responding like a lover, who responds in Love.

This report would be incomplete if I would not also mention the dry wasteland, which sometimes stretches between such wonderful experiences. After we met last in Witten in June '81 I have also gone through patience-testing times. I learned from these periods that nothing happens without purpose. Thus my reaction to very intense pain in my back (lumbago) was - inner joy! I myself as well as Uta wondered about this very unusual mood under such circumstances. And still today, after three months of medical treatment, I'm not depressed by being restricted in my movements. Dadaji, it is all part of His wonderful play!

When I spoke about the dry wasteland I meant those days and weeks, when the mind is veiled from seeing Him in all events, which then creates many beautiful vistas and experiences. To complete the picture of the wasteland: The camel had enough waterbags of hope to cross the desert areas!

May I talk about a problem I had to face since our last meeting? I promised to write a short article about your philosophy within a week. I remember

well your being surprised by my promise (Harvey was witness). I felt able in your presence to do the writing on the spot, but after I came home I became aware of so many inner and outer difficulties that I was not able to write down a single line! Having promised to write something, I began to suffer some sort of depression being unable to fulfill the promise. I started to write to you, but it was in vain: I simply had no words. Thus a 'wasteland period' began and I had to learn the lesson: The 'I' is not able to promise such a thing. It is He who wills, not I. He has His time, I cannot force Him. And I realized also that my attempts to apply the mind in fulfilling the promise was the main hindrance... Oh, I remember: Once you wrote to me, "Let writing grow into your life as one of your duties. Let writing write itself out through you." I try to do this - and try not to do it at the same time. It's difficult to explain! I have to be patient and surrender to His Will.

There are some moments of great importance, which teach immeasurable lessons full of meaning. I will never forget my experience on the way to Witten in June 1981. I wanted to meet you there and was driving my Audi car on the Autobahn (highway) at maximum speed inspite of the heavy traffic. I was listening to music from a cassette. It was the *Jupiter Symphony* by W.A. Mozart. After a while the music ended and I was fully absorbed by the traffic on the road. Suddenly I had the feeling of being immersed in Him. It was like a wonder: Although I was driving, I did not think; and while I met the always changing challenges of the traffic with full concentration, at the same time I was above it all: It was limitless joy! I was one with the whole landscape around me, but also with the road and the car, with

clouds and sky - with everything! There was seemingly the one level of action and reaction: driving the car at maximum speed in a perfect manner. And there was another level of all-embracing silence: bathing in pureness of joy...

I do not know how long this spontaneous integration of dual states of awareness lasted; it ended with the conscious awareness of the two levels. Then the idea came to me: This is a wonder! My second thought was: I have sensed a Reality which is present all the time - a timeless Reality.

Who was driving the car? I could not make out any 'I' to do the job. It was sheer self-forgetfulness. Thus the 'remembrance' of Him took place: to become again (re) part and parcel (member) of Him. You said so many times: "Remember Him always..."

Dadaji, what an experience! What a lesson! But, what is left? I'm trying to describe an indescribable fact. Memory is like a dry flower and I ask myself why I try to store such events in words. This is not the way to sense it again. There is such a big difference between a face-to-face Reality and its written record.

One thing I know: There is no 'technique', no 'recipe', or 'way', which leads to such experiences: It all happens according to His Will - a gift unexpected. It is not the result of a certain performance. I cannot do it- it's all the grace of His love, the unveiling of His Name.

There is the kiss of the Lover and the bride remains with ardent desire. In her intense longing, He is present as a promise, foreshadowing the next encounter. In the meantime, she does her duties,

beaming with love, which is He. Thus she discovers that He is always present. When she hears the music of His flute, she rushes to the forest for the dance... (As you say, in this sense we are all female.)

This is His Lila: not a steady state , but dynamic, like everyhting that lives. It all belongs together, night and day, health and sickness - but it now begins to have the same inner quality for me. And this inner quality of love endures and expands into everything around. I see the tree - and it is a tree, and the fence is a fence, and the road a road. In each I meet Him, as well as simultaneously inside myself: He is not different from what I see with open eyes. There is one thing new, and I have no word for it. Inter-connectedness? I don't know. It is a constant interplay, a dynamic integrated force... I myself play my minute role in the great drama of life according to His design, and at the same time He is the player together with me.

Dear Dadaji, I would love to see you as soon as possible, but at this time I see no opportunity to come to India. Maybe I will meet Harvey in America, if I go there in February, but this is not yet decided.

Uta sends all her love. She very often speaks about you and with you, but has difficulties writing a letter.

With love,

Yours Peter.

One month later I got Dadaji's answer, which in some passages was very enigmatic to me. I was able to reflect on it and some weeks later explored my reflections in the diary.

Calcutta 21.1.82

Dear son,

Your letter dated Jan. 1st. A delicious billet doux which has to be enjoyed alone and in company. Distance is evaporation of in-stance and absolute stance. While nearness is in-stance, identity is absolute stance. These are two necessary correlates in the life of a devoted and dutiful housewife. If she be merely devoted, her pregnancy in most cases is abortive. And if she be only dutiful, she can only dream of being impregnated by an impotent eunuch. If then you are heavy with the Lord, nourish him constantly with the blood and sap of your life: The Mahanam which emerges from the abysmal cavern of your heart in an autocratic flow of love. So you have to reckon with three stages, instance, constance and absolute stance. Pregnant that you are, you are now in the stage of constance. A sign of such a person is that he is in a poetic frenzy. Why, you are eagerly awaiting the birth of the Babe, the dawn of Christmas. And instinctively you will feel around you for softer, lovelier words to address your Babe of Love and you will lapse into resonant silence. One runs this full circle and is absorbed into Him.

Harvey is coming to Bombay - Feb. 2nd. I am going to Bombay - Abhi's place - Feb. 8th for five weeks. If Uta is betrothed to Truth, He will certainly feel her warm heart. My love to you, Uta and the Kiddies,

Affectionately

Dadaji

P.S. Thanks for the lovely family picture - Dadaji

At the beginning of February I had to attend a seminar in Bay Springs, Miss., U.S.A. I took Dadaji's letter with me, studying it

The "lovely family picture", Christmas 1981 in our Destedt home:
Sita, Johannes, Uta, Veronika

again and again. By making analytical notes I tried to come to a proper understanding.

Diary February 10, 1982

> Dadaji's letter contents a message which is difficult to translate.
>
> Stages of overcoming distance:
>
> - in-stance <nearness to Him>,
> - con-stance <pregnant with Him> = my present state,
> - absolute stance <identity with Him>.
>
> In-stance and absolute stance are necessary correlates.
>
> While writing this down, I see Dadaji in front of me with a match box and a cigarette box, showing how nearness and identity play together: No state is static. It is flickering, a constant flickering. How to understand Dadaji's words? I will use Latin:
>
> - instare, insto = to be near, to long perseveringly for a thing; instance, instant.
> - constare, consto = to remain unchanged, constant.
> - stare, sto = to be as firm as rock, to stand on one's ground. Stance.
>
> These are philological trials. Far more important is the state of which Dadaji speaks: The gift of an Origin, that cannot be understood, manifest in a 'cycle' with it's three-stage process in which He is sometimes 'nearer', sometimes 'farther away'.
>
> I hear the voice of Dadaji: "Don't worry. It will come. It all happens by time factor."

At that time I had difficulty understanding what Dadaji meant by "absolute stance", for I had not yet experienced this stage. I found

out it is a matter of immediate intuitive realization, not of understanding or description. I had to travel to Calcutta and then to as far as Tokyo, till the pregnancy of the housewife reached full term.

Diary February 19, 1982

The 'open eye' - lovingly looking at the world and perceiving the inner nature of the tree, following the furrow of the field and fondling the bush, resting at the rivulet, open for everything around - is only befogged by the images of rising mental desires, shifting like false fronts between me and reality. Then sorrow wells up in my soul because of the limited view, the separation and the missing attunement. At the same time this grief is it's own consolation; for realizing I'm missing the happiness of the 'open eye' is in itself a guarantee that it will come back.

It's all His Lila. The smile which rises together with His Name expels the grief and converts it into joy.

The day is gray and spring seems to be far away.

Memories of past springs, summers and autumns (the knowledge of the full cycle) mix with the patient waiting for the first spring crocus - and the eye fondles the violet shine of the winter branches laden with promising buds.

Through the coldness of the soil I sense the warmth of the womb, and the yellowed, rotting grass lining the road, freed from the snow, is teaching me patience. No more questions, only one answer - be patient.

Once again I had to learn what patience really means. Patience is His gift, a trust in His love, which is around us all the time,

seen or unseen. In such hours of feeling separated from Him, I feel I am alone, and sometimes, becoming aware of this, tears come into my eyes. There is both the memory of the happiness of His presence and the knowledge that I can do nothing to again be in that state. Through this realization, patience is born.

Patience is quite different from waiting. We wait for something to happen, it is a state of desire in which we hope the time will go faster. Therefore we are not living in the present, but in hopes of the future. Yet life is here, in this very second, and only here - not in the images of the future created by the desires of the mind.

Patience, real patience, as Dadaji sees it, is characterized by the 'open eye'. Nothing to want; no disease; you have become His patient. He cares for you in the best way possible in each and every circumstance. We cannot nor should we wish to avoid the longing for Him, or try to negate the feeling of having lost Him. Why should we try avoid it? Too many times I have experienced the longing as a foreshadowing of His coming.

What is time for one who is patient? I remember the wonderful story Dadaji told about the Bhakta Raghunath, a disciple of Mahaprabhu. He was expelled from his Master's circle, although Raghunath was his especially beloved disciple. Raghunath lived under a tamarind tree. Once he was told that he would see the Master (Mahaprabhu) after as many years as the leaves of the tamarind tree. He was thrilled with the ecstasy of joy, for he would see his Master again! He wasn't discouraged by the extraordinary number of years which had to pass, for love and patience would carry him to the feet of his Master. When Mahaprabhu heard about this, he immediately sent for Raghunath.

Patience, real patience, is only possible with full trust in Him and a loving heart. A loving heart, because it loves, is the best testimony of His presence. Be patient, He loves you! 24 hours He is singing His Name within your heart. He remembers Himself. Be patient.

I learned in a letter from Abhi that Dadaji was expected in London in June. So I prepared to see him there. And one fine day Dadaji was on the phone, telling me that he had arrived in London the day before and asking me to come over to England as soon as possible. It is very strange, but I always had severe difficulty talking to Dadaji on the phone; I always lacked words. So I only was able to say, "Yes", and "Wonderful", and to ask him, "How are you?" And Dadaji: "Always well when I hear your voice!" I also wanted to tell him those same feelings... Dadaji was staying in Dr. Shiv Kumar's house in Ilford/Essex. I planned to go to Ilford the following Saturday.

Diary June 26, 1982

> After the plane had taken off from Hanover Airport and the seat to my right remained free, I was reminded of the memorable flight to Madras (when Johannes had become sick). For some minutes I again had the feeling of Dadaji sitting next to me. I tried to read a little bit, but it wasn't possible because of various thoughts welling up in my mind. All of a sudden, there was a clear sentence before my inner eye: "There will be uttermost destruction of forms - and at the same time uttermost bliss!" It was an overwhelming experience, and when I looked through the window at the land below, tears came into my eyes. I don't know whether it was sadness or joy, but I was with Dadaji all the time.

When I met Dadaji in the late morning, his main interest, as always, was centered around my family life and our new house. I had to tell him about my professional duties and he seemed to be happy. He invited me for Utsava in Calcutta. After ten minutes or so another guest came and I left Dadaji's room.

A group of people had assembled in the living room of Dr. Shiv Kumar's house. Amongst them was an especially critical mind,

Dadaji wanted me to "tell something", June 1982

a well-known British eye doctor, whose name I have forgotten. He was very interested in my experiences with Dadaji. During our conversation, in which I was confronted with inquiring and skeptical questions, I remembered Dadaji having written once to me, "Skeptics try our fidelity to truth and are our friends on that score." I couldn't answer all his questions; so I handed him over to Abhi, who provided him with literature about Dadaji. When I met him later in the day, he had totally changed, for he had talked with Dadaji who deeply impressed him.

Most of the guests were doctors, lawyers, engineers and people from the university, the bulk of them being Indians. I had long discussions with Abhi, who for me is the most competent source in regard to Dadaji. Having travelled with Dadaji so many times, he is a treasure trove of stories and messages of Dadaji, having taped them whenever possible.

In the evening Dadaji called for me. I found him standing in his room, and after I entered he said nothing but hugged me and gave me a kiss on the forehead. Then we went downstairs to the drawing room, where a large group of people invited by Dr. Shiv Kumar was waiting. I sat on the floor with the guests expecting Dadaji to talk with us, but he wanted me to sit on a chair and "tell something". I was totally unprepared and didn't know how to start. So I asked people for questions.

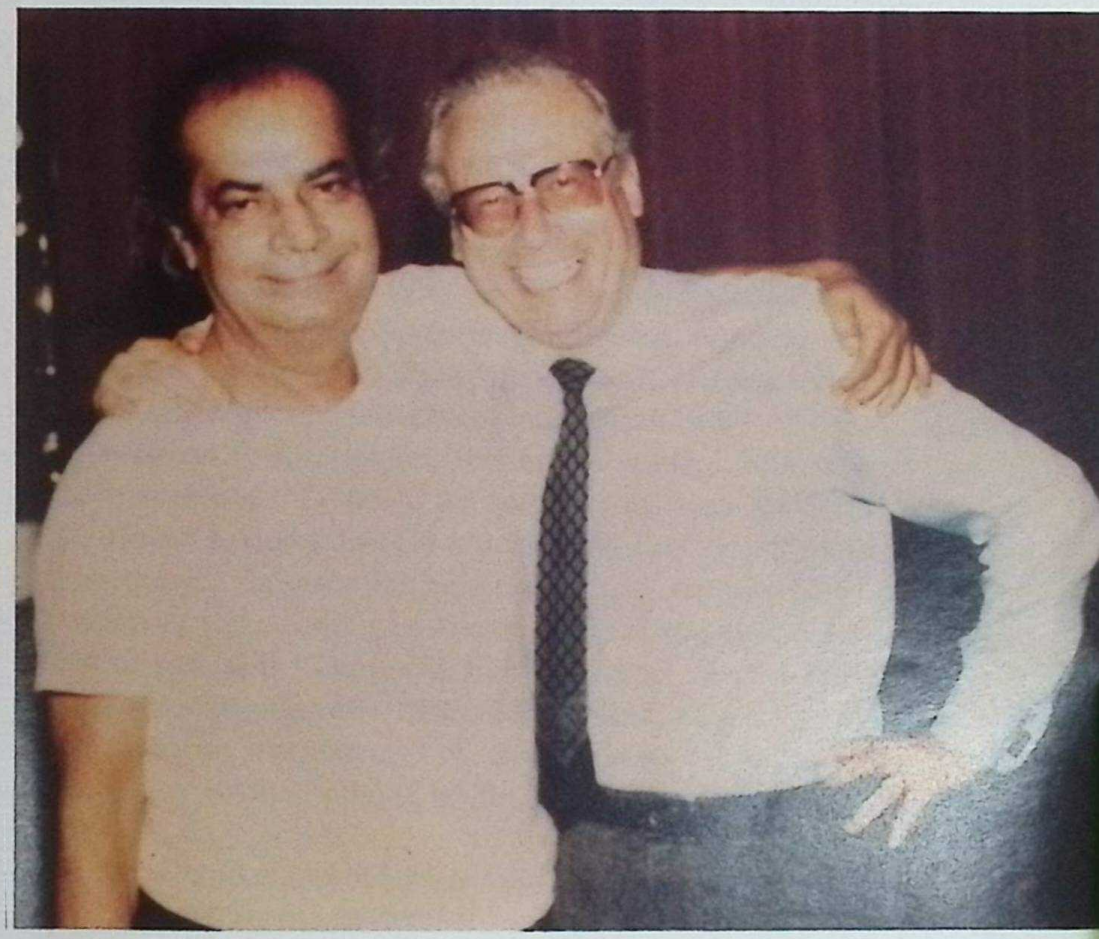
Abhi broke the silence and asked me about the relations between Prana and Dadaji's Fragrance. 'Prana' in Indian philosophy is the 'breath of life' or the 'vital breath', equated with 'Atman', the inner self or individual Life-principle. Prana is associated with breath, for this is how universal force sustains the physical system. It is obvious that our physical life starts with the first inbreathing and ends with the last outbreathing. Prana is not the air we breath in and out, it is the Life essence, immaterial. When in this connection Dadaji speaks of Krishna, he does not mean a historical person or a body. Krishna is the Prana-Shakti (life-energy), and everything in the universe is bound into its flux.

Because it was an Indian audience, I didn't talk about this in detail; it would have been carrying coal to Newcastle, so to speak. As far as I remember, my answer consisted of the remark that Prana and Fragrance were basically the same or closely related. Fragrance is independent from Dadaji's presence and is sensual 'cosmic essence'.

Many other questions followed, including some concerned with techniques to come nearer to Him. Dadaji's presence gave me the courage for commentaries, which otherwise I would not have made. In this way I learned the answer to the questions: Who makes experiences? It is: The experience itself and the person who experiences are One. I also used Dadaji's demonstration with the match box and the cigarette box to explain the relation between the part and the Whole - the part that by its own will seems to go its own way and then again is attracted by the Whole. For a short time it forgets it is part of the Whole, that it could fly to the borders of the universe and still be in Him. This not only depicts the course of a whole life, when we seem to go out from the Whole with birth and come back to the Whole through death. It also seems to be, so to speak, a daily affair for those who are consciously parts of the Whole - and thus whole themselves. This is the process of remembering Him, and forgetting, and remembering, and so on...

The whole discussion lasted one hour or so. Dadaji was also asked questions, but he managed to always keep me busy with explanations. It was a very nice atmosphere. After the guests had gone, Dadaji called me near. He was very content with my responses to the questions.

The next day in Ilford, the 27th June, brought a surprise. Dipankar (Dipu) Bhadra, an Indian electronics engineer living in Brussels, had come with his wife Elisabeth to tape Dadaji with his video camera. As a child Dipu suffered congenital asthma -



In Dr. Shiv Kumar's house in Ilford/Essex, June 1982

incurable. As he told me, Dadaji healed him. For the video, Dipu placed his wife Elisabeth, Dadaji and me on the terrace of the house and soon I was asked for a statement. A sentence which had moved me so much on the flight from Hanover to London came into my mind: "There will be uttermost destruction of forms - and at the same time uttermost bliss!" I mentioned this with a short comment, and then Dadaji started to give some concrete hints. He said that in the 80's there would be "minor troubles", but a real crisis, in which Nature would revolt, would start 1991/92. There would be many years of destruction, but at the same time years of a breakthrough "in the realization of Him".

I personally had never heard Dadaji giving such concrete hints, and today, as I write this in 1991, there have been disastrous floods and rains in China, devastating storms in Bangla Desh, eruptions of the Volcano Pinatubo on one of the Philippine Islands, earthquakes in Mexico and many other destructive events to trouble us besides the hole in the oxone layer in earth's atmosphere, the hothouse effect and other dangerous developments. I should not forget to mention that we soon lost the illusion of a peaceful world which spread after the collapse of the Soviet superpower. I cannot but remember Dadaji's serious face, when he was telling us of the coming destructions which was recorded on video tape. Dadaji also said, "Those will fight each other who lived together in peace for a long time. Nationalistic and religious arguments will be used as instruments of manipulation. But, remember always: Humanity is One, religion is One."

In the afternoon I went back to Germany having promised to do my best to come to Calcutta in October for Utsava. It would be very important, Dadaji said.

CHAPTER SIXTEEN

Remember Him - Remember Me

Destedt, 2. Oct.1982

Dear Dadaji,

When we met last time in Ilford I was not sure whether I would be able to accept your invitation to come to Calcutta for Utsava this year. But it happens that I have to make a business trip to Japan in October, and I will stop for a holiday week in Calcutta on the way to Tokyo.

I'm planning to arrive at Calcutta Airport on 21st October; on 28th October I will have to leave for Japan. I still do not have the exact times and dates. As soon as my travel plan is completed I will let you know.

We had a wonderful summer and are now experiencing an equally wonderful autumn. The family is well and sends best greetings. It is heartwarming to imagine that in a short time I will be with you.

Uta sends her love and so do I,

Yours Peter.

A week later I sent Dadaji another letter, together with my itinerary.

Destedt, 10 Oct. 1982

Dearest Dadaji,

Uta is very sad at not having the opportunity to come along with me. She would love to see you again, but there are duties which are forcing her to stay back

with the children in Destedt. I myself feel very much absorbed in my daily work, but I'm not deploring this, for it is the fulfilment of duties. And there is the remembrance of Him.

I do expect nothing. Why? He is with me now. Past and future do not count.

Living my normal life as a family man nothing important or spectacular occurred the last months, but I'm writing a lot, sometimes poems as you know... I will tell you about this when I come. It will be wonderful to meet you and many old friends again!

With love,

Yours Peter.

Some days later I didn't feel well and fell into a negative mood. I noted down some thoughts to clarify the situation for myself.

Diary October 13,1982

Autumnal mood. It also rains in my soul, or what is it? Am I bound to go through darkness these days to experience the light at the end? Why do I feel left alone? There is a thick layer of clouds, hanging heavily above my soul's landscape. In one week I'm on the way to India. But why am I sad? There are so many half-done things started and not completed because of lack of time. And no hope to fulfill these duties...

Dadaji just says (and I'm hearing his clear voice):

"There is nothing half in your life. Everything is full. It is your eye, which is not open. No rain drops in your heart, it's full of sun. He does not like such a mood. Clouds are useful, thank Him, for the rain like the thirsty soil. Praise Him, Peter!" What was this?

The world has changed! It is still raining, but I feel a rising power, making me happy.

On the evening of the 21th October, Salil Bhattacharya, Abhi's younger brother, and N.D. Jaiswal fetched me at the Calcutta Airport and brought me to the Transit Guesthouse of the Minerals and Applied Machine Co. on Lord Sinha Road, where I was to stay till a room was available in the Ramakrishna Mission Hostel. "You are looking much younger," was Salil's welcome. Younger? I was a little bit surprised, but then I had to agree: Something had become 'new' in my life, I felt nearer to the 'Now'. Doesn't the awareness of His Love make us younger? Pregnant women sometime look very young...

As I ate my breakfast the next day, I was looking at a batik print on the wall: The frightening image of Kali, the black Goddess, sticking out her tongue and garlanded with skulls. In this picture she was standing in a lotus. Looking at it I suddenly knew for certain that this was also a picture of love! Love - doesn't this word encompass a wide range of phenomena, including those which may seem horrible at a first glance? Isn't nature sometimes destructive, threatening - but never 'bad'? Isn't Kali's destructive dance only one aspect of the cycle of love which includes creation and maintenance of life as well? Although it might be difficult to grasp, I strongly felt the motherly nature of the Goddess. "I recognize you by your lotus feet", this sentence grew in my mind, filling it with joy.

Salil Bhattacharya came to tell me that Dadaji was suffering a slight fever, and I would see him later in the afternoon.

Diary October 22, 1982

The Goddess Kali: She is 'Law', but her lotus feet are heralding 'Freedom'. Why is Law depicted in such a

repulsive way? Because it hasn't been understood: It is also love. Love is the all-embracing principle...

Then I heard Dadaji saying, "He is Love - and nothing is outside Him. No inside or outside. It is one continuous flow of existence! Inner world, outer world - all nonsense. They do not understand! It is all one, Peter. No difference, no distance - this is all created by the mind. You be with the Whole! You have come here to be one with Him; He is always one with you, but you don't realize it - only in certain moments. In those days when you feel Him to be far away, you start to open up for Him. He is always there - very, very near, also under the cover of a horrible mask."

At lunchtime Salil again dropped in and we sat together speaking about the batik print of Kali. Lotus feet: Also Sri Sri Satyanarayan has His feet on a lotus. In His picture there is a powerful polarity between the halo around His head and the lotus below! Polarity? I don't like this word, because it means a duality. I'm fascinated by the vital power, the dynamic energy between the (static) poles causing inhaling and exhaling.

Kali is decorated with a garland of skulls; this is the Law of Time's cycle. Form follows form. Thus the Law decorates itself. And each skull is a chalice. This also is love.

In the early afternoon we went sightseeing at the nearby Victoria Memorial, a colossal marble 'colonial oasis' in a green park, surrounded by hoards of rattling, stinking busses and cars. But the green park was beautiful. In talking to Salil I remembered that Dadaji had written to me, "He alone has form". Why did I discriminate between spirit and the chalice? Wasn't the chalice also - the One?

When I came to Dadaji in the late afternoon, I found him still not well, but recovered from the fever. He looked at me as if he was saying, "Now you finally have come." Our conversation followed the already well-known pattern: First he wanted to know about my flight, the comfort of the room I had in the Transit Guest house, the family in Destedt and how I liked my new job. We chatted for a long time. It really was as if I was meeting a member of my family, my elder brother.

Then I spoke about Durga Puja and asked Dadaji about the difference between Durga and Kali. "Westerners are interested in all such things,"he said, shaking his head with a laugh. He asked, "What difference?" I understood and replied, "There is fundamentally no difference. I discovered it by looking at the lotus feet of Kali." He said, "You are right, there are no differences. These are all images; there is only He, nothing else". Then our conversation took an unexpected turn.

Diary October 22, 1982

First Dadaji was silent for a long time. Then he said: "Whenever people ask me, who is Peter, I tell them, he is something... Don't ask me, I cannot explain it." He looked at me in a strange way and went on, "When I first met you, I knew you are my son." I replied, "I am nothing, I know nothing. Years ago I thought I knew something, but that has all vanished; He knows, and He is the only doer. We are all actors, wearing masks. Through the holes in the mask we can see the eyes of the actors playing their roles. It is all His play".

Dadaji had listened attentively and with emotion. "Peter, I tell you, you are something - and I will say nothing more".

I told Dadaji, "Sometimes I'm living in an inner wasteland, but always knowing that the oasis is

near.“ Dadaji nodded. "You should write about Dadaji. You will write much." I: “You are an enigma. It is so difficult to write about you. I’m only true to myself in writing letters to you. This has a certain intimacy.”

We were interrupted by a visitor. It was the young Bengali from Brussels, Dipu Bhadra, whom together with his Flemish wife Elisabeth I met in June in Ilford. Soon we talked about the story of how I came to meet Dadaji for the first time in Witten. I had been preoccupied with the idea that Dadaji was one of the travelling Gurus. Very amused, Dadaji followed my story and added that already at that time he had seen me being "something", but he couldn’t describe it. Then he told Dipu (and I felt very uneasy): “Peter has been my son already millions and millions of years ago. I do not love him, for I don’t like the word ‘love’ in this connection. We are in tune, totally in tune." Dadaji explained this to Dipu again in Bengali, to be sure that he was understood properly. Then he turned to me: “There is so much connected with the word ‘love’, I cannot use it here. You are in tune with Him." I told Dadaji that I sometimes have difficulty with the German word ‘Liebe’, ‘love’, in my mother tongue, and the English word `love', a foreign word for me and therefore not connected with so much connotations, seemed to me better in relation with Him. What I was feeling was ‘His Love’. Of course, the word ‘love’ was colored by this, and that was important for me. Dadaji persisted in his expression: We are ‘in tune’. I was not able to understand and replied, “But, Dadaji when I look out of your face, I’m feeling love!”With an indescribable expression Dadaji looked at me and started anew to talk in Bengali to Dipu. As far I could ascertain from his looks and the hints I got

later, I was again the object of the conversation about this unexplainable 'being in tune'...

Dadaji again looked at me. "I tell you, Peter, you are something. You have been Peter all the time in the past and will be the same in the future... I told others, don't talk about Peter. It comes from very old days that we are in tune... What you are saying is not your knowledge, it is by His grace, you cannot learn it. We know each other for such a long time. You are a child, Peter. You are a self-realized person".

I didn't know how to react to this. I looked away and then again at Dadaji and had the feeling of utter modesty. Because I lacked words, I only remarked, "I'm nothing, Dadaji, I' m a very normal person." Dadaji smiled.-

8 p.m. had passed and it was time to leave. Dadaji had no visitors in the previous days and seemed to be somewhat exhausted. He gave me a kiss on my cheek and said, "This was your Utsava. You need nothing more."

Now, while noting down all this I see the danger of believing Dadaji. He must be wrong; something is blinding him. Why did he tell all this to me ? Is it a test? In this moment I feel as normal as possible, namely very tired, and I shall go to bed.

When I woke up the next morning, I recalled all that I had heard the previous day from Dadaji. I didn't know what to make of it. Did I feel uneasy or was I content? I really didn't know as it was something in between. At any rate, I was perplexed and full of questions, but I knew they wouldn't be answered. I only grasped the meaning of Dadaji's words about our knowing each other

since "millions and millions of years" as a kind of timeless relationship also reaching into the future, and I was happy.

Why did Dadaji say all that? I would have loved to annihilate the memory. On a previous occasion in Ilford, Dadaji had referred to me the same way, but to others, and I couldn't make out exactly what was meant then or now.

Diary October 23,1982

I feel very much a beginner, being in the last row of the class. I do know nothing and only have trust in Him. This gives certainty. I fear I'm bound to disappoint Dadaji; he is deceiving himself with his trust in me. I would love to talk to Uta, for I feel disturbed, confronted with myself, and alone. And then again, I would prefer not to talk about it at all. It is totally impossible for me to feel as if I am something special...When I looked into the correspondence with Dadaji (which I had brought with me to share with friends) I made some discoveries. On 5 September '80 I described a state, in which Dadaji answered my questions, although he was far away: "I'm 'in tune' with you in such moments and I'm enthusiastic about it." Dadaji had responded to this: "Being 'in tune' with Him you create the eternal truth in your life. You can create, because it is right there in your, so to say, insensitive heart eternally." But then, in the same letter from 16 September '80, comes another remark, the last sentence which today seems to me very important: "What! A 'spiritual language' as opposed to 'profane'! Funny, indeed! Then the 'spiritual' person must by an abnormal person. But, *one has to be very much normal*".

I remember a comment I made on the word 'love' which seemed to make Dadaji very happy: "To utter

the word love as an expression of that feeling is like offering a fresh flower. A little bit later the word is still there, but it may become like the unwatered flower - fading and without fragrance. The meaning may become distorted. One can only understand it fully when one feels the same as when the word was new and uttered with the fragrance of His spirit. This eternal feeling restores the fading word love to the full fragrance of its meaning."

In the morning again I was called to Dadaji. He was reclining on his bed and I sat on the floor. But because of my ongoing sciatic attacks Dadaji didn't like this and made me sit in an armchair near the wall. After some time he didn't like the distance between us and the chair had to be moved near the bed. We spoke about the family, and sometimes I had the feeling that Dadaji was really my father.

Diary October 23, 1982

A little later he demonstrated for me how an ascetic does 'Tapasya' (Penance) seated in a Yoga position. "This is all business, cheating the people and themselves. To do one's duty, to work, is penance enough. Can you follow me? No Yoga, no mental gymnastics needed! Do your duty and leave everything to His grace. That is all. No amount of learning will help you. You have to become a child, knowing nothing." I was reminded of the words of Jesus in the *Bible*, "Whosoever shall not receive the kingdom of God as a little child, shall in no wise enter therein".

Dadaji said, "Everything around is He, He is everywhere. You are within Him, and He is within you. He loves you, Peter; we are in tune." Dadaji's hands make wonderful movements as he describes

how the Divine - He - permeates everything; his right hand seems to fondle everything; his inward-directed eyes suddenly rest upon me. "There is something in you, saying such beautiful things! It is not you, it comes through you. You are something, I cannot say".

What shall I do? Contradict him? Of course, sometimes I'm evidently saying things not formulated by me. How will this end? I'm glad that he always stresses the 'normal life'. He called me a 'moralist' in an positive sense, but he didn't explain the meaning.

The day before Utsava in a morning paper, *The Sunday Statesman* dated 24 October 1982, I found an announcement with a picture of Dadaji. It said; "In the august presence of Sri Dadaji (Sri Amiya Roy Chowdhuri) the annual Mahotsava organized by the Dadaji Brotherhood will be held on 25th and 26th October, 1982, at P-17/7/2a, Keyatala Road, Calcutta-29, Somnath Hall, Calcutta. All are welcome to attend this occasion." I looked for some time at this unexpected announcement and found it typically Indian. "In the august presence of Sri Dadaji..."

Dadaji would not be smiling, seeing himself placed on a pedestal, I thought, this is the way the Anti-Guru might be transformed by the others into a normal Guru, because Indian tradition wants it. I didn't have a classical Guru-disciple relationship with Dadaji, as is so very common in India. Of course, I am a Westerner having only some outer knowledge of Indian traditions. My Indian friends always have their categories, theories and explanations at hand, to give everything its proper place in their picture of the universe. I listen to them, try to understand, but don't have the desire to revere a human being as God. Dadaji himself taught me, "God alone is the Guru,"and

also, "If I'm Guru, you are also Guru." This is a very natural message for me, as are all the sayings of Dadaji, because they always stress that He is everywhere, that we are in Him and He is in us. If there is a difference, it is a difference in mental concepts. I see Dadaji as one being 'beyond mind', in an unexplainable way being in Him, one with Him, but at the same time closely related to me. Dadaji: An enigma and also a warmhearted family man.

I wasn't disturbed by the newspaper announcement of Utsava, but I had some difficulties with the reference of Dadaji's "august presence" - this creates distance, a separation. I asked myself whe-ther I would have experienced Jesus during his life on earth as "august"? Impossible. Isn't it the most wonderful thing that He is so very near to us, the nearest and dearest? Wherever we are! God alone is the Guru - with this communion all human beings are based in Him! What a wonderful message this ways! I heard within Dadaji's comment, "If I'm august, you are august too!"

How might others not knowing Dadaji react to this announcement? The idea came into my mind that Dadaji had to use the concept of 'Guru' to destroy Guruism, to purify human beings from this hypocritical Guru-business. It was a kind of homeopathic principle, where 'the same is cured by the same' and the medicine is potentiated, i.e. freed to a high degree from the rough (and poisoning) material, thus having become the 'essence' of the stuff. Egoistic mind is cured by - 'beyond mind' ... At the same time I knew this was only a 'mind-full' explanation. Nevertheless it helped me clear my own position and come anew to an understanding of my own relation to the beloved (not august!) Elder Brother.

Shortly afterward Khuswant Singh came to take me to Dadaji's house. In the big room on the ground floor I found a large group of people, amongst them Lalit Pandit, Gyan Ahluwalia, Abhi, Harvey Freeman and Ann Mills. We didn't have to wait long for Dadaji. He sat down on his bed, saying after some time of

silence, "My body is not in order." He waved me to come near and pointed to some in the group, "Have you seen Harvey? Look, there is Lalit!" He seemed to be very happy with his big family. He chatted with various people and reported those who couldn't come to Utsava.

In 1982 a new book by Harvey Freeman, *Song of Truth: World Dialogues with Dadaji*, compiled and edited by Ann Mills, had come out. Dadaji asked me, "People say, the *Song of Truth* will become a sort of Bible. What is your idea?" "Bible is not a good label for it," I answered, "for the *Bible* is distorted." I had the impression that Dadaji was somehow surprised by my comment. He leaned forward and asked rhetorically, "Who wrote the *Bible*? The Christ himself? Did those who noted down the events and stories witness the life of the Christ? People know nothing; thus there was ample opportunity to fill in their own ideas and fallacies." Dadaji became angry. "Who is the Christ? A person living at a special time? And the Buddha? Is he another person? People create different stories and forget, Christ and Buddha are *here*! Nobody will understand this: There is only One God and One Spirit. It is all the same! Tell them, Harvey, how the Christians reacted to Truth!"

Dadaji leaned back and Harvey told about Dadaji in the U.S.A. being invited to a church and explaining there the original idea of crucifiction, as I have reported earlier. Now Dadaji jumped again upon the very object of his anger - churches, temples, Ashrams. He called it all business, a give-and-take affair. He thundered against the Mantra-sellers, and Lalit had to tell the story when Sri Sri Bhagwan Ramdas Paramhamsa Annatyaji, one of the highest authorities of Hindusism, visited Dadaji to challenge and test him. Without showing any respect Dadaji asked the reportedly 158 years old Saint, "Who is God?" The Saint knelt down to be blessed by Dadaji. Soon after the meeting Annatyaji died, having completed his life's mission at the feet of Dadaji.

Harvey reported about a long list of Gurus, who had piled up enormous wealth including hotel chains, palaces, luxurious houses

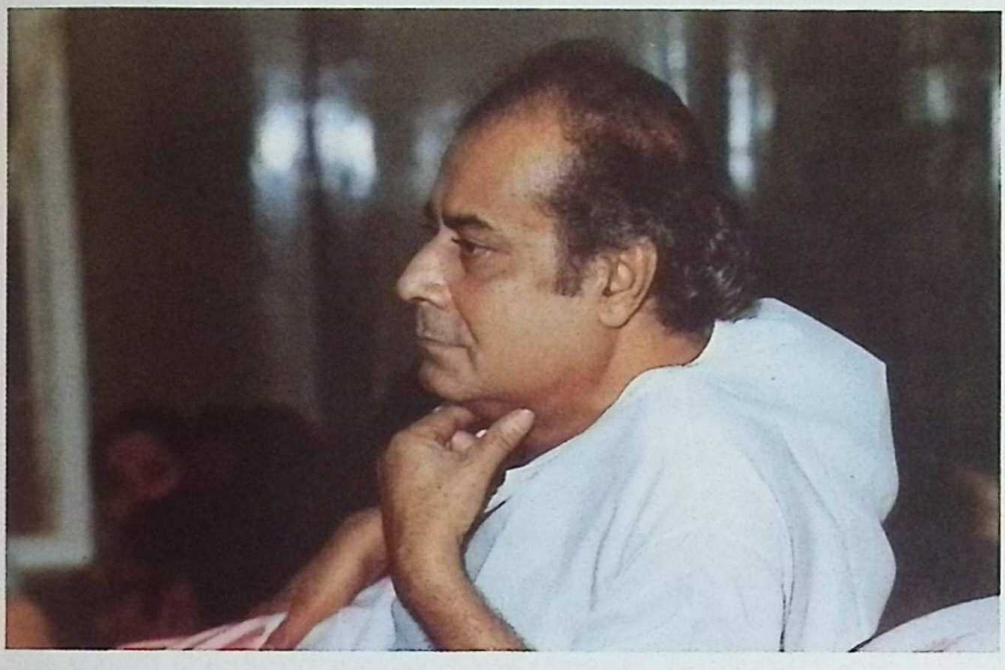
and so on. Bhagwan Rajneesh in Poona owned two jet planes with the inscription 'Rajneesh Air'. Some in the room started to laugh, for everybody knew that Rajneesh had come to Dadaji, who had given him a lecture. "And in Germany are still thousands of his followers," Dadaji added for me. A horrible business. "All people who claim to show a way to God and sell techniques, are trying to cheat you. Nobody can help you, all happens by His grace alone," Dadaji said. "God is everywhere. Life itself is Yoga."

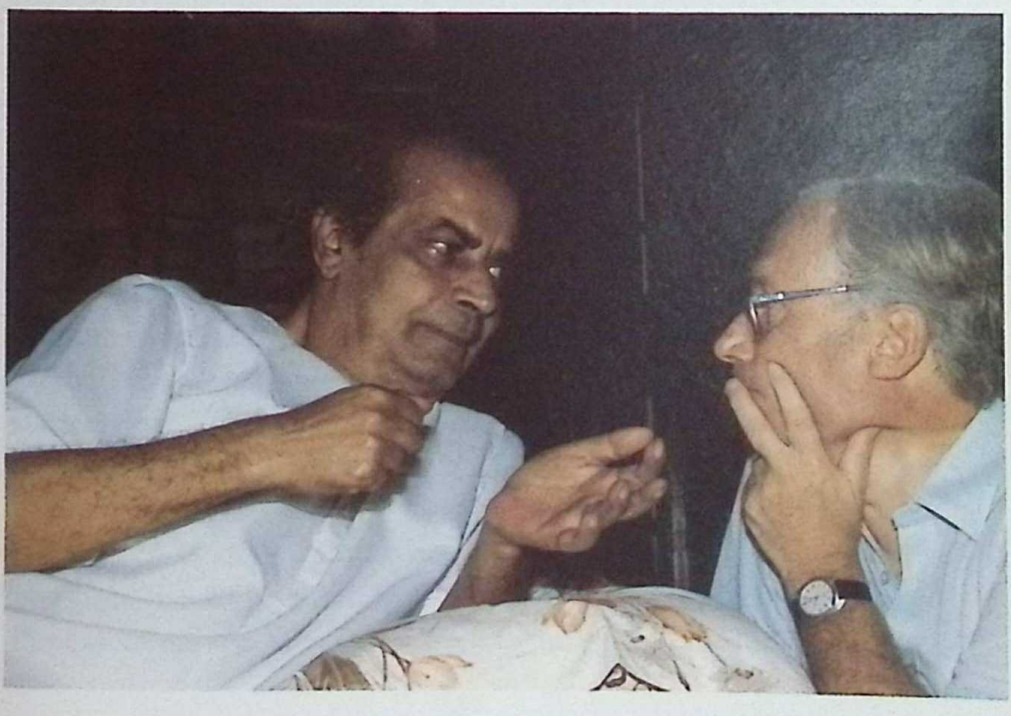
Diary October 24,1982

At such meetings it is not so important what is said; there are many repetitions. It seems to me as if Dadaji again and again tries to tear down a wall, which stands in the way to Truth. More important is what is going on within the listeners, and here Dadaji gives a message without words in the way he acts, how he deals with the people, his gestures and the play of the features. There are the small affectionate gestures and jokes like gripping and shaking Harvey's beard.

The meeting ended at 11.30 a.m. I went back to the Ramakrishna Mission Hostel and looked at a book that had just come out, titled, *On Dadaji*, Vol. V. There I found not only my article *No Human Being can ever be a Guru*, but also six of my letters to Dadaji. Now the letters were available in print, as I had proposed to Dadaji.

Approaching Somnath Hall in the evening I found the narrow Keyatala Road blocked by a huge Puja Pandal, a two storey high tent. Inside were mawkish, colorful figures made of papier mache which depicted a mythical scene with the main character being the Goddess Durga. A battery of loudspeakers screamed a high pitched melody, and from time to time a man in front of the Pandal produced long roll on his drum . The Pandal was close to Somnath





Utsav 1982

Hall; so I wondered how communication would be possible in the hall under such conditions.

Nearly the same group assembled here as had attended the previous year. Those I met in the morning had also come. I got a seat next to G.T. Kamdar, the nice old gentleman and friend of Dadaji, whom I liked very much. He inquired about Uta and the children, inviting us all to his house in Bhavnagar/Gujarat. He mentioned his wife, Champabai, had died some months before.

It took Dadaji nearly one hour to personally welcome all the people who had come. Then he asked G.T. Kamdar to go to the microphone. Mr. Kamdar found himself in competition with the Pandal loudspeakers and the drummer outside. Kamdarji shouted into the mike, but I couldn't understand him. As far as I could determine, he spoke about the mother-in-law of one of his sons. She was ill and the doctors had given up on her, but she was cured by Dadaji to live on for two more years.

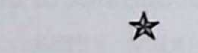
Luckily Dr. Lalit Pandit spoke during a period of relative silence. He told a very impressive story: A group of scientists was meeting with Dadaji while outside the house a terrible storm was thundering. Looking out of the window Dadaji asked the scientists whether they as very competent, learned men could not provide better weather. The scientists laughed and asked Dadaji to change the weather himself. They were taken by surprise when the rain immediately stopped and then started and stopped again, in a rhythm, several times. Then at one side of the house there was sun, at the other side rain,and vice versa. The scientists were flabbergasted and when they went back to their hotel, they all experienced Dadaji's Fragrance.

I expected Dadaji would also ask me to say something. Dadaji proposed that I talk about his philosophy. The drums in the nearby Pandal remained silent as I went to the microphone and started

with the remark that I was not a philosopher. To me Dadaji's philosophy is available only through direct experience. Then I spoke about what happened to me in the car on the Autobahn while I was driving to Witten - the profound experience of Oneness.

Harvey Freeman, who spoke after me, didn't have the luck of a silent Puja Pandal. The moment he started to speak, a long roll of the drum was heard. I think it lasted an eternity!

After some time I bowed to Dadaji and remarked that Harvey was getting a very long musical introduction. Dadaji laughed; soon the noise stopped. To my surprise Harvey started with exactly my words saying that this had been a long musical introduction, the longest one he ever experienced. Then he commented upon what I had said: The experience of Oneness had been what Dadaji had meant with his "He is everywhere". He went on with a funny story. Dadaji enjoys driving fast (and I'm a credible witness of this!). One day on a U.S. highway, Dadaji asked Harvey whether he could not go faster. Harvey explained that there were speed limits but Dadaji decided the roads were eccellent for fast driving and told Harvey to increase the speed. Racing on the highway far above the speed limit they passed several control points, but nothing happened! Harvey believed he still profits from this 'protection against highway police'... Outside the Durga Puja noise started again. It was nearly 8 p.m. when we said good-bye to Dadaji.



On the first day of Utsava Somnath Hall was packed full. Dadaji made me sit next to him and introduced me to Bappi Lahiri, an internationally renowned music director from the Bombay movie industry. He comes from a family of musicians in Calcutta which years back had been unknown to the public. At that time, Dadaji

told Bappi's parents to sell their property and settle down in Bombay. After a relatively short time they and their son became well-known and today are the best paid musicians and singers. Bappi Lahiri brought his wife, a lady with a wonderful voice, reminding me with her emotions of Mahalia Jackson, the famous American gospel singer. It was a fascinating concert.

This time Dr. H.P. Misra, an engineer from Orissa, was selected by Dadaji to sit in the Puja. Dr. Misra, a very nice man who knew Dadaji for a long time, had studied at Aachen Technical University, Germany. When he came back to the large hall after half an hour or so in the Puja room, he was clouded in Fragrance. He tried to tell me what he had experienced, but the noise from the drums and loudspeakers in the street outside was too loud.

Again Dadaji asked me to say some words. I had to sit on his cot for this, and I felt his presence inside and out.

Diary October 25,1982

Dadaji's closeness was very inspiring. Certainly, I'm not an unskilled lecturer, but I have never before experienced such a degree of confidence and calmness as today. What I had to say unveiled itself in logical clarity before my eyes; it was as if I was 'reading' the thoughts.

I said, words belong to the mind. They can have different meanings depending upon their use and understanding. Take for example the word 'love'. When it is used isolated from any context, everybody will have their own understanding of it. Because it is a word, we try to understand; but we cannot understand Him who is Love, especially through words. Words can be gates leading to what is behind them .

It is the same with symbols; they can be explained, but the region of 'no-symbol' remains untouched.

Also symbols can be gates. The reality around us is full of gates. What is hindering us from passing through these gates? Our egoistic inclination to seek Him. He cannot be searched for. Searching, we will find not even a gate, let alone Him.

How then can we come to Him? It cannot be planned. A plan is nothing but a bridge from the past to the future. Underneath this bridge is the stream of Life, the 'Now' which cannot be understood - the timeless moment between the past and future, between in-breathing and outbreathing. This is the eternal place where time is naught. Here everything is 'new', for He, being life, light, love, makes everything new. And in this state we look around with new eyes...

A poem which I had written some days before, came to my mind:

See the lonely tree
The sky
so wide and blue
True heaven
heaven of Truth
with the tree
rooted here
and in Thee

I felt benumbed after this experience in which I had combined many of the ideas stemming from the innumerable inner and outer encounters with Dadaji. I hadn't planned to do this, but it had been a situation where many things came together. When I ended my remarks I didn't look at Dadaji, for I was lost in thoughts and deep emotions. Then I felt Dadaji caressing my head. At the same time Abhi, sitting behind me, was patting my back.

Whereas I had been interrupted by the noise outside only here and there, Dr. Sideshwar Saxena, a well-known heart specialist from London, had to fight with the shrieking Pandal loudspeakers. It was a pity, for Harvey told me later that Dr. Saxena had spoken about some miraculous cures, which occured in connection with Dadaji.

On the second day of Utsava I arrived early at Somnath Hall. Nothing remarkable happened, I enjoyed constantly watching Dadaji, who seemed to be in a playful mood. Sometimes I had the feeling as if I were he; my consciousness was, so to speak, flickering between him and me - it was an experience of a very special kind.

Mrs. Manjit Paul, who lives in Calcutta and sees Dadaji every morning at his house prior to going to work, had invited me for lunch. Dipu and Elisabeth Bhadra, Dr. Sideshwar Saxena and Dr. Chandrakant Khetani were also present. Naturally we spoke about Dadaji and I learned a lot about his healings from the two doctors. Suddenly I had the feeling that Dadaji wanted to say something to me from within. He advised me within to tell Dr. Saxena about my painful sciatic attacks happening from time to time, and I did so after lunch. At that time I had no problems because of a strong medicine I was taking regularly.

Dr. Saxena took me to the bedroom and listened attentively to my description of the pains. All of a sudden I felt what due to the medications I was not able to feel - the undiminished pain in my back and left leg! With a cry I broke out in a loud wailing and fell down on the bed as if hit by a lightning. It was as if the chemical curtain preventing me from feeling the pain had been removed for a short time so that Dr. Saxena was able to find out the real cause of the attacks, which I never had experienced to such an extent. He told me about a Japanese method he had adjust learned (acupressure),

to treat people suffering sciatic attacks. I had to lie down on the bed and he examined the painful area. Then he pressed the ball of his right thumb at the point of the pain and I had to contract the left lower leg. He grasped the leg with his left hand and held it with all his power. Then I had to try to stretch the leg. He did the same with the right side. While Dr. Saxena was treating me I had the impression that Dadaji was watching us with keen interest. When I rose from the bed I was totally free of pain. Dr. Saxena told me that he had to repeat this treatment.

When we had to leave for Somnath Hall, we discovered we had only one car, a sturdy Ambassador. Normally it is meant for five people, but now it had to carry nine through the crowded streets of Calcutta. Again and again we got stuck in the traffic. Thus we arrived late at Somnath Hall. Dadaji seemingly had become nervous because of our absence, inquiring from time to time if anybody knew where we were. I was fed up with crowded cars in crowded streets and told Dadaji so.

Dadaji asked Dr. Saxena to sit in the Puja room and brought him there. The Bhajans (songs praising God) started. When Dadaji came back, he looked somehow tired and was silent for quite a long time. After three quarters of an hour he took me as a witness to the Puja room. Dadaji went in, and I had to wait outside. Then Abhi opened the door. Dr. Saxena, totally shaken by the experience, fell into my arms, embraced me and whispered into my ear, "We are now friends for life!" I didn't understand what prompted his remark, but was very much moved.

The floor of the Puja room was wet with fragrant water and the picture of Sri Sri Satyanarayan was dripping with the well-known honey-like nectar. Dr. Saxena emanated the wonderful Fragrance and told me that he had 'perspired honey' in the room. I helped him into his shirt and we went back to the hall. Afterward, being asked to give a short report, he found himself still too moved to discuss his experiences.

Dadaji asked me to talk to the assembly again. I spoke about His dwelling between in-breathing and out-breathing and that we are constantly dying and being called to life again by this breathing. Later in the evening, when I sat down for my diary notes, I was not able to reconstruct the line of thought I had followed. After my comments, Lalit and Kamdarji made their remarks.

Dr. Saxena invited me for dinner at his hotel. There we met an Indian family. Everyone wanted to know about the 'funny perfume' Dr. Saxena was using for he was still drenched with the Fragrance from the Puja room. He explained the origin of the Fragrance and we had a longer discussion about Dadaji and 'miraculous healing'. I learned a lot from my new friend Sideshwar, who had also treated Dadaji, as well as members of the Royal family in London where he was living. He was also the current President of the Indian Medical Association of Great Britain. I promised Uta and I would visit him and his wife. However this came true later when I was sent to Dr. Saxena by Dadaji after a life-threatening illness.

The next day I was scheduled to leave Calcutta. In the morning a small group met in the Somnath Hall. We sat together with Dadaji, who reclined on the cot, and when I was not talking with Harvey Freeman, Ann Mills, Dr. H.P. Misra and others about Dadaji, I was watching him. I then had the strange feeling of expanding and gliding away. Utsava - giving up the body...

At lunchtime people started to say good-bye to Dadaji. When I bowed down to him, he took my head in his hands and told me, "Ring me up from the airport before you leave!" He was looking very tired.

Mr. P.L. Bajaj, the host of Lalit Pandit, had invited me for lunch. Mr. and Mrs. Bajaj were very eager to go shopping with me.

Before we left the house I showed Mr. Bajaj my ticket to Delhi, reconfirmed two days previously. To be on the safe side, Mr. Bajaj rang up Indian Airlines and learned that the time schedule had changed and the flight was departing more than two hours earlier than scheduled. Thus little time was left. We rushed to the New Market to find some gifts for Uta and the children. Because of the end of Durga Puja most of the shops were closed, including Dadaji's toy-shop. Japan Airlines had not been able to reconfirm my Delhi-Tokyo flight. Whenever we saw a telephone, we tried to contact Dadaji - it was impossible. Only when I arrived at the airport was I able to reach him. He was very sweet on the phone, deploring not having had enough time for me. I told him about Dr. Saxena and his cure of my sciatic attacks; he pressed upon me to remain in contact with this doctor. It was a wonderful, intimate farewell...

Sitting in the plane I suddenly remembered I had not booked a hotel in Delhi. The flight to Tokyo was scheduled very early in the next morning. I decided to find an appropriate hotel, but during disembarkation I met Robin Blake, a young American who had also taken part in Utsava and had been on the same flight. He was trading with some Tibetans, selling their rugs and other products in the West. Robin invited me to stay at his house. It was a short night, because we sat together for hours talking about Dadaji. In the early morning, Robin brought me to the airport. Thus I was looked after till I left Indian soil.

Having reached Tokyo, I knew that I had caught a severe cold. I always have my problems with the air conditioning in planes, but this time it had been too much. I felt feverish. In the hotel I wasn't in the mood to call for a doctor; I took the medicine I brought with me. The following day I still felt sick. Nevertheless, I went through the whole program arranged for me. This program had been planned mainly by Dr. Bernhard Groszmann, an old friend of mine from the early time of our studies at Hamburg University.

It was a rather full program of visits to several companies, where I was shown Japanese methods of human resource development and so-called 'quality circles'. All the time I felt and knew Dadaji was with me. He was even commenting on ideas I had, and was giving hints how to behave and so on. It was as if I hadn't left him behind in Calcutta.

The visit to Japan would have been a very interesting and informative, but routine one, if there had not been an extra - ordinary event, an overwhelming experience, which, I am sure, could have happened anywhere.

Diary November 2, 1982

I hope it is not too difficult to describe accurately what has happened.

As planned, I came back to the New Otani Hotel early in the afternoon. After a short coffee break, I recorded my report about discussions with two German managers of firms in Tokyo. I wanted to make some diary notes and also thought of a letter to Dadaji, but I felt too tired for it. To entertain myself I tried to find an interesting program on television. On one channel there was a feature about Mother Theresa. I saw her pictured in her orphanage in Calcutta and this reminded me of when I had visited her there in 1978. The report was in Japanese, so I could only watch the pictures. I saw an old woman touched by His Love. Watching the scenes, tears of joy came into my eyes, for I myself felt touched by His Love. The TV feature ended at 8 p.m. Then I heard Dadaji's voice within me saying, "Write a letter!" I took my pen and wrote:

Dear Dadaji,

We are ultimately at the receiving end, with empty hands, and have nothing to give. We are

loved by Him and can only feel we are being cared for always. Who are we? We do know nothing as we go on playing our roles in His Lila.

But He always embraces us, so that we feel immersed in Him. The beauty of His grace widens our awareness in those wonderful moments when under the veil of our surroundings a dimension opens up, leaving us with a heart full of joy. And tears come into our eyes.

We are full to the brim and ready to overflow. Everything takes place within us and we embrace everything. Yes, we are ultimately at the receiving end and cannot change this position. No possibility of paying back; it is a one way flow. Sometimes I want to show His beauty and grace to others, want them to participate in this overflowing inner wealth.

With these lines my inner excitement grew and I could no longer sit. So I stood up and paced around the small hotel room, overcome by an unrest which was nearly shaking me. Again I forced myself to sit down and to write:

Sing,sing, my soul, the Song of Praise!
Open the eyes of the blind! I'm embraced
by Him, I'm one with Him, nothing is left
but the sound of the ocean of Love.
See Him in the eyes of all people, meet
Him in the muddy street and in the lonely
bird in the sky, touch Him in the stone,
smell Him in the air - and cry!

My eyes were wet with tears, and again I had to rise and to pace back and forth from wall to wall. I wished Uta were present, and Dadaji; I felt very

alone and yet not alone. I calmed myself down and went on with the letter:

> It is a soft change, not a dramatic one.
>
> Sometimes I want to dance, mostly I listen to Him.
>
> Permeated by His Love: It is in my blood and body.

Writing this last sentence I was overcome by a tremendous feeling of certainty and clarity. The extraordinary message was there within me before I was able to clothe it in words. Again I was forced to rise and in a sort of fury I writhed against the wall, as if with pain - I was totally beside myself. I ached to be with Uta, to reveal to her my rising thoughts and the irrefutable certainty of being in labor. After some time I was able to give birth to:

> He says to you: This your body is *My Body*. This your blood is *My Blood*. Behold, I'm with you inside and outside all the days till the end of time - and then you are completely with me.

I was experiencing this message as being really extraordinary, and, at the same time, totally normal. Suddenly I saw myself in church at communion. I heard a voice saying: "This is My Body - This is My Blood." I jumped up from my chair, beating my own body, crying, "This, this is *His* body, this is *His* blood!" No, it was not the Host given to me at communion. All that is, that exists is His Body and His Blood! Still I had to go on with writing:

> And what you eat is *My Body* and what you drink is *My Blood.*

What is Communion?

He meets Himself all the time and we thereby witness the immensity of His Love.

Eucharist takes place in us since our birth. We are not able to give; we only receive. The love, rising from within, was really shaking me. The message *This is My Body* and *This is My Blood* was a reality - I had become the Message! It burned in my thoughts. I could not run away; I lashed out wildly with my hands and was beating the bed. The Truth physically burned within me. Again I started writing, tears were running over my face:

He verily says: *This is My Body* - as if I say: This is my body.

He verily says: *This is My Blood* - as if I say: This is my blood.

RE-MEMBER HIM
RE-MEMBER ME

You and I are One.
Your body is built out of My Love.
Your blood is My Stream of Life.

After writing this, I was totally exhausted and took a seat in an armchair. Dadaji ordered me to close my eyes. Before doing this I placed his picture in front of me. For half an hour I listened to Mahanam. Slowly I calmed down, the storm was over. When I opened my eyes I looked into the eyes of Dadaji. "Write it all down," I heard him from within.

One hour has passed, since I noted down what happened. I'm looking now on my notes from a distance and I wonder why these self-evident thoughts excited me in such a way. He is with us all days till the end of time; nothing exists outside Him. "He

is the nearest and dearest," as Dadaji says. Were these some of the moments meant by Dadaji when he said, "We are in tune"? It was like a fever; like giving birth to a truth. And while I'm writing this, the feeling comes back. Did not Dadaji say to me, "This was your Utsava. You need nothing more"? Utsava: To be immersed in Him... "Now go to bed". (Dadaji's voice within.)

Throughout the following days, again and again I came back in thought to this overwhelming experience which Dadaji called in his letter from 21 January 1982 "absolute stance". I had a glimpse of it and learned to discriminate between two levels: The one level of logic or understanding, which is reflected in the sentence, "I am in God and God is in me, and there is nothing beside God"; it follows that He (also) is my body and my blood. This level is a dry intellectual thought, without any life. The other, more profound level is that of direct experience, of Life, of Reality. I know Him, because I'm known by Him. *We are in tune*. Did I not try my best to defend myself against this insight? But my defense has broken down.

Diary November 4,1982

Pondering about the experience of the day before yesterday I'm helped by comparing it with being in the birthing process. Something wanted and wants still to be born: Labor pain releasing love - love which is painful and where pains are loved (Extreme pain and extreme ecstasy seem to be identical.) The feeling of joy and certainty are the result, and I'm feeling sustained by it. Nothing to give, nothing to do; only to receive, responding with thankfulness - this certainty is overwhelming! One gesture

of His graceful hand annihilates all strivings to reach Him: To remember is enough. And also remembrance comes by itself: Remembrance of Him and His constant Presence.

I feel embraced like a child, born and safe. And Dadaji is present and smiles...

There is only One Being, and It is within me. Communication with this Being,with Him, is a very natural thing and has nothing at all to do with Christian ceremonies, Yogic exercises, austerities or an ascetic life. Rather all these techniques are hindrances and against our own nature. It is He who decides the time of communion.

Communion: To see with His eyes, to hear with His ears, for my blood is His Blood, my body is His Body. I'm limited consciousness within Him, but inspite of all my shortcomings there is no difference between Him and me. I love Him and I'm relishing His Love - both are the same. "He relishes but Himself," Dadaji said.

The days in Tokyo were colored by this mighty reality. Again and again I found myself moved by the remembrance of what happened to me. Looking back at it from today more than a decade later, I'm still able to feel the undescribable inner tumult and painful ecstasy of the birth in the small hotel room. It is like going anew through the phases of birthing Truth: *This is MY Body - This is MY Blood.* It was - and is - an unquestionable reality. Thus I learned from within that when I refer to myself, I am disunited, for by referring to myself I differentiate between myself and the Whole. Dadaji said, "I can no longer differentiate..."

Diary November 6,1982

This evening I fly back to Germany. What do I take with me from Japan? What was important and memo-

rable is not Japan, but the experience some days ago. It is still in me, for His tremendously powerful voice says again and again: This is My Body - This is My Blood!

And I feel it bodily; what a great reality! Yesterday evening, shortly before I fell asleep, I had the experience again. A feeling of certainty, a feeling of Truth streaming through me, and I was full of joy! What changed? Nothing in the normal course of the day; only the perspective has shifted. There is a basic atonement, there are steady 'embraces', light above the peaks... (I have no other words as it is indescribable.) Inwardly I am living through a kind of sunrise...The sky of my soul is touched by Aurora, the Goddess of the morning light, and the first rays are fondling me: *This is My Body*! When this occurred for the first time, I was very much troubled: Why me? Today I know that He is saying to all human beings: *This is My Body.* Alas, nobody listens. Everything is His Body, His House! When Dadaji says, "I'm nobody", this means: That which is saying 'I', is playing a role in life, but it is - nothing. The spirit of 'I-ness' or separation obscures the Whole, which is He.

The letter that I wrote to Dadaji under those dramatic circumstances wasn't sent to him. The paper did not look nice, because my tears had dissolved some of the lines. Back in Germany, I sat down to write him another letter hinting at what had happened in Tokyo.

Destedt, 14. Nov. 1982

Dearest Dadaji,

I'm back home now after the wonderful and inspiring days of encounters with you and all the

friends during Utsava. The clear sky behind the almost leafless trees promises a beautiful autumn day. In the early light of the morning some leaves seem to be of pure gold.

Something has changed since we met in Calcutta. I cannot define it, because it has to do with a certain quality of life which is new to me. In the same way I could say: Has there been really a change? I do not remember how it was before. Something timeless has become more profound, more vivid. Oh, we are ultimately at the receiving end: There is nothing to give or to offer, only to respond to His Love! I regard this as an important inner revelation: to be constantly loved and cared for! This one way traffic of love belies the dogma of sacrifice and penance: We cannot love Him, for He is Love and we move and live and have our being in Him! He is everywhere - look, I touch Him! No: He touches Himself!

After one has realized this, a distinction between 'holy' and 'profane' becomes misleading. At least I would say that these moments in which I realize the 'wholeness' of life are 'holy'.

Sometimes I feel like a swimmer, who has lost everything and is not troubled, but enjoys the freedom of swimming in the ocean, playing with waves, which sometimes push him off his feet. It is of no interest, who I am - it is all He!

Everything is His House, as is also this, my body. He is the Householder! (Therefore, 'Man as Householder' is an impossibility!) Discovering this, duty gets a new meaning: To respond to situations in which you are in; not to select a special or important place to render your service but accept with a full heart what you have to do here and now, at the very spot you find yourself.

You say, "Do your duty, always remembering Him." One needs no Ashram, jungle, cave, church, no so-called service to God.

Vrindavan is here with you, in the kitchen, the office, in the street, in the midst of the family (which might then widen to the world family.) Don't start with the word 'humanity'. So many humanitarians are utterly selfish. Start with Him, be moved by Him in daily work.-

Dadaji, why do I write this down in a letter to you? I'm so inspired that it comes unintentionally into my pen. How many misconceptions exist about Him- for He cannot be conceived! Take for instance Bhakti, devotion: This doesn't mean filling the mind with 'Hare Krishna, Hare Rama' intentionally, but to respond joyfully with His Name to an inner urge. Bhakti: I'm nothing. I'm not the doer. To do and to act: He is the doer, I'm only acting. To act means to go into the future as an actor or actress. Without Him as the doer we only react, we are re-actors performing our role again and again. Our dimension is past and future, *not* presence. Only in awareness of His presence do we consciously become actors with Him as the doer. We become one with the Now and thereby are born anew. Then the future is not born out of the past, but out of the Now, His presence - we become nothing. How wonderful: Truth is the nearest and dearest! Truth is here with me as you are virtually present here. Dadaji, what do I wish? Nothing, for I have received the most precious gift one ever could get! I feel 'in tune' (the term you insisted upon when we met)! It was in Tokyo, shortly after the Calcutta days, when I suddenly realized Truth. It was a breath-taking event; my mind fought desperately against His imperative Will. So many dry concepts, leftovers of religious education, were torn to pieces and burnt. You will know what took place. He is the great sweeper who brushes aside

dry leaves of the last fall, and thereby allows the tender shoots and springs of spring to appear.

I feel a total inability to describe this experience. When we met on Friday before Utsava, I inwardly was not able to accept what you told me. During the days that followed, my reluctance somehow vanished and some of the words I said during Utsava were also helpful to me (as they were *new* to me). But in Tokyo the breakthrough happened! I feel this to be the Power of His Grace. Yes, you are right as always: Full to the brim and ready to overflow!

Having come back to the lovely family, where I meet Him again and again, I joyfully went to work in the following days and performed my duties in the best possible way. I feel very normal, and still... There is this new dimension, this new quality, which I realize. I have written words only, but they are accompanied with an unwritten Song of Praise - a response to His Love!

With best greetings from Uta and the children,

Yours Peter.

CHAPTER SEVENTEEN

Bear Prarabdha with fortitude

Although I did not receive a letter from Dadaji for a long time, he very often was with me invisibly during the ensuing months. One day in March 1983, Veronika fell ill with severe tonsillitis and high fever. Shortly thereafter I myself remained in bed with a fever; luckily it was only a bad cold. I used the time to ponder over some of Dadaji's sayings.

Diary March 15, 1983

"Bear Prarabdha with fortitude," Dadaji said. What is Prarabdha? Fate? Prarabdha is everything that happens to you in life, sometimes it includes obstacles encountered on your way, or what you may call 'bad'. What a Grace to see Him present therein also!

Bear Prarabdha with fortitude! Bear the opposites: Hatred and love, good and bad - knowing well that this is all One. Didn't Dadaji say, "You be with the Whole, Peter"? Take sides with the whole of Life, not with the so-called 'good'. For, what is good, what is bad?

"No Yoga needed." Why bind yourself to another, and to whom? By binding or attaching yourself to Him alone you will be led all the time.

In the middle of April a letter from Dadaji arrived. At the time I was having problems writing to him. Whenever I started a letter, the outcome was an inner dialogue which did not go into the pen. It was a strange situation: With pen in hand I was listening to Dadaji, who was within me answering all questions or responding to the sentences I had in mind to write down in the letter. How can you write to a person who, so to speak, is with you? Now his

letter had come. I was full of joy about his announcement he would visit Europe in two months time.

Calcutta, 6. April 1983

Dearest Peter,

It is a long time since I heard from you. I hope you, Uta and the kids are all well. I shall reach London on 26th June '83. I shall stay with Dr. Kumar first.

I am really longing to see you. I shall go to Belgium this time while in London.

With love and best wishes,

Dadaji.

Although it was only few lines, the letter was very important for me because of the sentence, "I am really longing to see you." It was the same with me. This time Uta decided to accompany me to London for her medical consultation with Dr. Saxena and the help of Dadaji.

When Dadaji's letter arrived I was under pressure to prepare a fortnight business trip to Brazil and Mexico. So I didn't find time to send more than a short reply. On May 7th, I went to Brazil. I had a strenuous week in Sao Paulo studying the organization and results of the 'quality circle movement' in industry. When on the day of departure for Mexico I lifted a heavy bag, I suffered lumbago and felt the same stabbing pain in my spine as two years back. For a long time I was not able to come back to an upright position. Somehow I managed to ride in the taxi to the Rio airport. Friendly people helped me into the plane. During the nearly ten hour flight from Rio de Janeiro to Mexico City the pain changed from a gnawing type to a dull one. Fortunately, after landing in the late evening I was able to disembark without problems.

The people who came to fetch me at the airport were to bring me by car to Puebla where I had business and had to meet some

German colleagues. When I learned that I was expected to take part in a Mexican Fiesta there, I expressed serious doubts because of my back's condition. My companions thought that nothing would be better for a lumbago but to dance through the whole night, for such movements would be a cure for the spine. And, only at the Fiesta could I meet the German colleagues before their departure for Germany in the early morning.

A Mexican Fiesta is a colorful, cheerful affair, but after a lively dance which I didn't enjoy at all, I was sure that this wasn't the right cure. After midnight, very tired I went to my hotel, the Villas Arqueologicas, opposite the big pyramid of Cholula. I hadn't eyes for this impressive ancient monument; there was only one wish, to stretch out in bed.

I had a pleasant night filled with Mahanam which seemed to rise constantly in my mind. I don't know whether I dreamt or it was real. When I rose I felt the same dull pain of lumbago but I didn't take notice of it, for it was no hindrance to my movements. It was Saturday morning and I had to meet some Mexican colleagues. The following day the pain worsened. I treated the painful areas with a hot shower and did some gentle stretches and exercises, all the while feeling faintly the presence of Dadaji and Dr.Saxena. When I told a Mexican colleague about the pain he immediately called for a doctor who gave an injection. I also got a box of pain pills to last for the next seven days or so. The doctor promised I would remain painless, but if after taking the last pill the pain returned I should hurry to a doctor. Under the impact of the drug I really had no pain, only a dull feeling occasionally announcing that my spine was still not in order.

It was Sunday when finally I had time to visit the big Cholula pyramid in front of the hotel. It is the biggest pyramid of the Mexican highland, erected before the Aztec empire. It was consecrated to Quetzalcoatl, God of Creation and Fertility. On top of the pyramid is a small church; its founders seem to have had

an interest in so-called 'magic places'. From the top of the pyramid one has a wonderful view of the town and the expansive cultivated landscape with the snow-capped Popocatepetl at the horizon. The large number of churches one can see from there in Cholula town is astonishing.

A Mexican colleague of mine took me sightseeing in his car; his main interest seemed to be churches. I wanted to see people, to learn about their life and their origin. It is fascinating to see the traits of the old Aztec culture from the time before the Spaniards conquered the country. After some hours I came back to the Villas Arqueologicas and sat down to write a letter to Dadaji.

Cholula/Mexico, 16. May '83

Dearest Dadaji,

My answer to your letter from April 6th was only a short one, too short, I feel. I was under time pressure with the preparation of my business trip to Brazil and Mexico. Now I feel discontent with the few lines and want to share with you some recent observations and experiences.

Rio de Janeiro is crowned by many hills, and on top of one, the Corcovado, is a huge statue of Christ the Redeemer (Cristo Redento). With outstretched arms the statue looks over the town of Rio. It is not only a well-known tourist attraction, but also the people of the town visit in large numbers because of the beautiful view. Recently the Pope held a Mass at the feet of the granite statue. Some days ago, while at the Cristo Redento, I watched a photographer advertising his services by shouting, "Come, come, let me take a photo of you with the total Christ!" He had a camera with a special wide angle lense and had a business going with those whose cameras could only get part of the statue in the picture.

For some time, I watched this well-equipped and clever businessman. At the feet of the colossal statue, he had staked out a very profitable place. He reminded me of a priest or Guru who promises through his various techniques the complete truth ('with outstretched arms').

"Isn't it wonderful against the background of the blue sky?" a lady marvelled. She was easy prey for the man with the special Polaroid camera. He said, "Instantaneously you will get your picture with the total Christ!" She was overwhelmed to have such a remembrance of her visit to Rio.

How funny! People are attracted by a gargantuan stone image and are not aware of Him all around and inside us! They want a photo to remember a certain spot at a certain time. How insignificant compared with the simple inner remembrance of Him available to everyone always! And, that remembrance is the only way to union (Yoga) and immersion in the infinite totality of Existence!

Looking down that night at the illuminated town of Rio from the famous Sugar Loaf, I was struck with the realization of so many lives down there, so many fates! Suddenly, I had a feeling of Oneness, Wholeness, of all-embracing, pulsating life. It came to my mind that this is all His Lila. The lights of the town were mirrored in the dark water of the bay, and I myself was an integral part of His Lila on that wonderful night... Can a harbor town be a holy place? When one senses wholeness, all places are holy. There is no ugliness, only beauty everywhere. One needs not climb far away mountains to reach holy places. At best, the search for holy places is the reaction to an inner longing for Him. Why go on a

search? He Himself is already in the longing! Wherever I go people speak about a nearby world crisis, the threat of a nuclear war and other things which frighten them. There is a widespread fear of 'bad' things to come. I feel very much that our mind is preparing the future. Time, I guess, is a mind function. The time dimension of past and future bridges the Now which is evidently considered to be an abyss. Our minds always jump from past to future and back, always in horizontal motion avoiding a fall into the 'abyss' of the eternal Now. Why not fall? We fall into His arms only! Life is present in the Now, nowhere else. Only here, in His Presence, is life! All futures are mind-made, come and die into the past. The Now eternally exists - timeless, spaceless.

Once I had a vision of time being constantly born out of the abyss of His Presence in which we in truth live. The Dance of Life: Not knowing past and future, but only the eternal Now! We cannot escape from time, but watching this Dance we may avoid the blind alleys of good and bad, right and wrong. Oh Dadaji, we are so much loved by Him! Becoming intensely aware of this, as in a sudden flash, I guess I would become mad with joy!

A well-known symbol from the *Bible*, the "narrow gate", comes to my mind. This is nothing other than the infinitesimal point of the Now in the constant flow of time. One who lives in and out of this Now enters the narrow gate, the entrance to the Heart of things where He is.

Today I visited the great Mexican pyramid of Cholula. It is said to consist of seven pyramids built upon each other. When I stood in front of the steep and numerous steps leading upward this artificial

mountain, I suddenly grasped the meaning of the monument: Power over people and souls! I saw people climbing upward in search of their gods and by this very effort missing the message: You need not climb, He is everywhere with you, all the time! In search of Him you run away from the eternal meeting point. With Mahanam ringing in my heart I felt near to the Heart of things!

I'm very much longing to see you, but at the same time I feel no distance, for I feel in tune...

Your Son Peter.

Like in Brazil, it was a busy week in Puebla. I had many discussions with experts of vocational training, plant managers and university people about the organization of in-company training and education according to German standards. On Thursday I went back to Mexico City, called by some people "the dirtiest city in the world." In the morning, looking down from the 35th floor of the big hotel, it seemed as though I was residing above gray-brown clouds covering the whole town. When the blanket of smog had lifted during day, I could only see things within a distance of, say, one kilometer, not more. In the evening I found an oily film on my glasses. I wondered how people can live and survive in this city? And how can there still be green trees? Life is truly a miracle!

Mexico City is located in a valley basin which in ancient time was filled by a big lake. King Montezuma's capital had been on an island in the center of the lake. The Spanish conquerors also erected their capital there; but by that time the lake had dried up. Except for the modern buildings with costly foundations, many of the older houses are slowly sinking into the sandy soil. My Mexican colleague showed me some buildings which in former times one had to enter by going upstairs. Now the same entrance was at the cellar level.

I experienced Mexican City as a horrible nightmare. The environmental problems were - and are still - colossal. I asked who would be able to cope with solving them? Mexican friends simply shrugged their shoulders and one remarked, "We are the victims of modern civilization." Most of the people seemed to be unaware of the inherent danger, having become accustomed to the circumstances.

I used the weekend for a short trip to Yucatan. My Mexican friends not only had provided me with the tickets as a friendly gift, but also with a book about the Mayan culture. I decided to visit the famous places Uxmal and Chichen Itza with their age old ruins. Unfortunately I could not fully enjoy the two-day trip, for the lumbago pain had started to gnaw again. So I had to refrain from climbing the impressive old pyramids.

On my way back to Frankfurt I had to change planes in Miami. There the pain became nearly intolerable, but it seemed now to be more the sciatic nerve which hurt. The previous day, I had consumed the last pain pill, and in transit there was no time to see a doctor. So I comforted myself that I would do this after arriving home in Germany. It was a torturous flight. To avoid any movement of the painful leg I propped it up between the two seats in front of me. I managed to maintain this position most of the time, although I was unable to sleep.

The company driver who fetched me at the Frankfurt Airport did not hide his shock at seeing me in such a deplorable condition. He drove me home as fast as possible. Uta was also very alarmed and we discussed going immediately to a doctor. I only had one wish: To stretch out in bed and to sleep after the long nine-hour flight. I not only was depressed by my condition, but also felt bad because I had lost my bag with gifts for the family...

The next morning I could not rise from bed. The company doctor came, accompanied by a masseur. After the former had given me a physical examination, the latter lifted me out of the bed and laid me on the floor. After some vigorous treatment I was able to walk again - no pain! In the following days I was massaged in the mornings and my left leg with its sciatic pain was examined daily. Afterward I always went to my office, and during the weekend I was able, I thought, to tip the balance toward my full recovery.

However, the following Monday, May 30th, during the massage I suffered a cramp in the left leg. The masseur called for a doctor who examined the leg and found it swollen. His first diagnosis was a venous illness, but he did not find any symptoms for it. So he only warned the masseur not to treat the leg. After some rest the cramp vanished.

On Tuesday I took part in a meeting where the company doctor was also present. He watched me sitting uncomfortably on the chair and afterward asked me to follow him to his office. After a brief examination of the left leg, he phoned the nearby hospital where my leg was examined. After a short while I found myself in the intensive care unit with the diagnosis of severe thrombosis (blood clotting). Things developed so quickly that I did not even have time to inform Uta myself.

This sudden turn of events was not easy to digest. Connected to monitors and surrounded by the most modern medical equipment, I was in a room with three other passive patients who had become objects of modern medicine. Although there was pain in my left leg I did not feel bad, at least not as bad as the three other patients who seemed to be suffering a lot.

Uta had been informed by the doctor that I had a deep-seated blood clot in the leg vein and was in danger of an embolism, that is, the clot might break loose and travel to the lungs and heart. When she arrived at the hospital, her first question was what

Dadaji would say seeing me in an intensive care unit! At the very moment I felt him present and I had to smile with the feeling of Mahanam welling up from within. Indeed, He had been with me all the time; my Travel Agent and Supreme Physician would see me through all troubles unerringly as He did when I nearly was drowning!!

Uta was not allowed to stay longer than a few minutes in the intensive care unit. After she left, I again felt Him very near. Mahanam was ringing in my heart and I had to smile. It went on all the time, only briefly interrupted by the medical treatments. During meals I also listened to this wonderful Mahanam from within and had to smile. I must have smiled during sleep also, for nurses asked me about my happy dreams.

Have you ever smiled for more than a few hours? I felt so much in His arms that I could not avoid smiling most of the day. After some time I became aware of a growing cramp of my facial muscles, but I couldn't stop Mahanam and smiling. And why should I stop it? It was such an overwhelming experience of being in tune with Him, to sit in His lap hour after hour, day after day!

"I'm glad to see you in a very good mood," commented the doctor who came to tell me that a single room in the intensive care unit was ready for me. Also when Uta visited me, she had a positive impression of me and the new surrounding. She brought something for me to read. We both thought that I would be released soon - not certainly the nearly five weeks it actually turned out to be!

On my third day in the hospital the situation changed fundamentally. All of a sudden I suffered a high fever and the treatment was determined to be ineffective. So another medicine was tried to dissolve the blood clot. I was immersed in an indeterminate state and suffered from coughing fits, which seemed to hurt my leg. The coughing was treated with penicillin and both legs were packed with ice bags to get the body temperature down.

In this dangerous and awkward situation I still could not avoid smiling because I felt Him very near. Indeed, He was in my in-breathing - I was so much with Him that I felt I was the luckiest person on earth! For days, this did not change.

The following day I was told I was in an even more dangerous state. The coughing had become a torture inspite of the penicillin and the high fever remained. For the first time I had the feeling that I might not survive this illness. This thought wasn't disturbing to me at all, but I called for Uta. I felt Dadaji was present and enjoyed smilingly in my icy bed his and Uta's presence...

In the evening I was in a dream-like state, where I battled fiercely with health robots and other threatening creatures, Mahanam and a smile being my weapons and shield. Again, Dadaji, this time accompanied by the ethereal image of Dr. Sideshwar Saxena, seemed to be next to my bed. With Mahanam always present I overcame the crisis and on Sunday, June 6, my leg was no longer swollen. On Monday, inspite of the treatment, a very painful examination showed the blood clot was unchanged. So the treatment had to go on. In addition, digestive track pains started for which no medicine was helpful.

I was remembering Him constantly through Mahanam. This was no prayer, no meditation; Mahanam constantly welled up from within with breathing as a stream of something for which I only have the expression 'Divine Energy', Prana (vital breath). I knew myself fully in His hands and asked for nothing. What about my professional and other 'duties'? They disappeared to the background of my consciousness and seemed to no longer belong to me. My sole duty was to follow the doctors' advice and to be with Him. It seemed that all other duties would take care of themselves. Of course, in fact many things remained fragmented. Are we not always living in a world of fragments, He alone being the Whole?

My joyful mood was in sharp contradiction to the dangerous state of the physical body. Amazingly, I still enjoyed the ice bed. On Wednesday, June 8, I had been in intensive care for one week. I was told this would last till Monday. Meanwhile the coughing had diminished, and the fever wasn't that high. No more ice bed!

Then blood was found in the urine and I became a little bit worried. Was this big blood clot in the leg not enough? This irritation only lasted for a short time, for Uta comforted me, and Mahanam again took the lead in my consciousness.

I asked Uta to bring some writing materials and the following day I sketched out a short article for Dadaji about Mahanam under the title 'The Smile'. I did not even care about the fact that blood was always in the urine. By that time, smiling had become really painful because of a cramp in the facial muscles. Throughout this time I was longing for the children, but they were not allowed to enter the intensive care unit.

On Friday, I learned from the doctor that he had to stop all efforts to dissolve the blood clot. I wasn't affected at all by this news, for I felt totally in tune with Him, now pondering over a book for Dadaji. The same day my wish to see the children was fulfilled, for I was moved from the intensive care unit to a very nice room in the clinic. The meeting with the children was diminished, not only by my circumstances which created some shyness in the children, but also a freak accident which had occurred to my son Johannes. He put his right little finger into the spout of a hot tea pot and was not able to remove it without help. So another family member had to be treated by the doctor.

Still being restricted by the intravenous drip, I filled Saturday with reading and writing. Trying to remember my encounters with Dadaji, I asked Uta to bring all his letters to which I added my own. I was tirelessly active. When the night came I slipped into a strange state in which my body seemed not to exist. At first,

thoughts for the book for Dadaji came into my mind, also questions I should ask him at our next meeting, probably in London. It was a bodyless consciousness. Then I remembered my last encounter with Dadaji in Calcutta. I was sitting next to him in Somnath Hall and watched him talking to people; he was sheer love! "You are within Him, and He is within you, Peter," I heard him saying and saw him making gestures of blessing. I also deeply experienced the words, "This is My Body! This is My Blood!" finding myself permeated by His Love. Or better, the body seemed to be dissolved in Love; a point of consciousness was left in the mighty Stream of Life. Yes, it was a stream but without banks - or was it an ocean? My consciousness widened into the ocean or stream and remained still a drop thereof...

It was after midnight when I 'woke up' from this delicious state of consciousness. It hadn't been a dream, but another reality still lingering. Although I didn't feel tired I slept very well during the rest of the night. Visiting me on Sunday morning, Uta found a cheerful husband.

On Monday, another painful medical examination of the veins took place. Afterward the doctors were still not certain whether the blood clot had grown. I agreed to a surgical operation as it was the only way to prevent a life-threatening embolism of the lungs. Uta, who came to the hospital in the afternoon, told me that for many days she had tried to reach Dadaji by phone, but in vain. She had been able to contact Abhi Bhattacharya in Bombay, who promised to inform Dadaji as soon as possible. We decided to send a telegram to Dadaji saying, "We trust in Him!"

All the time I felt in tune with Him; Mahanam was constantly rising from the heart and I continued smiling. During the preparation for the surgical operation, this state reached an intensity never before experienced. While I noticed with full awareness what was going on around me, reacting to the wishes of the nurses, Mahanam constantly rose with breathing, but then

it was replaced by - silence. I have no other word for it as silence; a wonderfull, all-embracing silence, in which I sensed what I may call the essence of Mahanam, undescribable! Dadaji says, "Name is He." This was He without Name or above Name. My body, the surroundings - everything: He. When the anesthetist came I wondered whether he couldn't see or feel the fundamental change his patient had undergone. But I only found him pleased with my 'good mood'.

When I woke up from the anesthesia after the operation, I saw Uta beside the bed. She had brought Dadaji's Charanjal (fragrant water) for me. I didn't have much pain, but felt very tired.

Later that afternoon, I was fresh again and read a book which a dear colleague from Bochum University had sent, Henry Miller's *The Smile at the Foot of the Ladder.* A really wonderful book! It tells the story of Auguste, the clown, who, sitting at the foot of a ladder reaching to the moon, had brought a simulation of smiling ecstasy to perfection, always impressing the audience. In the course of time he realizes that there really is another world beyond laughter and tears. Finally this world unveils itself before his open eyes; it always had existed in his heart, ever ready to manifest itself as a ceaselessly flowing river of joy. Auguste dies with a smile in his face.

I read Henry Miller's book with Mahanam constantly in the background of my mind and had thus the overwhelming experience of being told a story mirroring my own life. The sentences of the book were ringing in my soul, and the beauty of the language was a revelation for me.

Although the surgical operation had been a complete success, I had a high fever with shivering fits during the following days. I fell homesick and comforted myself with thoughts of Dadaji. The fever vanished under the impact of antibiotics, and on Friday, June 17th, I was able to rise and to move the leg for the first time. I felt very weak, but the healing of the wound was progressing

well. With rubber stockings I stood for a short time in an upright position and tried to take a few steps, but my weakness made me lay down again. I began to think about a letter to Dadaji.

During the following days the fever came back and I started coughing again. I was no longer able to speak because of feverish shivering fits. The intervenous drip was removed. With a hot water bottle and a thick feather bed I was far from enjoying the nice summer day. I was told that it might be a small embolism of the lungs.

Uta came and brought a short letter she received from Dadaji.

Calcutta, 14th June '83
7.30 p.m.

Dear Uta,

I have received your telegram just now. I was concerned to learn about Peter's operation. You have nothing to worry about. Everything will be alright. He is there with you all the time. Leave everything to Him.

I was also not feeling too well. I'm all set for my trip abroad, in a few days. With good wishes and God Bless.

Yours lovingly,

Dadaji.

I only had one wish: To respond as soon as possible to this letter. Still in the throws of shivering fits I managed to write to Dadaji, whom I expected to be in London the next few days.

Wolfsburg, June 22, 1983

Dearest Dadaji,

I hope your journey was not too tiresome and that you are feeling well again! It is wonderful to have you near.

Thank you for your letter of 14th June to Uta in reply to her telegram. I'm penning these lines from my hospital bed. Being here for more than three weeks, I have the feeling of this convalescence soon coming to an end. It would be too long a story to tell you all about the thrombosis I suffered, the chain of complications, and how it came to a surgical operation. More important than this story is the absence of fear through His presence within my heart. It was incredible to experience uncontrollable smiling under such bodily pain, as a result of joyful immersion in Him and Mahanam. He is truly the nearest and dearest! I'm most thankful for this wonderful experience and the gift of leisure time which gives many opportunities for thinking, reading and writing.

I'm very much longing to see you, but at the moment I do not know how it will be possible. When you arrive in London, hopefully I will have left the hospital, but I suspect I will still be very weak for some time. Surely I will not be able to travel from Germany to London. Whether I will be in a condition that Uta might drive me to Brussels to meet you there, depends on His will.

There are many things I planned to discuss with you, including the publication of our correspondence which I have editted as much as possible while in bed. And then there was an experience in Tokyo after Utsava last year which I cannot write down, for which I'm longing for your explanation. And, last but not least, I want to embrace you.

I was told by my doctors that during this year I'm not allowed to travel to far away countries like India, for I have to undergo blood treatments under controlled conditions, preferably in the same hospital. Thus your presence in Europe will for me be the only opportunity to see you for some time to come.

But I'm full of hope that it will be possible to meet you - I'm longing so much for it! First I will contact you in London by phone. And you know: Your comfortable house in Destedt (via Hanover and Braunschweig) is always at your disposal.

Please give my greetings to your travel companions and all our friends in London!

With love,

Yours Peter.

When I wrote this letter I expected to leave the hospital in a few days, after the fever had gone. I didn't know what still was in store for me. Two days later I woke up at midnight with a gnawing pain in the right side, seemingly connected with respiration. It was so painful that I slowed down the breathing. In despair I called for the night nurse, a doctor came and I was X-rayed. But nothing was found. An injection removed the pain and helped me again to normal breathing. After this procedure I couldn't sleep but listened to Mahanam from within. In the morning, after a proper examination, I learned that I was suffering a very painful irritation of the costal pleura. But fortunately the fever had gone down. I discovered that a kind of shallow breathing was less painful. The moment I tried to speak the pain started. So Uta found a silent husband when she came for the daily visit. She told me that she herself would contact Dadaji in London.

On Monday, June 27th, Dadaji phoned me at the hospital. He sounded concerned, but also tired. He spoke sweet and comforting words, although it was only a short exchange. Five days later, I was finally released and, accompanied by Uta, I left the hospital.

Diary July 6, 1983

On Sunday, July 3rd, I spoke with Dadaji and Harvey Freeman by phone. The day before I had informed

Dadaji in London that I left the hospital and would not be able to go to Brussels or London to meet him. He only said, "I became mad when I learned about your sickness! Please ring me again after a while." When I did this, Harvey answered the phone. He told me, "Dadaji suffered all the time you were in the hospital." I was shocked by this. Briefly I told Harvey about my very positive mood during the sickness.

When I later talked to Dadaji he told me that he had changed his plans. He would depart early for the United States leaving in two days, and come back to London at the beginning of August. From London he planned to then visit Brussels, where I would have the opportunity to meet him. Dadaji cheerfully asked, "How are you? Do you feel better now? And how is Uta? Did she suffer under the circumstances, and how did she manage it?" This prompted a longer conversation about what I was taught by the sickness and I could tell Dadaji, "He was always with me." While Dadaji had been very serious on the phone during the last contacts, as Uta had also told me, now he was very happy. I'm longing to see him again!

One year later, when I met Harvey Freeman in Calcutta he told some more about Dadaji's sickness during my time in hospital. He said, when Dadaji arrived in London he was thin, frail and had an ominous gray-black cast to his normally golden-rosey skin tone. Harvey nearly carried him from the taxi into Dr.Kumar's house and into the bedroom where he wanted to stay. Dadaji refused to see most visitors and was only intent on contacting Uta and me. This story was confirmed by Abhi who added that he knew of many cases when Dadaji suffered for others. I was deeply moved.

It took a long time before I was back to my normal strength. I had the impression that I mainly was suffering from the side-effects of the medical treatment in hospital. Although I was happy to be back home. I missed this wonderful experience of being 'in tune with Him' which was so dominant during the time of sickness. So I was glad to learn from Dipu Bhadra that Dadaji planned to come to Brussels on 1st August, and Uta and I decided to meet him there.

Diary August 3, 1983

When we arrived at Brussels Airport at 6 p.m. we were warmly received by Ann Mills, Harvey Freeman and Elisabeth, Dipu's wife. The latter brought us to their flat in town where we met Abhi, who in the meantime had arrived for Dadaji.

With a larger group I returned to the airport to meet Dadaji. Ann and Harvey, who had remained there had found the gate where Dadaji would arrive. When he disembarked I was standing in the background. I never will forget his joy when he discovered me. After a stormy embrace he asked, "Where is Uta?" I explained that she decided to stay back because the large group which had come to greet him in the airport filled the cars to near capacity. Dadaji insisted that I should ride with him in his car. Immediately after we started the drive to Dipu's house, he began to speak about my thrombosis. He told me that he tried to bring Dr. Saxena with him to Brussels, but unfortunately the doctor wasn't able to come. He insisted that whenever there were troubles with my health I should contact Dr. Saxena, who had promised Dadaji he would come to Germany immediately if needed.

Then he asked me to report about our children. But soon, and more forcefully, he came back to

discussing my recent illness which he wanted me to describe in detail. I also told him that during the time in the hospital I had been in a joyful mood, but afterward I had to 'travel through deserts'. Dadaji watchfully listened and seemed to be glad when I mentioned that in the meantime I had again reached an oasis.

During the following day, health again played a prominent role with Dadaji, and Uta was included in Dadaji's care. In the evening Dadaji rang up Dr. Saxena and announced Uta and I would come to see him in London within the next few days.

I have to confess that I was a little bit irritated by Dadaji's dominant interest in my health. I wished to talk with him about some inner experiences and to have his comments on things which were near to my heart. Dadaji remarked, "You are interested in your heart; I'm interested in your leg. That's the difference." At first I didn't understand, but Dadaji made it very clear to me that it would be a foolish mistake to simply trust in the recovery process of my health. He earnestly asked me, "What are your duties in life? Tell me!" I first mentioned my family role, and he seemed to be pleased by this. Before I could go on with my answer he said that I should never forget the duty to be healthy. He explained, "Health is most fundamental; without it you will not be able to perform all the other duties. This body is His abode, Dharmakshetra! And you need this body to taste His Love. The body is His temple and you have to take care of it!"

When I told him that while in the hospital I felt very near to Him and lost all fear, so that I was ready to die, Dadaji reacted furiously: "And I tell you, your duties are here!! In this world!" He made me promise to visit Dr.Saxena as soon as possible. And, it would be the best to come over to London while he, Dadaji, was still there so he himself could do the needful and look for the "best doctors". Immediately he rang up Dr. Saxena again and called me

to the phone. Dr. Saxena assured me that he would do his best for Uta and me.

Before Uta and I left Brussels, Dadaji told us that our health would be restored soon in the best way possible. We had to promise again to come over to London the following Sunday. During our flight back Uta discovered that from her sweater emanated Dadaji's Fragrance. Strangely, the strong Fragrance became even stronger by the time we reached home and it lasted for a number of days, reminding us constantly of Dadaji.

We could only book the Monday flight to London. Dadaji asked Satya Pal Sharad to fetch us at the airport and bring us to Dr. Saxena. When we entered his office we found the place filled with Dadaji's Fragrance. Because Dr. Saxena was still busy with some patients, we waited for an hour in a nearby cafe together with Satya Pal, who had come to know Dadaji during one of his earlier visits to London. He spoke with so much warmth about Dadaji that we had the feeling of his presence.

When Dr. Saxena was free, he rang up Dadaji at Dr. Kumar's house and informed him that we had arrived. Dadaji decided that we should not come to his place before the medical examination and treatment were done. I also spoke to Dada and found him in a happy mood. He seemed to be glad that we had followed his advice.

Dr. Saxena took us to St. Francis Hospital, where he briefly examined Uta and me. He then brought me to the experts at the Thrombosis Unit of King's Hospital for a more complete examination. I was assured I had received the correct treatment from my German doctors and was given a regimen I had to follow to gain back my complete health.

Dr. Saxena invited Uta and me to stay overnight in his house. When we entered our room we found it filled with Dadaji's Fragrance. It seemed to come from his picture on the wall and the aroma was so strong that we had to open the window.

The following day we went again to St. Francis Hospital where Dr. Saxena thoroughly examined Uta. He didn't discover any serious problems and I was very happy with this result. Dadaji was waiting for us in Dr. Kumar's house. So we drove there in Dr. Saxena's car. Dadaji embraced Uta and me with a big hug, but was only interested in the information given to us by Dr.Saxena. I didn't have the opportunity to talk further with Dadaji, because he was in a hurry to go the Heathrow airport, from where he was destined for Bombay and Calcutta. We went to the airport with a large group of friends; it was a hearty farewell.

Because Dr. Saxena wanted to examine me more thoroughly, we again drove to St. Francis Hospital. I think this was the most thorough medical examination in my life, and the outcome was very positive. I was very thankful to my friend Sideshwar as well as to Dadaji.

While I had been in the hospital with the thrombosis, I received an encouraging letter from my friend Michael B., who revered Dadaji very much.

> Dear Friend,
>
> I learned from your wife what has happened to you and that you have been in the hospital for weeks. I myself am in a far better situation, although I also fell sick, but without the dramatic weakness and the pains you are suffering now. At such times one learns how closely soul and spirit are interlinked with the body, and how much they depend upon a functioning body: We are 'incarnated'. But, He is present. All cells of our body are permeated by Him, are radiating in His light, vibrating in Him - also when the body is sick. Especially then is it particularly sensitive to how much we live by His presence, how much we

are and become His essence. Keep courage! You will become healthy again, for you are needed to tell others about these experiences and simple truths. The pauses prescribed are much needed and in any case helpful for the inner life. Whatever new orientation might be needed by you, it is now where it has to take place.

I'm with you in spirit and press your hand,

Yours Michael.

His own sickness which he referred to in his letter was only a foreshadowing of what had developed as he had fallen severely ill. When I learned about his fatal illness I remembered a long and fascinating conversation with him about Dadaji. We were sitting in the garden of our Destedt home and felt Dadaji's strong presence. My friend assured me that he would never forget this unique experience.

Uta and I decided to go to Bochum to see him. We found him in a good mood, but very weak. He had given up his duties in the Ecumenical Institute and as a Protestant priest. We didn't have much time, so we promised to come back after one week.

Diary December 7, 1983

Michael has become very thin and is suffering visibly, but he radiates an inner happiness. We had a good conversation about the Mother Mary. She and the other figures around the cradle with the Holy Child gain an universal meaning, when one looks at them with Dadaji's eyes. Mary is Radha; the stable with the cradle is our heart; Joseph depicts the practical mind who has to be convinced; there are the shepherds whose natural understanding is not blocked by the mind; and the wise men are coming

from the inner orient where the sun is rising. And there is Herodes, the power-drunken human being. It is an universal personage...

We also spoke about self-reflection and the use of diaries, from which we can learn from our own past, although we tend to rearrange it to make it consistent with our present understanding. It is so difficult to understand the proper meaning of our past, for we create it always new in our mind, but He is only present now. I'm full of thirst for His presence and I'm searching in my memory of the past for fresh waters, but in vain. He only is now. I was very moved by Michael saying that he still carried in his heart memories of our house and garden where we had the conversation about Dadaji. He said it had been one of his happiest experiences.

I was very concerned about my dear friend's health and sent a short note to Dadaji. During the following days, feeling weak and tired I could not avoid a certain depressed mood. To make it brief: Under the onslaught of Prarabdha I was not able to live up to my own expectations. I started a letter to Dadaji, which took me seven days to complete.

Destedt, Dec.17,1983

Dearest Dadaji,

Winter has come and it is pretty cold now. The nights are long and it is still dark in the morning when on the way to my office I take the children to school. While driving the familiar road I witness the birth of the day: Out of the twilight of dawn the day is born; first in a soft way, with beautiful colors; then the sun rises brilliantly behind the Elm forestedhills. Sometimes the sky is covered with clouds; it is daylight, but you

can't see its source. And still, I know the sun has risen behind the hills, although I could not watch it. Today we have a blue sky and a bright sun, for I'm writing a letter to you.

The troubles with my health have now disappeared. After the comprehensive and detailed examination in London by Dr. Saxena, I followed his advice to check on certain things of minor importance with my doctors here and they found everything in order. In January there will be another thorough examination of the venous system of the left leg which, I hope, has adapted to the post-surgical state. I was also told to get more exercise, and so I try to walk as often as possible. The only regrettable thing is that I'm always so tired at the end of the day. There seems to be a permanent sleep deficit during the week, and only on Sundays am I able to satisfy it. According to the doctor this is all due to the organic healing processes and the intensive medical treatments during my stay in the hospital. You know me to be by nature an active person; it sometimes is very hard for me not to be able to live up to my own expectations.

During the weeks in the hospital, I felt so near to Him! There I noted down some experiences with Mahanam: I coudn't avoid smiling all the time, because His Name continuously welled up from my heart ! There was an absence, a total absence of fear, and that in dangerous and painful situations! It was very important for me to meet you in Brussels after these weeks full of such experiences. You made me aware of health being a precious gift to be taken care of and guarded. "Health," you said, "is the basis of everything!" It was you who in your fatherly way pressed upon Uta and me to see Dr. Saxena in London without delay, you yourself made the appointments for us.

After the visit to London, a desert-like stretch of time came with an oasis here and there. Mostly the sky of my soul was clouded, and the tired camel had to live upon the water bags of memory and hope, always longing for the fresh waters from the original source. Very seldom Mahanam welled up; when it happened a blossoming oasis was reached.

It is by time factor and His Grace that the oasis appears. I cannot unveil the sky of my consciousness willingly but I know something is going on behind the veil. I feel the warmth of the sun radiating through the clouds here and there, but sometimes I seem to live under a closed ceiling of impenetrable clouds.

The memories of past experiences tell me: He is everywhere! This is not the same as to feel, to experience His Presence. Oh, what a wonderful help when tears come together with an intense longing, for in this moment His Love dawns! He verily is in the longing! Then there is no memory left of past events, no wish for the future! The horizontal line of time is broken, and out of the depth of my heart comes the warm, intense ray of the sun. Dew-drops of a smile moisten the lips: He *is* everywhere, and is with me till the end of my days.

Such a longing is far away from being a mere mind function; I have no control of it. It only requires concentration to fill the mind with pictures; but the longing I'm speaking about is different. Longing for Him: Like the Gopis of Vrindavan in search of Him discovering His footprints and asking trees and birds - longing is love is longing .... I never will forget the wonderful, deep moment of insight when you explained this to me. It was my first visit to Calcutta in 1978, and it was in your house. You took a match box and a cigarette box - Will's Brand, I remember-

and held both opposite one another moving them near, then far, then near ... "It is like this," you said. Then bringing match box and cigarette box fully together, you added, "Not like this!" I never will forget that moment, because my eyes saw an explanation underlined by an inner experience of Love.

Love, light, life are pulsating, dynamic forces, to be found in Mahanam, through Mahanam, being Mahanam! That is the Truth.

Now the birds have left the country for warmer places, the leafless tree rests in its roots, the last flowers are faded and gone, snow covers the furrows and the earth's womb, and the river is hidden under layers of ice. It is the time to be in the house, but in here again and again I hear His flute from the Elm forest crowning the hills. I'm consciously going through the cycle of the year, knowing that the longest night will be in a few days. I try to do my duty and always remember Him. And winter will end.

Dearest Dadaji, sometimes I feel very lonesome, but I'm not able to be sad. I sense the fresh waters under the ice and I hope for the thawing rays of the sun. I'm patient and aware of His delicate songs all around.

I would like very much to talk to you - not only inwardly. You know that I could not come to Calcutta for Utsava this year. Please let me know when you will come to Europe next time and tell me if I can be of help.

Uta sends her love and best wishes. I'm always affectionately,

Yours Peter.

In January 1984, Dipu Bhadra announced Dadaji's forthcoming trip to Brussels which might also include Germany. So I rang up Dadaji and was happy to hear his voice. He told me that he had received my note about my friend Michael B., whom he remembered very well -"bearded B." as he was called by Abhi.

He was also concerned with my own health, and made a remark which I could not understand, "You have done so much for me." I didn't understand the meaning of these words, for it was Dadaji who himself has done far more for me. Is not He the real and only doer? Later I learned that Dadaji's remark was a general token of thankfulness to people who were in touch with him.

Diary January 13, 1984

> Satya Pal from London wrote a letter saying that much inspiration is connected with Dadaji's visits. One line of the letter said, "I'm sure that you, in His Love, must be keeping fine". This remark made me think. At no time I was in doubt of His love, but this "keeping fine" is independent of it. Is it not? An important experience: Only a small inspiration is needed and everything is full of life! May be it is like the ground water. It rises and sinks. Only the well of your fountain has to be deep enough. Sometime it wells up freshly; other times you have to ladle it.

Hearing news about Michael B.'s rapidly declining health, Uta and I went to Bochum to see him. His house had become a place where people like to visit, for Michael tried to help others inspite of his illness. They always left in good spirits. This fatally ill man seemed to be a source of energy for others.

Diary February 13, 1984

> Three days back we saw Michael. He was lying in his studio with shining eyes in a small face. With

thanks he received the small bottle of Charanjal Uta brought for him. We could not spend much time with him, because he became tired very soon. He helped us speak about his illness and I caught a sudden glance of his eyes, revealing his Oneness with Him. For me it was a moment of wonderful communion with Michael and it mirrored all the love he had experienced from within during the many months of his illness. It was a deeply moving moment!

The whole family tried to ease his suffering. They decided to have him at home and not in the hospital, so he can die in the family surroundings. All hope was gone to see him healthy again.

Sitting with Michael, he told us that he had serious doubts about the doings of his priestly colleagues, the "professional comforters" as he called them. He himself had tried to get rid of theological concepts, yearning for the fresh waters of life.

Upon my return to Destedt, I informed Dadaji by letter about Michael's condition and sent his best greetings and love. Again and again I thought of my dear friend, spoke with his wife on the phone and also got information from another friend, Jupi B., who in a wonderful way had helped Michael's family in nursing him for some time.

On March 20th, Jupi rang me up and shared with me his visits to Michael and his family. Jupi had the good luck of having the opportunity to speak with Michael for a longer time. Thus he learned that Michael was really suffering with a kind of "theological blockade" hindering his attunement with Him . He tried to fight this blockade - but we can't remove such obstacles by ourselves.

On the following day, I taped some texts for my diary while driving to my office. All of a sudden, I heard Dadaji's voice.

Diary March 21, 1984

"Do away with all concepts and ideas. To conceptualize and to idealize means to make Him smaller. He is all-embracing. He is the Universe and you are in Him as He is in you. There is no distance between you and me. I'm with your friend Michael. He must destroy his concepts. Only thus he will become free."

"Yes Dadaji," I said within myself.

"You should no be full of sorrow. Everything is alright. I'm with you. Do you hear me?" "Yes, yes, Dadaji!"

"Do you see me?"
"No Dadaji."
"Do you feel me."
"No, Dadaji."

"And yet I am with you. I'm looking out of your face. Remember: I was with you in the plane, yes?"

"Yes, Dadaji!"

"And you think you are talking now with me?"

"Yes, Dadaji, inside."

"No, also outside! There is no difference between inside and outside. I'm next to you in your car!"
"Please Dadaji, let me see you!"
"Not this time. You couldn't stand it."
"How shall I know that this is not only an imagination of my mind, Dadaji?"
"I'll give you a sign."
Mahanam rises from within.
Dadaji: "I'll come to visit you."
"Dadaji, I'm suddenly beaming with joy!"
"It's good to walk in the garden for some minutes, Peter, before you start in the morning. But now look for a quiet place."

"Yes, I'll do it, Dadaji!"
"Give me only 10 minutes, Peter."
I drove the car not to my office, but to a hidden spot with bushes and trees.
I heard Dadaji say: "I love you, you are my child. Stop here! Get into upright position!" (I left the car). And after a while: "Now sit down again." (I entered the car).
Pause. And again Dadaji said: "Now something has changed. Go on."
I drove to my office. The smile remained. It was cold outside inspite of the radiating sun of spring, I was relaxed and happy; no wishes remained. But before I left the car, I heard Dadaji again: "Now do your duty. Follow what I have told you. Take refuge in Mahanam. Practice it."
"Yes, Dadaji."
"To be patient doesn't mean to be inactive. Do you understand?"
"Yes, Dadaji."
"There never should be felt a distance between us, for there is no distance."
"How depressed I was before! I now know how to master the difficulties!"
"You follow you inner will?"
"Yes, Dadaji."
"Follow Him!"

I was deeply moved by this experience, and today I still know the place were I met 'Dadaji'. Was he really present? Being in tune with Him, this question doesn't need an answer. I only report what happened and don't have an explanation.

Diary March 28, 1984

Yesterday we learned about Michael's death. He passed away peacefully; the last two days he smilingly lived in a state of euphoria.

I felt relieved when I got the news, but there was also a certain mourning, for I would not see him again. The funeral services are on Friday in Bochum. Dadaji's voice says, "I helped him, he didn't fight anymore."

On March 30th, after the funeral a large group of people gathered for a meal. Representatives of the Protestant Church delivered addresses in honor of Michael B. I was also asked to say some words; I chose as the main theme of the discussions I had with my friend: Love. Humanity is One, Language is One, Religion is One - beyond all reasoning and understanding.

In response to my letter about Michael's health, I got Dadaji's answer one week after we had buried Michael.

Calcutta, 29.3.'84

Dearest Peter,

Received your letter just as I returned from Bombay. I remember your friend Michael very much. Do not worry, He is always within. It was very kind to give him the Charanjal.

Read to him my letter. Longing to see you in June!

Best wishes to you, Uta, and the children.

Dadaji.

Dear Dear Michael - Keep on smiling - I live in your enigmatic smile.

With love and best wishes - Dadaji.

Having reached a certain age, of necessity we experience the death of people near to our heart and have to learn "to bear

Prarabdha with fortitude", as Dadaji says. It is a deeply moving experience and a sign of His grace to watch a beloved person dying, as I did with my father, who silently passed away in my arms. In other situations we only witness the 'last days' of a person, ourselves not being present during the last hour.

Such was my experience with the painter Alexander H. Tolksdorf who was a dear friend of mine. I made his acquaintance in the 1950s when I bought one of his oil paintings. Later I developed a close friendship with this gifted artist. Our house is decorated with many of his paintings and drawings. When Dadaji visited us in Bochum, where a long wall was decorated with several of Alexander's paintings, he became very interested in these pieces of abstract art. I told him about the artist and my close friendship with Alexander.

In the last years of our friendship one of the main topics in discussions with Alexander was the disgusting role churches had played in politics up to the present time. I told Alexander about Dadaji and his simple message of Truth and Love, and that "Truth is within" and cannot be organized. My friend was a keen listener, having an impressive knowledge of church history and historical data.

In May 1989, Alexander rang me up to tell me about the unexpected outcome of a visit to his doctor. He had learned that he was suffering from cancer, which was already in an advanced state. He didn't know whether it was curable or not. Dagmar, his wife, was still in shock because of this news, and he asked us to help her. Uta and I immediately went to Hamburg where the two were living. There we met a man who in an impressive way was ready to bear Prarabdha with fortitude. After he had given a short report about the findings in the clinic, we had a long conversation about Auguste, the buffoon in Henry Miller's story *The Smile at the Foot of the Ladder*, a book he also liked very much. There is a passage where Auguste, who longs for real happiness, says what he has

discovered to be reality: "Now I know who I am, what I am and what I must do. That's reality." It is not what common people call reality, which "is sawdust; it crumbles away, slips through the fingers." We sat together in silence, and I looked at my smiling friend. Nothing to explain, nothing to understand.

Later we discussed a book of Vladimir Dedijer, *Jasenovac - The Yugoslavian Auschwitz and the Vatican*, which had impressed Alexander very much. It was about the concentration camps of the Croatian fascists under Ante Pavelic, Hitler's ally, and the role of Catholic priests, who had taken part in the slaughtering of Serbians and the devastation of their Orthodox churches during the Second World War. Religion and nationalism, as always, had formed a disgusting and destructive mixture. Alexander said that he suffered physically when he came across reports of these horrible things. He tried to get rid of the feelings by painting.

Uta succeeded somewhat in comforting Dagmar, and we spent more time with the Tolksdorfs. When we drove back to Destedt, Uta had the idea to arrange a retrospective exhibition of Alexander's work in our house. One week later Alexander and Dagmar visited us to discuss the proposed exhibition. Alexander examined the usable space on the walls. Although we have a rather modest family home, it seemed possible to exhibit the mass of Alexander's pictures. We only had to rearrange it a bit to convert the house into a gallery.

Alexander brought with him a series of gloomy pastel pictures of burning churches and church ruins, his reaction to the book mentioned earlier. The last picture of the series, called *Amen*, showed an object which looked like a bloody burning cross. I was deeply impressed and fascinated by these pictures, and we had a long discussion about religion and churches. Whereas Alexander thought that religion should be abolished together with the churches, I was not able to follow his radical stance, because for me religion is far more than a special creed: Religion is One. I

quoted the German Poet Friedrich von Schiller (1759 - 1805) with his poem 'My Creed' (Mein Glaube) to enable him to understand my position in this matter:

> "Which religion I profess?
> None of all you have mentioned.
> And why none of all?
> For the sake of religion!"

Alexander and I agreed that those religions that build churches and temples are dividing humanity, which in reality is One in Him. We are His body and His blood! All of us! Churches belong to the social 'domination structure'. Both of us considered it to be an illusion that there would be peace on earth as long as there are religious superiority complexes held and defended and imposed by one group upon others.

The retrospective exhibition of Alexander H. Tolksdorf's works in Destedt was a grand success. The house was decorated with oil paintings, pastels and pencil drawings; in the garden one could see wooden sculptures. Uta and I invited lots of people, and all came. Although they saw a fatally ill man, all were deeply impressed by his cheerfulness and his warm personality. Weeks later people still spoke to us about this very impressive man and his work. Yes, his work was part of his duties, and from innumerable encounters I know that in the background of his mind he was remembering Him - not through Mahanam, but in his own way.

> Diary June 27, 1989
>
> Alexander's sculpture *Cross with Root*: Do we not nail nature on the cross of our measurements and computerization? The cross not only as the connection between heaven and earth and as a religious symbol, but also dividing the whole into grid squares..
>
> Didn't Dadaji say, "You are nailing Him daily on the cross"? Mind is a part of nature, nature in its egoistic

form, but able to became Manjari, as a budding seed full of Him.

For people other than Christians the cross was a sign of death. How many have been murdered in the sign of the cross! Dadaji once wrote, "When He comes to release the prisoner, nature will be full of joy."

My son Johannes, an admirer of Alexander, tried meditatively to concentrate upon him and to send "helpful thoughts". But he got the inner answer, "You can do nothing!" Inspite of this he went on trying to concentrate on Alexander, who at that time was already in the hospital, and in the course of trying Johannes was suddenly overwhelmed by the warmth of love in which he found himself.

After long weeks of suffering, during which we were in close contact, Alexander died on 2 September 1989. One day before his death he rang up Uta to thank us again for the exhibition and all the friendship and love. Uta was deeply moved by his cheerfulness inspite of the horrible pain he had to suffer. He bore Prarabdha with fortitude.

I now want to once again follow events chronologically and return to where I left off in 1984. On June 29th I rang up Dadaji in London, where he had a just arrived, to find out his itinerary. London was only a stopover on his way to the United States. Uta and I were planning to travel with the children to the South of England and Wales in a motor home, thus having a chance to meet Dadaji when he returned from America.

Dadaji was still very concerned over my health; I had the feeling he was a kind of 'guardian angel' or silent watcher. I also appreciated the announcement of Dr. Sideshwar Saxena's visit to

us in Germany in this context. He was a participant in a German cardiologist congress in Duesseldorf. We were very glad to have him with us in Destedt for some days, as the time with Sideshwar was also a time with Dadaji. Sideshwar had written a short article about Dadaji and I got a copy. The last paragraph of this article says, "My own experience about Dadaji is that he possesses a tongue that neither vilifies nor gossips, and ears that hear to remember naught but good, and eyes that see Godlike virtue in others. He has a sense of humor that embarrasses no one. He has a charity that acts but does not react."

Uta and I coordinated our travel in England with Dadaji's presence in London. When we met Dadaji in Dr.Shiv Kumar's house in the middle of a large group of invited guests he looked very tired and exhausted. For the first time our children watched many Indians kneeling down before Dadaji, touching his feet and their foreheads in their traditional greeting of respect. After this the children hesitated in greeting Dadaji in what they thought to be their normal way. But Dadaji simply took them into his arms, as he did with Uta and me. Then he announced to the assembly, "Peter will tell something."

Based on my previous experiences, I had expected this to happen. Still I had no subject in mind about which to speak. Introducing me to the guests Dadaji spoke about our Destedt house and garden which he never had visited physically, as a kind of "paradise". This gave me the key word.

Diary August 1, 1984

What is a paradise? Everybody has his or her own idea, colored by the experiences of the past and the wishes for the future. The image of a so-called paradise is an expression of value judgments we have grown into through our life and which are connected with our culture. We project this image into the future, thereby forgetting the present - His presence.

This presence is between past and future, in a borderless space and beyond time. There He reveals Himself - and this revelation is the real paradise. Paradise is not an idea and cannot be reached through thinking or creative imagination; it is Reality, for everybody the same Reality.

Then Dr. Kumar inquired about the relation between heart and mind, and whether there were effective exercises to make both meet. In my answer I hinted at the many 'esoteric schools' teaching techniques to unify heart and mind. The Yoga paths are pointing to the same direction, and there are people devoting their whole lives to such practices. The 158 year old Indian saint who visited Dadaji in Calcutta had, inspite of his wisdom and Yoga practices, never reached that state into which Dadaji helped the aged man by his simple presence. The unification of heart and mind is only possible through His grace. We can do nothing. We live in an age in which we all go through times when we crave for techniques and recipes, because we consider them to be the sole source of what we call 'progress'. Because we see 'progress' in science, industry, education, health care etc. as a result of the application of various techniques, it's an easy assumption that there must be techniques to unify heart and mind. Hence the market opportunity seized by the Mantra sellers and other quacks making a business out of the demand created by innocent people longing for God. The meeting of mind and heart happens when we are deeply in love. Love is the only thing into which we cannot force ourselves. The mind becomes Manjari when the spontaneous unification with the heart occurs. It is like a newly born babe. That is an individual affair, as individual as the dance of each of the Gopis with

Krishna who multiplied himself for this. All that we need is patience. And, that too is given by Him alone.

After this statement there was a gentle silence. Dr. Kumar encouraged others to ask questions. One elderly gentleman wanted to know whether a personal Guru was needed for spiritual progress. I replied that many people consider Dadaji to be Guru. Dadaji himself says, "God alone is the Guru". It is part of Indian tradition to believe in the Guru-disciple relationship as the only means for salvation. But Truth cannot be transferred or learned in such a formalized business structure. I'm not saying that such a teacher-student relationship doesn't make sense in some areas of life, but Truth cannot be unveiled by a person. It is He who is Truth, who unveils Himself when it is time in the course of daily activities and relationships Truth is within and without. Everywhere.

But what does this mean? As He is within everything and every being, there is no question of 'within' or 'without'. Yes, it can be dangerous or at least misleading to discriminate between 'within' and 'without', for we then become easy prey of our own imagination. Saying that Truth is within means that Truth can only be lived. And, life is both within and without, no separation actually exists in Existence. Naturally, much of what I said in Dadaji's presence I have forgotten, but I remember vividly Dadaji's intervention when the subject 'Guru' arose. Most of the guest were Indians, so he spoke in Bengali. I knew what he was telling them. Suddenly he pointed at me and said in English, "He is correct by one hundred percent!"

All in all it was a strange experience for me having Uta and our children as listeners because they had not seen me in such a role before.

The following morning, I visited Dadaji and found him very content with the previous night's meeting. I was not sure whether I had said the right things. His answer was, "You cannot but do it in the right way, go on as you are." Another subject of our conversation was my health, and I told Dadaji again that in the hospital I had no problem with death, for this seemed to me to "walk into Him". But Dadaji replied, "Oh no, do not say such things! You will live and there will be no trouble. Do your duties!"

That afternoon I again went to Dadaji's place. Many guest had come, thus I had no opportunity to talk to him. I watched the people, mostly Indians, revering Dadaji in the traditional manner and asked myself whether in the past I had behaved with due respect. The answer came when I had left the place, for I heard the voice of Dadaji from within: "You meet me everywhere, Peter. I'm always with you! You need not touch me. I'm where you are. This is only a mortal body. You meet me in Him and your thoughts-wherever love is."

Uta and I went on with our holiday trip, but before Dadaji left London for Bombay, I talked to him by phone from Port Talbot, where we had chosen to stop overnight. It was not possible to meet him on his last day in London. He seemed to be very happy and asked, "Will you come to Calcutta?" To my confirmation he only added, "Excellent, excellent!"

Near the end of August 1984, I went to Bad Meinberg, a German spa, for a four-week cure of the sciatica which had started three years back and was revived in Brazil and Mexico. I arrived at the spa with heavy luggage, including all the material I needed to complete the book on Rajasthan. On September 6th I received a letter from Dadaji.

20/8/84

Dearest Peter -

I am sorry I could not meet you on the last day. I was so very exhausted after the U.S.A. trip - I could not even call you by telephone. I hope you, Uta, and the family are coming for Utsava - 2nd and 3rd October, so you must be here by 1st October.

Your hotel booking arrangements have been already made. Kindly inform me about your arrival, flight number, by what airline and where. With best wishes to you, Uta and family,

Dadaji.

Having read this, I immediately sat down to reply.

Bad Meinberg, Sept. 2, 1984

Dearest Dadaji,

Thank you very much for your letter of August 20th. I was not disappointed about not seeing you on the eve of your flight back to India, because Mrs.Surendra Singh informed me about your physical exhaustion. So I only could send greetings through her with best wishes from Uta and me for a good flight. It was, indeed, another occasion to ask myself: What is distance? I learned again that there is no distance between you and me, I felt like I was with you.

My plan to come to India was just completed and I was sitting down to write to you the exact dates, when you letter arrived. I have to coordinate my visit to Calcutta with business in Hyderabad and Tokyo.

I would be very happy if I could avoid staying in a big hotel. You know I prefer a modest Indian style

environment, only bed and shower is needed, and not too far from your place or Somnath Hall. Thank you in advance for all your loving kindness! You will understand why Uta does not come with me: School has begun again. She would have loved to take part in Utsava, but her idea is that her absence does not matter much, because she and I are one in Him. Thus by the very nature of our relation she will come with me to Calcutta, travelling comfortably in a corner of my heart! Following the advice of my doctor, I set aside four weeks from business and am enjoying at present a cure in Bad Meinberg with its beautiful surroundings, not very far from our home. Although I consider myself to be a healthy man, and those who sent me here agreed, I had to come to this place for four weeks devoted to massage, baths, gymnastics, and long, long walks, to strengthen my health. I'm enjoying the last days of summer.

Today something, which I could not tell you in London because lack of words, became a little more clear to me. I have found a description which comes near to what I am experiencing again and again: Sometimes I feel like a woman pregnant with Him, but at the same time as a child sitting in His lap. This is still an imperfect picture, for a woman knows more or less the end of pregnancy and the time of birth. I'm left without such knowledge. Yes, pregnant I am; I must have been born in this state, but the awareness of it has something to do with Dadaji and Mahanam! I do not ask for the end of pregnancy. It is enough to be fully aware of that wonderful state, for this verily means: Remember Him always. We are all female.

A child has to grow, whether in the womb or the lap. What utter nonsense to expect recipes for such a process of growth! Yet there are many sellers of such recipes and many people who buy them. God alone is the Guru and we have to trust ourselves. Inseparably He is with us all the time, inside and outside! I always understood your message as: Trust yourself ! Guru is within you!

Sometimes I feel you want to show me my own way, which is His way. I do not know what this way will be, for it extends into the future and I have no map of it. I can only conceive my 'way' as being here, in the present and His Presence.

Often I'm full of questions I want to ask you, but before I'm able to utter them, the answer is already given. In this moment the question welled up, why so many of your and my friends witness miracles, smell Dada's fragrance here and there, and so on. I myself did not have such experiences in previous years, why?

Posing the question I already know: No miracle can show His Presence more vividly than the feeling of a woman being pregnant with Him! Do we really need miracles to become aware of Him? Then life is a miracle for me, for He is there, here - with me! I will be so glad to see you again in some weeks; you are a part of that Life! Please give my love to all friends and your family.

With love from Uta and the children,

Yours Peter.

I successfully completed the Bad Meinberg cure, and all the people I met afterward told me that I made an amazing recovery. They didn't know that the completion of the book on Rajasthan had taken a heavy load from my shoulders. It was not only that I had done my duties; I also remembered Him always, and remained in tune with Him.

CHAPTER EIGHTEEN

In tune with Him

Diary September 30, 1984

When I arrived in Delhi on my way to Calcutta, I didn't have my usual cheerful feeling of being in India. During the ensuing hours in transit it didn't develop. I was still stressed due to my last few days in Germany and really tired. But during the flight to Calcutta the joyful inner awareness and certainty grew with the words which welled up from within: "Name is He." I felt the smile of Mahanam on my lips and noted down on my boarding pass what came into my mind: "You cannot see the wind blowing, but see only the ripples on the surface of the water." A smile is the outer sign of an inner reality and Name is the bridge between the inner and the outer world which are fundamentally One.

The following day, when I met Dadaji he told me what I didn't expect to hear after my long cure. He was clearly very much concerned with my health. He said I should take a rest and have a good sleep. With a loving smile he said, "You go alone, I'm with you all the time."

In the Ramakrishna Mission Hostel, it wasn't easy to rest for I had many inspirations, wave after wave. I was really swept away by the images I saw and all the thoughts connected with them. I was not successful in my attempt to note down my experience. It was a feeling of openness for regions of understanding I did not remember having reached before, but I was too tired to harvest the fruits.

In the evening I went to Somnath Hall to meet all the old friends who had come for Utsava. As always, it was like a family

gathering and Dadaji, who came a little later, enjoyed it thoroughly. One subject dominated my conversations with him: The effects of the Bad Meinberg cure and whether or not I still needed other treatments. When Dr. Martin Wiseman, a physical therapist from Phoenix, Arizona, was introduced to him, Dadaji consulted him about my recent cure and its effectiveness. I had to explain many details to Dr. Wiseman, who told Dadaji that everything had been done according to medical art.

Then Dadaji asked Harvey Freeman, Dr.Lalit Pandit and me to deliver short talks for the audience. Harvey eloquently reported about the growing interest in Dadaji in the United States. I myself spoke about miracles which disturb the sense of control we try to maintain by understanding. Truth takes away our wish to dominate and also all our property, thus making us the richest people we can imagine. Lalit closed the series of small contributions by speaking about the impossibility to control love. It was heartwarming to see his radiant face when he ended with the words, "Love simply is." Yes, Love simply was with us this evening!

Utsava started on 2 October 1984. During the whole morning I wondered whether the atmosphere of cheerfulness and love pervading Somnath Hall would also be sensed by those watching us from outside through the open windows. The air was impregnated with the wonderful Fragrance of Dadaji and I felt "in tune with Him". When I spoke with Ann Mills about the atmosphere of this exciting meeting, she mentioned the evident openness of those present - openness to the message of Love pervading the whole Universe. It was most wonderful, but then I didn't know what the day had in store for me.

Dadaji was already present in Somnath Hall that evening when I arrived with Ann Mills and Harvey Freeman. He waved me indicating that I should sit in front of him. As soon as I was seated, a dialogue started.

Diary October 2, 1984

Dadaji asked: "Are you sitting comfortably? How is your leg?"

I replied: "Doctors say my leg is totally okay. There is only a technical problem - the rubber stocking. Sitting on the floor I have to keep my leg straigth."

"No other troubles?"

"I just came from a cure and feel very healthy."

Taking my head between his hands he said, "You do not know who you are."

"I don't understand myself. I don't know what is going on inside."

"It's an enfoldment. It will work out in time. Be patient".

"Dadaji, I know everything happens by time factor. No possibility to accelerate it."

"I tell you, you are one hundred percent correct."

"Everything happens by love. As it is, it is perfectly alright."

"I'm so happy to have you here!"

"During the previous years you always made me talk. I guess by this I will learn to discriminate between His Love and the fantasies of my mind. But I always have the feeling that I would like to sit at your feet and listen to you."

"Wherever I go I tell about Peter, my son. Why did you not bring Uta?"

"She's with me in my heart, do you not see her there? We are one in Him!"

"This is most wonderful. I watched you both in London. You are really one. And your nice children..."

"We are a lucky family."

"I know, I know!"

"When I was in the hospital and Uta could not reach you directly by phone, I was one with Mahanam and relied totally on Him. Such an illness is a most precious gift."

"I'm proud of you, Peter."

Dadaji embraced me and then spoke to me for nearly two hours. What he said? To me it was well-known, but at the same time new: "He alone is the Guru. People can do nothing. They are totally helpless. We are actors in His Lila. Mahanam starts in the very second of birth. You never can cross the barriers of the mind except through love for Him."

Once Henry Miller asked Dadaji, "What did the Buddha say?" Dadaji asked back, "Who was the Buddha?" And he added, "It was not a person, it was He. Also Jesus said: Not I, but my father in heaven." At the end Lalit Pandit remarked about my long conversation with Dadaji: "Peter, you got the full menu!"

The second day of Utsava started with torrential rains. The streets were under water and small children, screaming with pleasure, took the opportunity to play in the gutters. Although staying nearby, due to the flooding I had to make a detour to reach Somnath Hall by foot.

Dadaji arrived at 9 a.m. and after he received all the personal greetings from many of those gathered, he started a short conversation with me. I mentioned my experience of 1982 in Tokyo. Suddenly the idea came to me that I should give Dadaji the letter in which I wrote of my experience. I never sent it to him for since writing it I shyed away from sharing the text of this letter

drenched by my tears with anyone, even with Dadaji. Two years had to pass to achieve some distance to my extraordinary and deeply moving experience: "*This is My Body! This is my Blood!*" It was and today still is connected with a certain awe-inspiring thrill. I brought the letter in a file that contained all of Dadaji's letters to me. In the afternoon, when I was asked to address the audience, I shared what happened to me in Tokyo, and afterward I handed my tearstained letter to Dadaji. He took it between his palms and I never will forget the radiating love on his face.

Before the Satyanarayan Puja, for which Dr.Thikkar, President of the Zoological Survey of India and closely connected to Mrs.Indira Gandhi, was selected, Dadaji called me near and told me in view of the expected happenings in the Puja room, "Understand, He does not need the body, He neither does need this Puja. I have asked you to come, only to have you present here". Pointing at the assembly of people gathered in the hall, he added, "He does not see any difference with them. It is all the same. The substance is One." I was reminded by this of Dadaji once saying, "Let Truth be installed and you will find communion in actuality", and I smiled. According to him already the ancient seers of India made no distinctions and created no divisions amongst humanity, but this was forgotten. You only have to know yourself (your Self) and see that all human beings, male or female, are equals irrespective of their differences.

Throughout the days of Utsava I pondered the idea that our experiences belong to us and that we can only share them with those who have gone through the same or similar experiences. Utsava is not only an opportunity to meet people, but also helpful for coming to an understanding of our own experiences by verbally sharing them with others. An experiential difference still remains. In a conversation with Manjit Paul I tried to explain this.

Diary October 3, 1984

How can we share experiences? Look at this rose in the garden. It is not only a rose, but a rose in the morning. It is not only a rose in the morning, but on a special day. It is not a special day, it is you who in a special mood looks at the rose. This all is your very own, very personal experience, much of it far beyond conceptualization. Another person looking at the rose in the morning of a special day and with a special mood, will also have his or her very own experience. Most often we can only secondarily share our experiences verbally because we both realize *The Rose* as the basis of our awareness.

It was a wonderful Utsava celebration, the after effect lingered for months. Again and again I was overwhelmed by the remembrance of it. One day in February 1985 I sat down to write Harvey Freeman a letter, from which I quote the following lines.

Destedt, February 3, 1985

Dear Harvey,

Remembering Dadaji I feel very 'sunny', very son-like. Sometimes it is overwhelming; I find it difficult to avoid crying out of joy, even when I'm amongst people... It is not Dadaji as a person, it is He, the fullness of the full. It comes in a silent way, choosing its own time. I can do nothing, Truth does. I'm a silent singer: Songs of praise, wordless poems, and Mahanam everywhere! We are all One, and still have our differences. Oh, how many faces He has - and yet one Eye! I'm sitting like a child in His lap, and at the same time I'm carrying Him as a mother does her child under her heart. I'm here, and still not born. I feel pregnant and at the same time in the

womb, for He is outside and inside. (Please, forgive this confused language; my head goes round - around Him). Difficult to write to Dadaji, for he is too near. I'm longing to see Dada, but He is already in the longing...

Harvey replied with a postcard from India: "Your love epistle was full of fragrance. I shared it with Dadaji and many others." When I read this on February 24, 1985, I felt Dadaji was with me and myself sitting at his feet.

Four days later I had to report a miraculous event to Dadaji.

Destedt, Feb. 28, 1985

Dearest Dadaji,

I'm happy to be able to write these lines for this very morning I had a serious car accident and came out of it uninjured and safe - to me it is like a wonder! On an icy and slippery bend in the road, all of a sudden, I lost control of my car, which changed its direction and careened into a deep ditch. The car rolled completely over twice and after fifty meters it came to rest on its top. It was like looping the loop!

At the end of this crazy ride I unfastened my seat-belt and left the totally wrecked car without a scratch on my body. I climbed through a window and crawled on all fours out of the ditch (fortunately the water in it was frozen). Later on my doctor found no injuries either physical or mental. The moment I saw the accident was unavoidable, I was very calm, ready to go through it wherever it would lead me. Not one second was I frightened; I could do nothing but to take from His hands what was destined to me. Afterward

there was no feeling of shock, there were no weak knees. I had gone through it - and it seems I'm still needed here. Whatever might happen, I am in Him and He is in me. Gopal Govinda! All those who saw the wrecked Audi car and the place of the accident tell me that this day is my 'second birthday'.

Are you planning to come to Germany this time? Uta, the children, and I would be so happy to have you with us. Please let me know your plans in time!

Life is full of wonders. With love from all of us,

Yours Peter.

I continued feeling okay and was in good spirits during the following weeks. When an Indian couple, introduced by Dadaji, visited us in April, I wrote to him about this visit, closing the letter with the following lines: "I'm patient. My ship is sailing steadily along with His breeze. Whether turmoil or silence - I am in Him, in His Name. What shall I do? Doing my duty, I'm yet doing nothing. It is all He. Oh, these waves of love! My heart is full of Him."

One weekend in June 1985, Dadaji, who was visiting London on his way to the States, came to Brussels, where he stayed with Dipu Bhadra. During my five-hour drive to Brussels, it was raining heavily. When I arrived, Dadaji was out and when he came back after half an hour, he looked very tired. Although he gave a hearty welcome, I was a little bit disappointed for I had no opportunity to talk to him then. During the long drive to Brussels I had imagined how it would be to meet Dadaji and to talk to him, but as it turned out it was otherwise and that evening I could not see him.

When Dadaji came out of his bedroom in the early morning, all his tiredness was gone and I was hugged by a strong energetic man.

I was reminded of the unforgettable embrace in Calcutta seven years before. After having given Dadaji the requested information about my family, he continued our conversation with the remark, "You have opened up and changed." He told me that this resulted from my Tokyo experience and called it an "opening to Him."

Then Dadaji made me talk to him about several subjects like charity, love, the role of the churches in society and so on. I had the feeling of effortlessly swimming with steady strokes in an ocean. But, I also became aware when my mind came into play - it was as if the water then became shallow. Unconsciously I tried to reach the deep waters again. Dadaji gave corrections to what I said. After one hour or more he seemed to be content with my progress. He asked me to write down what I had said, but I had to tell him that this was a very difficult task, because I didn't 'construct' in my mind what I said. I usually found myself having lost the memory when I tried to note it down. Dadaji proposed that I should record fresh ideas on tape, so that I had have not to write.

When I met Dadaji the next morning, he was accompanied by Dipu and Mr. Ashok M. Patel from Ahmedabad. Shortly before I came, one of the two gentleman had called Dadaji "God". He replied to this saying that everyone of us was "God". All of a sudden, he looked at me and asked, "Are you God?" Embarrassed by this question I uttered "Yes", feeling the next moment that I said something absolutely outrageous! This feeling alarmed me, for I was taught by it that I was still somehow mentally bound to a concept of God not being in me and I not in Him. But Dadaji looked very content and made me talk about my feeling. Thus, suddenly I came to the awareness that I knew what Dadaji was hinting at with his remark, "God is One." I'm my Guru and at the same time I'm my disciple - this is the dual role of the Self. The Self is One with Him, or better, is He, becoming identified in consciousness the moment when we receive or remember Mahanam.

As if to destroy my inner doubts about the godly nature of human beings and to underline my affirmative reply that morning when Dadaji asked me, "Are you God?", that afternoon an embarrassing event occurred. Dadaji made a young Indian lady, who was rushing toward him, touch my feet. I was extremely shocked, also confused and irritated and didn't know what to do in such an unprecedented situation. I will let her explain what happened by quoting a letter she wrote me some time after the event.

30th July 85

Dear Peter,

I would like to begin my letter to you with the beautiful experience He gave of Himself. Sometime back I heard a story of a devout Catholic woman, who knows nothing other than the Christ and the *Bible*, yet when she had the occasion to meet our Dadaji alone, she came out of the room saying she had seen Christ. From the time I heard the story I often wondered within myself: How was it that she felt after directly seeing Christ? As you see I had always loved Christ very much, inspite of knowing nothing about Him.

That evening in Dipu's house, when Dadaji came to the living room door, I immediately felt automatically from within that it was Christ who was standing there. As if Christ stood at the door asking for me! At that moment I was so overwhelmed, so fulfilled that it is beyond any expression. Without any effort I found myself drifting toward the all-powerful force, feeling the call of Christ. But then Dadaji had something else in store for me, for at that moment He called you and then asked me to do Pranam to Satyanarayan. So you can imagine now the amount of energy I was exposed to, with Christ standing at

my back and Satyanarayan standing in front of me, repeatedly showing to us that all is He and He only. I felt as if I was taking a deep plunge in a pond full of Amrit (Elixir). He thus fulfilled my long cherished desire to see and feel Satyanarayan who lives within us is all powerful. All of a sudden everything was the same, as I found myself helplessly crying in between you and Dadaji! Those who love Dadaji can do nothing but love all those who love Dadaji. As you see, all of a sudden I got this strange urge to write a letter to you...

All human beings are One in Satyanarayan. To be in tune with Him means to realize this fact. "*This is My Body! This is My Blood!*" And, as Dadaji said again and again: "Humanity is One, Religion is One, Language is One."

In the afternoon, a large number of guests filled the living room in Dipu's flat. At 6 p.m. Dadaji appeared and sat on the sofa reserved for him. People stopped chatting and everyone concentrated on what would follow. The audience was so silent, one could hear a needle drop on the floor.

Diary June 24, 1985

Dadaji didn't say anything but calmly looked at the visitors. Sometimes it was as if he was looking through them; some of those who were known to him got a little smile. I was standing near the door through which Dadaji had entered and watched the scene. Fascinated by the unusually charged atmosphere and by Dadaji's personality, the people were sitting very still on their chairs or Indian style on the floor. They looked at Dadaji who simply sat

quietly on the sofa. This went on for a while, nothing visible happened. Everybody was silent. Yet it was a very special atmosphere...

Then Dadaji beckoned me to sit next to him. He only said, "You speak!" No more. I didn't know what to say. (Later he told me, "I forced you to speak!") I don't remember in detail what I spoke about. I said something about Truth, also about love in its relation to charity. It went on for some time. Then Dadaji proposed that I should ask for questions from the audience; in response I gave comments to "Do your duty" and "Follow your desires". While speaking I had the feeling of tapping a source unknown to me. Dadaji was sitting next to me as a silent observer. When I stopped speaking he left the room without a word.

The next day I had the opportunity to talk with Dadaji about this experience. He was very clear in his comment: "I tell you, you don't know what you say. I watched you during your talks. It comes from beyond the mind. This is something other than an intellectual exercise. I tell you, your Source is beyond mind!" Later on he said, "In writing, your mind comes in. You talk and are directly in touch with Him." Spoken words, he said, are fascinating because something beyond words and understanding is covibrating.

Regrettably, I left Brussels without having the opportunity to say good-bye to Dadaji. When I drove past the town of Liege, this came into my mind and I felt saddened. At that moment I was enveloped in a cloud of His Fragrance which filled my car. This was his good-bye! I spoke my own thankful good-bye on tape as a letter to Dadaji while continuing my drive home.

24. June 1985

Dearest Dadaji,

I'm on the way back from Brussels after the overwhelmingly fruitful weekend with you and the friends - fruitful in the sense that I'm aware of a rich harvest after a long time of sowing and growing and ripening: Seven years with Dadaji, seven years of remembering Him always.

Truth has come like a thief in the night, taking away all my belongings. Verily, I'm left as a have-not, but I'm richer than the richest in the world: I am. I am in Him: I am in Truth.

All knowledge is in vain as long as it is not permeated by Him. He is the Water of Life, He washes away all our errors, making the garden of our life fresh, blossoming and new.

Every day is a day of birth in Him, every day I die into Him. Oh, He is the Fullness, containing everything! I'm drowned in the Fullness, being at the same time full of the Fullness of Life. I cannot but overflow, I cannot hold back.

What are names? There is only the One Name, by which He has called me. And in this, my Name, I sing the Song of Praise to Him who is the Name:

I praise Thee, Oh Lord, whose Name is above all names; out of whose Name eternally springs the Seed of Creation. Oh Lord, Thy Name is the essence of the music of the Divine Flutist, created by Thee, embraced by my heart. He is my nearest and dearest, to Him I'm female.

I praise Thee, Oh Lord, for the motherly womb of my body, enshrining Him, the Eternal, becoming One.

I praise Thee, Oh Lord, whose Name is the sole Measure of the Universe, the Rod of Polarity.

I praise Thee, Oh Lord, whose Name stretches out time and space, being thus identical with all other names of unknown origin.

I praise Thee, Oh Lord of the Yugas, for the wonderful gift of Mahanam, enfolding the Lotus out of the whirlpool of life, the Lotus in which You reside as the Center of Fullness.

This is a Song of Praise to Him whose Name is above all names, the Lord of the Void and the Silence, out of which sprang the Universe, the Divine Music, He who is Truth, containing all in His Oneness.

The Song of Praise is dedicated to all sisters and brothers, daughters and sons of Him who know that Humanity is One, Religion is One, Language is One, confessing: God alone is the Guru.

The Song of Praise is dedicated to those ready to accept that they can do nothing, for He alone is the Doer; and to those who dwell in the immensity of His Love.

I thank you, Dadaji, for the inspiration of the past seven years and its fruit.

In love,

Yours Peter.

On July 2nd, Dadaji left London for the U.S.A. I was a little bit sad missing the closeness of Dadaji and also being a little bit jealous that others had the opportunity of being always with him. All of a sudden, I heard something from within.

Diary July 2, 1985

"You have to go your own way, Peter. I'm with you always. You are in my heart. There is no single moment where you are alone. Physical nearness is not needed. Time and space are One. Thank you for your letter, it is excellent. Praise Him always, whenever it comes. It is like speaking to you. There is but a thin layer like a veil between your consciousness and Reality. This veil has many holes, Reality already shines through. You'll see and get new eyes."

When I heard these words I was driving in my car. I recorded them on tape. The words welled up from an unclear murmuring. Sometimes I could not understand what was said, but then the words became clear in my mind. Of course, some of the sentences remain puzzling. I was listening while driving my car. What I heard was, so to speak, voiceless. There was no person speaking, but it stemmed from Dadaji. I could not differentiate between him and me.

When I finished taping the sentences, I found myself in a state which I can only describe with Dadaji's words, "Full to the brim and ready to overflow." This state or feeling didn't disappear during the time I was involved with my professional duties. The whole day I felt in tune with Him.

On July 14th, Dadaji's written reply to my letter came from the States, posted in Hood River/Oregon. I felt bathed in His love when I read it.

U.S.A., 6th July '85

Dearest Son,

Your fascinating letter of June 24. Love manifested as joy shapes out as the son, and when

that joy pulsates with the rapture of infinite vibration, the dearest son is round the corner. Love has fleeced off your ego outright, and has wrung out of your being such a wonderful praise of the Lord which you aptly dedicate to the sisters and brothers the world over. But don't you be thinking in terms of "sowing and growing and ripening". Love does not grow by laying one brick upon another and so on. It is the Truth, instant of a point-instant. Time and space are at a standstill therein. You know all this quite well; yet you write that way as a matter of empiric habit. Otherwise, you would not have written, "Truth has come like a thief in the night." So you are really a have-not. And in your have-not-ness nestles the optimal fullness of all existence. When you are in Truth, your fullness heads for overflowing inspite of yourself. How wonderfully you give expression to the kernel of the philosophy of Truth! You even hint at a situation wherein Name is also transcended. That is Satyanarayan in whom the 'rod of polarity', as you say, is not.

Dadaji reserves no thanks; for he is nobody. But it's pretty sure that your letter will usher in a legion of its kind, in the course of time, to manifest the all-engrossing dawn of Truth encompassed by Love supernal.

Love to you all - Uta and the kids -
Affectionately Yours

Dadaji.

I read this letter many times. Yes, Love does not grow. Do not believe in the language of thought; here one brick is laid upon the other till we call this impressive edifice of knowledge our own. We may well come to the deepest and most fascinating intellectual understanding of energy and its expression in mind and

matter, and still, as valuable as those findings may be, they will be always mind-born concepts, far away from this all-embracing Love. Love explained is dead. Love, like Truth, can only be lived. He or she who is a real Bhakta not only loves Him, but all other human beings and all His creation. This Bhakta embraces and does not segregate. Everything is holy, for nothing exists outside His Wholeness. Holy or unholy - that are our own differentiations and concepts. "You be with the Whole, Peter," I heard Dadaji say, for I started to note down a kind of commentary.

Diary July 15, 1985

Sowing and growing and ripening: Who is sowing? We are born with His Love, are in His Love always. No sower in the field with its receptive furrows. And growing? Truth cannot grow, Truth is not small and doesn't become big. Truth is. Remains ripening: I want to cling to this word, for it reminds me of the 'budding seed' (Manjari). You can't influence ripening.

The image of sowing - growing - ripening stems from the world of empiric experience. All around we can see it. Following this process into the future, we are not aware of His presence. This Presence alone is Reality. It breaks into our time.

After listening to Leopold Mozart's 'Missa Solemnis' I was overflowing with thoughts of Dadaji's letter and I was compelled to write the following lines under the title *Sing the Song of Praise*:

How to sing
the Song of Praise?
Listen inside
to the melody
of the Name.
Who is the Singer?

The ego is drowned
in the ocean of Love.
Oh, you Point in the Lotus,
Fountain of Fullness
from the Void,
Voice of the Silence!
And the smile
is welling up
while the Name
sings
His Praise.

Returning from a business trip to Shanghai, I was on my way to Calcutta with a stopover in Bangkok. In a small hotel room I experienced a foreshadowing of the coming Utsava. It was so moving that I paced around the small room, "full to the brim and ready to overflow." It was a wonderful encounter with Truth permeating the whole body. It comes when it decides to come, we can do nothing, not even run away! Indeed, it was an awesome experience, but I found it funny that such moments seemed to prefer small hotel rooms like the time of my profound experience in Tokyo.

Thus prepared, the next day I took a plane to Calcutta. During the whole flight I was deeply involved in thoughts about the forthcoming Utsava. I would meet Dadaji and all the other friends, out of whom I remembered especially Ann Mills. I hadn't seen her for a long time, but was very sure that I would meet her, for I 'saw' myself in front of her. This mental image vanished after a short time. After we landed in Calcutta, I met Ann at the baggage claim; she had been on the same plane as Tom Melrose, both arriving from America.

Three people had come to fetch us at the airport: Pavitar Singh Juttla, the nice Sikh gentleman from London, being for the first

time in India, Manjit Paul and her son Pummy. We tried to get in touch with Dadaji by phone, but in vain. So we drove to his house on Prince Anwar Shah Road. There we met Abhi and Lalit, but not Dadaji, who was resting because he felt very tired and exhausted. Only Ann was allowed to talk to him. I didn't stay long with the friends and took a taxi to the Ramakrishna Mission Hostel, where a room was booked for me. After some reading I opened my diary for a note.

> Diary October 19, 1985
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> In the writing of Sri Ram Thakur I found the following important sentences: "Try to surrender yourself only to the Name. Access to more than your portion in life is not given to you in any circumstances" (*Veda Vani*, Part II, pg.41). We Westerners always try to hasten development, try to apply techniques, even in spiritual life. It is more important to have patience and to surrender only to His Will which is Ultimate Love. Oh, we proud people! Do we really surrender ourselves only to the Name? Do we not want to force Him to come nearer to us? This is nothing but selfishness, egoism. We want to be great people and to *have* Him! Thus we miss Him till we are ultimately one with Him at a time, a place, and a circumstance of His choosing.

On the evening before Utsava I walked to Somnath Hall where I found all the old friends already present. It was like coming home. Dadaji arrived at 6 p.m., still looking tired and exhausted. When we embraced each other he whispered into my ear, "I'm happy!" There were dark shadows under his eyes, but his loving welcome was radiating energy.

I watched Dadaji greeting the guests. What I saw looked like a miracle, for in a short time he seemed to become stronger and stronger, the tiredness vanished from his face, and three hours

later, at the end of the meeting, his expressions and movements were like those of a young man.

Diary October 20, 1985

All the time I could not take my eyes from Dadaji, who seemed to be more earnest than usual. Next to him sat the elderly G.T. Kamdar in an armchair, always holding the microphone of his hearing aid close to Dadaji. Between him and Dadaji a conversation in Hindi or Bengali started which I couldn't follow, but it was heartwarming to see Kamdarji's face brighten up with certain of Dadaji's remarks; how he listened to Dadaji, who explained something to him - I think it was the well-known stories Dadaji likes to tell again and again. I enjoyed the atmosphere of friendliness and peace. The drums beaten by those participating in a Durga Puja celebration nearby Somnath Hall were rolling to the noice of the horribly shrieking loudspeakers. But somehow it didn't touch the silence and the peace of the hall. Never before had I been so impressed by this joyful atmosphere!

After one hour I noticed that Dadaji had started to speak about me. His hand pointed at me, and suddenly Kamdarji said with the loud voice of a person with defective hearing, "Of course, Dadaji, he is your son!"

I was a silent observer, enveloped in a wonderful feeling of unclouded cheerfulness. Now and then Dadaji looked at me and said to Kamdarji, "He knows", and I nodded inspite of not knowing the content of this remark. This was not important; Communion took place on a higher level than communication.

The first day of the Utsava of 1985 started with a wonderful feeling of cheerfulness. I was bathed in His Love watching Dadaji and the friends - wonderful moments! Somnath Hall was packed with people. As the long row of those wanting to greet Dadaji finally came to an end, I watched a scene which afterward became the keynote of this year's Utsava.

Diary October 21,1985

At the entrance of the hall appeared a small elderly woman with a lovely face dominated by big kind eyes. Bent forward by age she walked through an opening lane those gathered made for her as she slowly progressed toward Dadaji and presented him an apple. It looked as if Dadaji's heart jumped with joy when she arrived in front of him! I liked this lady very much with her dignity and modesty. And with such reverence she greeted Dadaji! It was heartwarming! After this scene Dadaji waved me near to him and told me that this nice lady was his 91 year old mother-in-law. I called her loveable and Dadaji bowed his head down to my hand and kissed it. Then he looked at me with overflowing love.

I cannot explain why this event was of such importance for me. Even while noting this down I'm still thrilled by the memory of those moments! It is the whole Utsava, with its many events, in a nutshell! For the Puja this time Bappi Lahiri, the composer, a living success story and very near to Dadaji, went with him to the Puja room. After half an hour the room was opened, the air inside was pregnant with Dadaji's Fragrance, and Charanjal was sprinkled all over the floor - it is always overwhelming!

Dadaji came back to his cot and large numbers of people tried to touch him. He went through all

this with cheerfulness, spoke with her or him, laid his hand on the obviously sick - it was fascinating to watch him.

Together with Pavitar Singh and others I was invited for lunch at Manjit Paul's home. I wanted to phone Uta, so Pummy brought me to the Central Post Office. Due to the crowded streets and distances involved, we returned later than expected at Somnath Hall, Dr. Lalit Pandit was just finishing inspiring people with a brilliant talk. Dadaji let me sit next to him on the cot. After Lalit finished, Dadaji asked me to speak next. As usual, I don't remember exactly what I said. It was something about "To be and to have" and how to come to Him. At the end I quoted the poem I wrote after the last meeting in Brussels. Benumbed I went back to my place and looked into Dadaji's radiant face.

On the second day of this Utsava somebody asked Dadaji whether he was God. I knew that G.T. Kamdar had put forward this question several times and also remembered my reactions in Brussels, when Dadaji asked me the same question. I noted down Dadaji's answer.

Diary October 22, 1985

"Never make a business of Him. This man (Dadaji points at himself) is nothing and can do nothing. It is He who does, He who is the eternal Lover, He who is in everything and beyond time and space. You never will understand Him, but He loves you all. He is able to do enormous things; this man is only a lump of clay."

I asked Dadaji whether reincarnation was a reality or only a mind-born idea. He seemed to be happy about this question and answered, "You have come here to

do your duty. You must do it and He will look after you. Only after merging ultimately into Him you will not have to come back. Otherwise you have to come here again and again to overcome ego." The continuously cheerful atmosphere of the morning impressed me very much. I had the feeling as though Dadaji was talking to me only; but, others had the same impression. While speaking he always looked at me. Sometimes I was irritated by remarks like, "I need not to explain this, you know already." It was a kind of attunement betwen "Peter the Lover", as Lalit named me, and the Elder Brother. I felt very humbled.

G.T. Kamdar spoke about Yogis and Sadhus who had come to his house in Bhavnagar to meet Dadaji there. Guests had arrived there in such large numbers that Kamdarji was not able to feed them all. There were only some Idlis (rice dumplings) and Chapatis (wheat flat bread) in the kitchen. When Dadaji came to know about this situation, he ordered all the Idlis and Chapatis put on a tray and covered with a cloth. The food was served from the tray under the cloth, and hundreds got to eat from this one tray.

Hearing this I reminded Dadaji of the miraculous multiplication of loaves done by Jesus, to feed the 5,000. This remark made Dadaji ask, "Who was the Christ?" And he went on to say that our ideas of the Christ, based on the biblical stories, are totally wrong. He who taught the Truth, known as the Christ, was a man born in Srinagar/Kashmir. He wandered through India and also what are now the Middle Eastern countries preaching the Truth. Eventually he came back to Srinagar. This true story of his life and the gospel that he spoke got mixed with much later narrations which now form the content of the

Christian dogma. Also the crucification as reported in the *Bible* did not happen; it has quite another meaning than officially acknowledged by the churches. Dadaji also mentioned that he discussed this matter with theologians in the States. That is, every time He is forgotten, He is crucified. It is not a physical event to be used to create guilt or achieve Salvation by remembering a human death on a cross or by celebrating a resurrection of a physical body. To the surprise of the representatives of Christian churches, the esoteric content of the Gospel became much clearer.

In the evening, Mr. S.B.Pandya, President of the Indian Crop Improvement and Seed Producers Association, Delhi, went with Dadaji to the Puja room. After some time Dadaji asked Ann Mills, G.T.Kamdar, Tom Melrose, an American couple, and me to come with him to the heavily locked Puja room. We sat and waited on chairs outside the room. This seemed strange to me, for normally witnesses were only asked to come after the Puja room was opened again.

Dadaji left us alone and went upstairs to another room. We waited wondering what would happen, After half an hour Dadaji appeared again, the doors were unlocked, and he went into the Puja room. From there he called G.T.Kamdar to come in; after some time the rest of us followed. There we found the well- known scene: The honey-like aromatic liquid dripping from the large picture of Sri Sri Satyanarayan and fragrant Charanjal sprinkled on the floor. Mr. Pandya was still sitting on a small rug in from of the picture and next to him sat G.T.Kamdar. I took a place on a narrow windowsill, the others sat cross-legged on the floor. The atmosphere was powerfully intense, and I felt Mahanam rising from my heart. I don't remember what happened in the room. Afterward I was told that Tom Melrose and Dipu Bhadra took pictures. All this I didn't notice, for I was fascinated by the picture

Rukmini Devi Arundale, January 17th, 1986

Dadaji says farewell, Delhi November 1985

of Sri Sri Satyanarayan, which seemed to attract me so profoundly that I became one with it. As I learned later, I remained in the room only for 15 minutes; for me it was an eternity! My only feeling was that of utter silence and void. Through the window and its closed shutters directly behind me continued the very noisy life of Calcutta's streets, and I found myself sometimes in between this life and the island of silence. It was an incredible experience of being in tune with Him. Mr. Pandya later sent me a written report of his "exuberant divine experiences" in the Puja room. It is published under this title in *The Truth Within.*

The following day I was scheduled to go to Madras in South India to see Rukmini Devi. Before my departure I had time to meet Dadaji at Somnath Hall. It was a more informal get-together, and soon after his arrival he started to speak to those sitting near to him.

Diary October 23, 1985

Dadaji said, "You people know nothing. There are so many worlds, not only this one. And there are many layers of the worlds (he showed with his hands that they were like steps, but being in one and the same place and interacting). You are bound to one layer. How can you know the other layers? You have got no eyes to see. Only when you get new eyes, will you be able to see."And he went on, "To Him everything is female. You are all female. Also this body (he pointed at himself) is female. And what does marriage mean? One day a very prominent Japanese lady came to see me. I told her, 'Please, marry me!' She said on the spot, 'I will!' There is only this one marriage, the absolute merger with Him. Family, wife, sons, daughters, relatives - these relations all belong to the realm of the mind. You have to do your duty as a member of your family or as a business person. You have to work. Doing duty is Yoga. Only

by doing your duty during this life will you be freed - but always remember Him, remember Love." Dadaji also said, "Only through love is it possible to remember Him. Be in His Love. Remember, He loves you 24 hours the day! Why follow Gurus? Religion is all bluff. It shows how the mind has developed ideas and images to try to achieve comfort in life." This is the essence of what Dadaji said. All the time Dadaji looked at me and I felt that I was asked to comment on his words here and there.

Rukmini was severely ill. She was in bed when I arrived, and I was very much concerned about her health. She seemed to be moved by my coming, and I also had tears in my eyes when I embraced her. I had only one wish that Dadaji would help her. All of a sudden, I heard Dadaji's voice from within, "It is enough to touch her!"

Rukmini saw herself overwhelmed with many so-called responsibilities, but she felt too weak to properly handle all of them. In the Kalakshetra enclave a new theater was under construction and it was her deep wish to again be strong enough for the official opening and the Golden Jubilee of her institution.

I stayed with her for quite a long time. Then the secretary of the Animal Welfare Board of India, the organization of which Rukmini was President, entered the room. Rukmini introduced me to her. Sitting on the bedside, I explained to the secretary that my relation with Rukmini was a love story in its silver jubilee year, for I first met Rukmini in 1960. Rukmini affectionately agreed to this and I embraced her to say good-bye.

Before I left Kalakshetra, I visited Rukmini again. During the days since my arrival she had recovered remarkably. She told me

that in May 1986 she was planning to see Uta and me at our home in Destedt. For me this was a sign that she now had definitely started to feel better. She was out of bed, but still felt tired. From her jewel box she selected gifts for, as she said, "Peter's ladies": A golden chain for my daughter Veronika, a bracelet in classical style for my daughter Sita and a traditional necklace for Uta. All these she had worn and enjoyed herself and she clearly remembered who had given each ornament to her. She was very sad to have nothing for my son Johannes, so she told me to buy an Indian musical instrument for him.

I didnt'know that this was our last farewell. Rukmini, one of the greatest Indian women of our time died on February 24, 1986, five days before her 82nd birthday. But as she had hoped, before her death she was able to celebrate the Golden Jubilee of Kalakshetra and the opening of the new theater.

I spent the evening with our dear friend Nachi, Francesco Clemente and his wife Alba. In the meantime having become an internationally acknowledged painter, Francesco now had a studio in Lower Manhattan, New York. At this time he was working in Nachi's office of the Kalakshetra Press in Madras. We came to speak about Dadaji; Francesco was still very interested to meet him one day, but this never happened.

After the short stay in Madras I went via Hyderabad to Delhi to meet Dadaji again. He went to Delhi after the Utsava days and was staying in Safdarjung Enclave at the house of Leena Shankar. There was already a large group of people present. Dadaji was happy about my arrival and introduced me to Mr. Hit Prakash, a former Secretary in the Indian Government. Mr. Prakash invited me to be his guest at his house in Vasant Vihar, a very nice residential area near the Delhi airport.

In the afternoon, Mr.Prakash and Mr. Pandya, who had come with Dadaji to Delhi, asked Dadaji to have me speak about his philosophy. Dadaji smiled and made me sit next to him. I spoke about Dadaji's remark, " He is chanting His Name 24 hours in your heart". As usual, I did not remember the details of what I said. Afterward somebody asked Dadaji what one could do to remember Him not only briefly but all the time day and night. Dadaji's answer was very short, "Just a second is 24 hours!" By this remark I was electrified, for it said that one second of eternity is enough for a whole life!

Dadaji also spoke about the cheating business of so-called Gurus and Bhagwans, and I added news from *The Hindu* of October 29,1985, saying that Bhagwan Rajneesh was arrested in the U.S.A together with a dozen disciples as they were apparently trying to flee the country. Astonishingly this dramatic development had been foretold by Dadaji years before. Dadaji also told the story of how Rajneesh came to meet him in Bombay and did full Pranam to him.

I stayed in Delhi for three days. On the last day I was with Dadaji, when he suddenly told those present, " People have asked me how Peter can speak the way he does. I tell you: He loves Him, and therefore it is possible. "And for me he added, "Of course, your speaking mind is involved, but radiating in His love." I was very happy with this.

In January 1986 Uta had to again undergo a surgical operation. When I informed Dadaji about this on the phone, he told me that he himself wasn't well. He asked me to ring him back in the evening. When I did so I found him in a deplorable state. "I'm sick," he said in a nearly inaudible voice. I didn't know what to say, murmuring " I love you, Dadaji!" " I love you too," he replied.

Later I learned from Ann Mills that Dadaji had gone through an aborted eye-operation in his home which was unsuccessful. My image of Dadaji always was of a strong, vital person and I had difficulty imagining him being weak, ill and suffering.

In the ensuing weeks I often heard Dadaji's voice from within. He gave answers to questions which arose in my mind: "This universe is love. Love is Reality, that's the message! You exist by His love, Unity is the core. Don't be selfish, for selfishness is division..." (January 13, 1986). " You can do nothing. He is the doer, but, He and you are the same. You see yourself separated from Him, but this is an illusion. There is no separation, everything is One. Never say: I am He! Only He says: I am you! Love is a one-sided affair. You cannot love Him, He only loves Himself *through* you! You are shining in His love like the sky when the sun rises, you are female - you will receive. But do not hide your light, show it! His light is not your property. Be cautious about this point!" (February 5,1986).

Dr. Shantilal Sarupria had approached the Chief Minister of Rajasthan to release our co-authored book on Rajasthan in February 1986. I was planning to come to Jaipur for this occasion and also to see Dadaji. But then I had to cancel these plans because some urgent professional obligations held me back in Germany. I was very disappointed not to be able to see Dadaji. On February 7, 1986, while commemorating the hundredth anniversary of my father's birthday, I suddenly heard Dadaji clearly speaking from within: " You cannot come to India? But this doesn't matter. You are longing so much for a meeting that ultimately it will come true. Don't contradict yourself, and don't worry. You are not alone, you are 'all one'! The mind is the great illusion. No separation is possible - we are One. I love you! 'I'm not well' means that my body is not well and needs rest. Now go. God is Love, Love is God - your message!".

I was overwhelmed by this experience. A little later I heard Dadaji saying, " He is always with you. One day He will be no

more in this body. Then you will feel and touch Him in another way ... Don't cling to this man's (Dadaji's) body! There will be no outer signs and you still will understand and trust in Him... You have to go through the full cycle - no shortcuts. Do your duty and always remember Him. Today everyone considers themself to be the doer, but the message is: You can do nothing, He alone is the Doer. Don't fool yourself. In the depth of your despair when realizing that you can do nothing, you are in the cradle of His love!"

I was not at home when Uta got the message that Rukmini Devi had died. When I was told I was only able to observe that this great soul had left; there were no feelings of sadness. While noting this down in my diary, all of a sudden I saw her in front of me, a young shining woman! I was full of joy, for I saw her clothed in white light, like silvery silk floating around her. I felt bathed in His Love and she herself was radiating love - the compassionate Love of the Mother. Then it was ultimately One Love, an extraordinary strong radiance! I was in Him (and Her) and He (and She) was in me.

Rukmini once wrote: "It is well-known that civilization owes its greatness and its smallness to the influence of women. Her influence in the home, her influence in her surroundings, is of the greatest importance for the forward march of civilization. If there is war, if there is unhappiness, if there is ugliness in the world, to a great extent it is due to the fact that the highest in womanhood has not yet been released into the world... In India, womanhood in the past had been raised to the highest ideal. Motherhood was worshipped. There is no temple where there is a God without a Goddess. The greatest Deity is conceived as a man and woman, and never as a man alone. As one looks to the Fatherhood of God one also looks to the Motherhood of God" (Rukmini Devi, *Woman as Artist*, Madras, pg. 7/8).

On June 15, 1986, Dadaji rang me up from Milton Keynes, England, telling me that he still wasn't well. He said that he would

be with Dipu Bhadra in Gent, Belgium, where I could meet him a week later. I was longing to see Dadaji very much, but later I found out that due to some professional obligations I was not able to go to Gent on the date given by Dadaji. So I decided to inform Dadaji or Dipu about this and to ask whether a change of dates for Dadaji's stay was possible. Before I could do this, Dipu rang me up and told me that Dadaji changed his plans to come to Gent earlier than originally planned. This exactly fit my time schedule and I called myself a lucky man, although knowing who made the arrangements to fulfil unspoken my longing!

When I arrived on June 21st in Dipu's new house in Lochristi near Gent, I learned that Dadaji wasn't well and was resting in his room. A group of guests from England came over with him to Belgium and we were all waiting for Dadaji.

Diary June 21, 1986

At 10.30 p.m. Dadaji came down from the upper floor. I met him in the corridor and we embraced each other. He whispered into my ear, "I'm very, very happy!" A woollen shawl covered his head and shoulders, and I had the impression of a frail man. Mounting the staircase earlier he hurt one of his feet. Elisabeth, Dipu's wife and a nurse, bandaged the wound and he ponderously climbed back up the stairs to his room.

He didn't come down again that evening, but something happened to me: Having returned to the living room, a discussion developed with those waiting. After some time I became conscious I was giving answers to their questions in the manner of Dadaji. One Indian guest mentioned that I was even resembling Dadaji in my gestures. Thus Dadaji managed to be with the guests while resting in his room. In such an intense atmosphere we were together till midnight.

On the following morning I had the opportunity to see Dadaji. He was sitting on his bed complaining about the low temperature of the room. Overnight it had become cold outside, and a fresh wind rattled the window shutters. Before I could talk to Dadaji, a doctor came to look after him. In the corridor I met Abhi and we started talking. I don't know how it happened, but after a short time I found myself explaining the cycle of our breath: We enter life in this world with the first inhalation and leave it with the last exhalation. The cycle of breath, which is the cycle of life, is constant inhalation and exhalation in harmony with Mahanam; thus we meet Him 24 hours each day. It is He who holds our life in the seeming polarity of inhalation and exhalation. His longing for us finds its fulfilment in our remembrance - he verily is the longing. In truth He is longing for Himself, for we are never apart from Him. We, mortal beings, are unable to love, to long for Him- it happens to us.

I also was inspired by the German word for breath, 'Atem', for it is related etymologycally to the Sanskrit word 'Atman', the 'He in us', the Spark of the Flame (Paramatman). There is a most wonderful verse in the *Taittiriya Upanishad* (2,7):

> Verily, what that Atman is -
> That, verily, is the Essence (Rasa) of existence.
> For truly, on getting the Essence
> One becomes blissful.
> For who, indeed, would breathe,
> Who would live,
> If there were not the bliss in space!

It was as if Abhi's presence had opened a floodgate; I found myself in raptures and told him many things which seemingly were new to me. I had the feeling of discovering new vistas and perspectives of understanding, all the while sensing a steady stream of love. Abhi appeared flabbergasted at my spontaneous discourse and sent me back to my room, where, wall to wall with

a profound sense of Dadaji's presence, I tried to note down some of the thoughts. During the afternoon Dadaji walked into my room several times, looking around as if he was in search of something, and leaving again without a word. I didn't dare talk to him for he seemed to be deep in thought and looked very elderly. Myself, I was so flooded by inspirations that I had great difficulty fixing them on paper.

In the late afternoon I went down to the living room to ask Abhi whether he remembered any details of what I had explained to him for I was not sure having noted down the full discourse form the morning. Abhi scratched his head and checked some points with me. Seemingly he had a far better memory than I of what I said. He reminded me of the point of stasis of respiration and Hamsa, the swan, which denotes with its wings the sound 'Ham' or in-breathing and the sound 'Sa' or outbreathing. The two sounds meet in the region of the heart, where He is singing Mahanam "24 hours of the day". Without this Mahanam there would be no Hamsa with enfolded wings. According to Dadaji the point of stasis of respiration is Krishna, as the so-called Pranarama, its ultimate source: Sri Sri Satyanarayan.

After a short time Dadaji called me to his room and I found him talking with Uta on phone. Three Belgians unknown to me, two ladies and a man, were with him. Dadaji was lying on his bed and seemed to enjoy the conversation with my wife. He glanced at me with a twinkle in his eyes and, after some time, handed me the receiver. I sat down on the bed, and while I talked with Uta, Dadaji punched me in my side. He took the receiver again to speak to "this lovely lady of yours". He was behaving like a jealous lover. The three Belgians watched the scene and were obviously a little bit irritated. As far as I could understand Uta was telling Dadaji about the children, and he replied by repeatedly saying, "Excellent, excellent!" When he ended this conversation, Dadaji slapped my leg without any commentary, and appeared young and vital! I left him alone with his guests.

Back in my room, I wondered whether this time I really would have an opportunity to talk to Dadaji at length. At the same moment, I became conscious of the very special situation in which I had been since my arrival. Wasn't Dadaji showing me new ways of communicating with him? Didn't I have wonderful experiences of being very near to him when I spoke about him and his philosophy? I was still pondering these questions when Dipu asked me to come immediately to Dadaji's room. Dadaji had Tom Melrose from Boulder, Colorado, on the phone and wanted me to speak to him. I didn't know what to say and it was a relatively brief conversation. Then Dadaji had plenty of time for me. He asked me about my family, our home and my work and clearly enjoyed hearing about them. He also mentioned a person unknown to me with the surprising comment, "I don't like him, but I love him. I can't avoid to love him, although I dislike him". I felt very relaxed in the presence of Dadaji, the family man.

These were fruitful days being with and so near to Dadaji in a variety of ways. He invited me to come to Calcutta later in the year for Utsava. When I said good-bye to him I knew that I didn't leave him. He would be with me all the time.

Diary September 16, 1986

This morning on the way to my office, a realization was born, completely filling my consciousness: Mahanam emerged as an indescribable feeling of being cared for, of motherly warmth and love! I became aware Mahanam is a continuous state, it is of eternal duration like the blue sky behind the clouds. Seeing the cloud cover I know that the sky and sun are behind the clouds! This was a new dimension of consciousness which until to now I had only experienced as a flash or a kind of precognition. I

remember Dadaji saying of himself, "I am always in Him !" Am I now able to grasp the real meaning of these words?

Throughout the day I was performing my professional duties, the 'blue sky' was always present. Now, after the work is over, it is still unchanged, it is the same as it was in the morning.

Isn't the wasteland of feeling separated from Him, far away from the oasis of his Love, of which I often speak, a mere illusion? This feeling of being cared for in motherly warmth and love by Him is far more real, it is Reality! Now I know, Mahanam means undiminished duration. Why do I say 'know'? I experience it! I want to sing a song of joy! This is not experienced as an ecstatic state, but as warmth and certainty, something self-evident, something familiar in an indescribable way.

I hear a voice: "That It is. That is you."

One day in October 1986, while driving home from a conference in Austria, I met a hitchhiker at a petrol station. Normally I prefer to be left alone in my car with my thoughts, instead of being disturbed by someone with whom I have to make conversation. But this time I felt compelled to take this man with me. He wanted to go to Braunschweig, near my destination, about four hours driving time away.

Very quickly I realized the man travelling with me was the talkative type. He tried to entertain me with critical commentaries on the capitalist society and a coming atomic war. I only listened and avoided replying, with the faint hope that he would eventually stop talking. It was unpleasant to think that he would talk and talk the whole way to Braunschweig! But when he changed the subject and began to talk about himself, he became quite interesting.

Diary October 8, 1986

The man was 35 years old and had lived in a commune for some time. There he met a girl whom he recognized at first sight as the "mother of his children"; it was to him as if he had been connected with her before. As he foresaw, they became parents together, but, she did not become his wife. He was currently earning money doing different jobs, e.g. selling old furniture.

When he was 17 years old, he ran away from home. At the time, his parents were divorced and he was living with his mother in Berlin. When he ran away from home, he first stayed in another place in Berlin and then went to Morocco. He led an unsettled life and joined different groups of people with various philosophies. He practiced Yoga, followed a group called Ananda Marga, and knew something about 'Transcendental Meditation'.

Again and again he longed to be "at home". He had tried drugs like LSD and described phenomena which I knew about only from Aldous Huxley's books *The Doors of Perception* and *Heaven and Hell.* At that time, he was only taking hashish.

I had the feeling that I should tell him something. So I spoke about our duties according to Dadaji's message, and the widespread attitude of escapism, of running away from problems. I closed with the remark, "You are never alone."

The man next to me started weeping. Then he spoke about his own creed. He believed in a heavenly "Father", the children's god, ordering the universe from outside. I tried to explain that we are always in Him and He in us. Although we might not be aware of this, it is Reality and we should always remember

Discussing the book on Rajasthan, October 1986. In the background: G.T. Kamdar

this Truth. I spoke about the camel with the water bags of hope trotting through the desert. My co-traveller was so moved that tears flowed freely over his face - "out of happiness", as he said. Indeed, it was a strange situation. Prior to meeting him at the petrol station, I planned to ponder over an article on Mahanam while driving home. Instead, I met an innocent human being who was searching for God and asking me questions related to Mahanam. As we drove on, he seemed to have entered a dream like state, but he still went on talking about himself and I listened easily now. During the long journey he spoke about a state he named "experience of unity". If I understood correctly, at the time he had been on drugs or under hypnotical influence when this happened. It must have been a tremendous event for him, but it was not at all comparable with my own experiences, for it was connected with a forcefully willed and chemically altered state. I warned him against such violent experiments.

When we approached Braunschweig where he wanted to be taken to the railway station, he started to tell me how thankful he was for my words and for the lift. I told him that I myself was thankful for his trust in me. At the end of our travel together I bid him farewell and he pressed my hand.

There was a only ten minutes drive home to Destedt. Upon arriving, when I left my car, on the back seat I found some printed materials I had left there sprinkled with honey-like liquid: His Fragrance! It was Dadaji's Fragrance ! It was as if Dadaji had been sitting on the back seat throughout

the drive! I don't know my co-traveller's name, he doesn't know mine. We had an encounter. I listened to him and tried to respond to his questions. Uta said: This is a welcome greeting from Dadaji, who is happy to see you talking about Truth although he is physically in Calcutta!

In 1986, Utsava was scheduled for October 10th and 11th. I arrived in Calcutta a day earlier, and nobody was at the airport to greet me. I had sent a telegram with the new time of my arrival, but I assumed it did not reach Dadaji. Unpreturbed, I took a taxi to Dadaji's house on Prince Anwar Shah Road. There I met an angry Dadaji telling me that "a delegation of two most respectable ladies", Manjit Paul and Anju Walia, had been sent to meet me at the airport. Very inconsiderately I hadn't waited for them. Dadaji's anger didn't last long. He insisted that I sit next to him and he told me how happy he was that I had arrived. Pointing at me he told Dr. H.P Misra, who had arrived from Orissa, India, "He has undergone a great change..." I felt utterly humbled.

The next day Utsava started in Somnath Hall. I sat near Dadaji and, as in the previous year, I watched with great fascination the faces and gestures of those who approached Dadaji. Words cannot describe the radiant love, tearful joy, profound respect, gently familiarity, humility and deep devotion one sees time and time again as, one by one, visitors from near and far greet Dadaji.

Diary October 10, 1986

Compared with Belgium, where I met Dadaji last summer, this time he looked much younger. His gestures were powerful, his skin firm, but he seemed to to have difficulty with his eyes.

Many well-known faces. The festive mood seemed especially intense this time. At 11 a.m. Dadaji's

age-bent mother-in-law appeared. I had longed to see her again, for she is such a loveable woman, small and frail. How Dadaji exchanged loving glances with her, how he tenderly touched her - it was an expression of a love like I never have seen ! It was such a moving scene that tears came into my eyes, and I saw others, men and women, also deeply moved. When the time of the Satyanarayan Puja came Dadaji asked Tom Melrose to come with him. Having left Tom in the locked Puja room, Dadaji returned in a cloud of Fragrance. It seemed to emanate from him in waves.

After a while Dadaji told me and Kushwant Singh to lead his mother-in-law to the Puja room. We did so and Dadaji went with her into the room, accompanied by Kushwant Singh. A little later I was asked to follow.

Tom was sitting in deep meditation, the honey-like fragrant liquid was dripping from his hair and flowing over his face. The room was full of Aroma, the floor wet with Charanjal. Dadaji led me to a place near Tom and made me sit down. He stroked my hair and my back. I sat enveloped in an ocean of Fragrance, in a wonderful silence. After five minutes or so Dadaji asked Kushwant Singh to lead his mother-in-law back to the large hall.

As Tom left the Puja room, his whole body trembled. I helped him sit down on a chair in a small room adjacent to the Puja room. He spoke about a white, hot light which had dazzled him through his closed eyelids. He was still having trouble seeing properly. He sobbed out of joy and had no power to stop the trembling of his hands. I held him till he quieted down. Then I brought his shirt to protect him against a chill.

Because he had been interested in its process of formation, I had taken a copy of the book written together with Dr. Shantilal Sarupria, *Rajasthan - Dimensionen einer regionalen Entwicklung* (Rajasthan - Dimensions of a regional development), with me to show it to Dadaji. He listened attentively to my explanations of the content of the voluminous study and also looked into the English summary of the German text, but I had the impression that mostly he was studying me and not the book. Astonishingly he asked questions as if he had read the book already.

The next morning, Saturday, it rained in torrents. It seemed as if the monsoon rains, which had recently flooded wide parts of Calcutta, had returned. But at 9.30 a.m. when Dadaji arrived in Somnath Hall the sky was blue again and the rains forgotten. I took a place near Dadaji's cot and he introduced some visitors to me.

Before I went to Somnath Hall that morning I had pondered Dadaji's words, "Human beings have got no power." In a telepathic way Dadaji seemed to have noticed my reflections, for he started to talk to me about this very subject. He explained that people, of course, had powers to exploit and suppress others as well as nature. These people were totally powerless in regard to the prolongation of life, "for in every second He is sustaining us." Many things happen by His permission, but never against His Will. Then he spoke about himself: "Dadaji has got no power. This man can do nothing, it is all His Will. Those do not understand who always think that Dadaji is doing this or that. It is always He, not Dadaji." With great insistence he went on, gripping my arm, "He is in me and also in you and in everybody. There is no difference!" I asked, "But why do things happen always through you or by your intermediation?" Dadaji looked at me and slowly answered, "I do not know, it happens."

I enjoyed a sumptuous Indian lunch in a family-like group of international guests at Manjit Paul's flat in mid-town Calcutta. When it was time to leave again for Somnath Hall, Manjit served hot tea. So we arrived at the Hall ten minutes late. Dadaji was

already there and remonstrated, " I'm waiting for you since 5 o'clock." "Oh, Dadaji, please forgive," I replied, "I sipped my tea too slowly!" He smiled at me and gave me a slap on my cheek. Then he sternly asked Manjit, "Did you serve tea too late? Was it too hot?"

Diary October 11, 1986

The music seemed to be especially rhythmical today, and I was not able to suppress certain dance movements. From his place on the cot Dadaji leaned toward me and wanted to know whether my room in the guest house of the Hindustani Fertilizer Company, where I stayed this time, was Okay. I told him I was very content with it and he nodded. Soon it was 6 p.m. and Dadaji said that I should come with him for the second Puja of this Utsava to look after his clothes while he was in the Puja room. We went together with P.B.Shah, Director of Vipul Dyes & Chemicals in Bombay, who was selected to sit in the Puja room. I held Dadaji's clothes at the door of the Puja room, and dressed only in his Lungi he went in with Mr. Shah. He might have been in the room for five to ten minutes before he came out. I helped him put on his Kurta again and then he took me upstairs to the room above the Puja room. There was a cot and he told me to sit on it next to him. He began to speak: "Always when you come I'm the happiest person. I'm happy when you are near... I can do nothing, He does everything. I'm not doing the Puja downstairs, it may happen or not. I'm helpless. I'm so happy that you have come." He tenderly embraced me and I told him that I was full of joy. My words seemed to make him happy, and I added that I never had the feeling of being "something special". "Indeed, you are a simple man," was his answer, "He loves you".

We sat together on the cot in silence. I felt powerful, wave-like radiation coming from Dadaji. After a while I dared to say, "Dadaji, you are radiating such a strong energy." "It is the same with you," was his answer. We sat together in a merger of radiance for another ten minutes or so. Then Dadaji said that he would take me to the Puja room where I would kneel down in front of the picture of Sri Sri Satyanarayan and then sit there for a short time with my eyes closed. He indicated for me to remove my glasses. We went downstairs, the Puja room was opened and Dadaji guided me into it. P.B. Shah was sitting there, but I could not see much without glasses. After Dadaji cleaned a small area of the floor of Charanjal which was sprinkled there, I quickly knelt down. I bowed before the picture. Dadaji stroked my shoulders and spine and made me sit. Although my eyes were closed, out of a kind of fog, an indistinct landscape appeared, and I believe I saw flowers. It looked a little bit foreign and resembled a finely woven tapestry. I fell into deep silence. Then I heard Dadaji's voice, "Come!" I rose and left the Puja room with him. The door was closed again and Dadaji asked, "What did you see?" I told him about my impressions and he nodded.

Later, when we were back in the big hall, I asked him about the meaning of the garden landscape I had seen. "Nothing specific," he said, "you have seen something from inside."

As I note this today in my diary, the landscape I saw seems to become more distinct in my memory. It is before my inner eye like a movie projection. The picture resembles one of the old delicate paintings from the Kangra Valley in Punjab, at least in style. Vrindavan comes to my mind.

In the late evening, looking back at the events of the day I found them extraordinary. In my mind I went through the happenings of the late afternoon again and again and suddenly I remembered the word Dadaji said when we were together in the upper room: "He is everything, He is everywhere. Such a Puja can take place everywhere without." He also mentioned that he found me " still a little bit egoistic", but this seemed not to matter. He was, as always, correct with this one hundred percent.

Yet one unusual thing remained forever unresolved: When I came back to the guest house in the late evening, the waiter told me that one Mr.Roy Chowdhury came there around 5 p.m. and asked for me. He waited for some time in the lounge. According to the waiter's description it was Dadaji, who at that time was already in Somnath Hall, where he received me with the remark: "I am waiting for you since 5 o'clock ..." The next morning I asked Dadaji about his coming to the guest house, but I could not find out from him what really happened. Shortly before I asked Dadaji, Pavitar Singh told me a remarkable story.

> Dairy October 12,1986
>
> Dadaji had promised Pavitar several times to visit him in his London flat. When Dadaji came to London for the third time, Pavitar began asking himself why Dadaji did not fulfil his promise. Although Dadaji had declared that he knew the flat already, Pavitar had his doubts. One day he was with Dadaji and they were walking in a nice area in the vicinity of London. When they came to a little hill, Dadaji asked them to wait a moment and went alone to the top of the hill. There he stood for quite some time in silence. Pavitar looked at his watch because nothing appeared to be happening. After Dadaji came back they continued walking.

When Pavitar went home that evening, his wife was full of joy as she told him that Dadaji had visited her to fulfil his promise to see where their family lived. She said she guided Dadaji through the whole flat and had a talk with him, but then he had to go. This all happened at the exact same time that Dadaji stood alone on the hill. Who is able to explain this? But there are many such stories, including the one when Dadaji visited us in Kalakshetra.

At 9.00 a.m. the following day, I was already in Somnath Hall. Dadaji came a little bit later. His face was earnest and nobody was allowed to touch him or to come near. Unapproachable, he sat on the cot. His gaze intense, he looked at nobody, his consciousness seemingly far away. After some time he visibly relaxed and lay down on his side. With a look of his eyes he made me come to him and asked whether I was alright this morning. I had a good night and was in an excellent mood. Dadaji wanted to know where I would have lunch and dinner; he nodded assent to my answers.

Then Dadaji sat up again and started to talk about one of his favorite subjects, the Gurus. These people believe they are powerful through renunciation, but this he contemptuously called "fool power". Through self-denial the ego is enlarged, not eliminated. And, of course, such people are proud of their distinct social position and power. "Only He has power, He who is in everything and sustains the whole world," Dadaji said.

Pavitar Singh asked him how he would explain so many amazing things taking place in Dadaji's presence. Was it Dadaji or He? As an example Pavitar mentioned a difficult surgical operation his wife had recently undergone. By phone, twice Pavitar asked Dadaji for help. Both times Dadaji only said, "Wait!" After the surgical operation the doctor told Pavitar that everything went well in a miraculous way. Dadaji replied that he had done

nothing. He mentioned that he remembered this very case well, in which he, Dadaji, heard a voice saying, "Wait, wait!" Dadaji told this only to Pavitar. He also said: "All those, who believe they can cause something to happen, are egoistic; actually nothing will happen. The moment in which He replaces the ego, the human being is totally powerless and He almighty. Only total surrender is needed to reach this state. But the wish to have power or to surrender is egoistic. It only happens without our will."

Dairy October 12, 1986

Dadaji turned to Mo Stephenson, an American lady: "Marry me!" She replied, "Wonderful, when will it happen?" With a wide smile, Dadaji said, "There is no difference between male and female. Everybody is female. Only He, the One, is male." I added, "We are all furrows, ready to receive the seed, Him." Dadaji was content with this. When I hinted at the name Sita meaning 'furrow', Dadaji said that today the story of Rama and Sita was no longer told correctly. This distortion has happened to many recorded events of the past.

If he, Dadaji, quoted out of long lost texts, nobody would be able to understand. He asked me if I was able to grasp the meaning of the following. He looked for some time into the void and then spoke a sentence in a strange sounding, gobbling language. I heard the sounds which meant nothing to me. According to Dadaji this language was 30,000 years old; he also gave the name, which I have forgotten. Dadaji remarked that we didn't know anything at all about those prehistoric times. I asked whether there had been civilizations. He answered in the affirmative, and I said that the idea of cultural evolution as seen by science today, has to be rewritten. Of course it has to be, was Dadaji's answer. We are living in a steady change going on all the time. Knowledge about the past is "distorted" and mostly "mind-stuff". And efforts to understand the direction of what we call evolution are efforts of the mind to

understand and thus limited. He said that 30,000 years ago North America was mostly covered by a jungle. Nobody would understand the language of the aborigines of that time.

He also spoke about Jesus Christ. Dadaji hinted at the conversation with Michael B. in Witten some years before. Already at that time he said, nobody knew the man Jesus. The authors of the Gospels were not describing what actually happened...

I told Dadaji about the Reverend Moon from Korea, a tycoon in the religion business, who likes to hint at his personal vision of Jesus Christ. Could it be that a strong thought form of Jesus Christ was existing, loaded with all the feelings, ideas and expectations of the believers, with which they could come in contact? Dadaji thought this to be a good explanation for the phenomena of encounters with the biblical Jesus as far as they are not only inventions.

Around 4 p.m. the meeting ended. Dadaji rose from the cot and within a very short time he was surrounded by people who wanted to say good-bye to him. I myself could not approach him. I tried to ring him later by phone but I was unable to reach him.

On Monday morning, October 13, 1986, when Manjit's son Pummy and Pavitar were taking me to Dum Dum Airport, we crossed the quarter where Anju Walia was living with her sister. Anju had fallen severely sick two days earlier, probably with malaria. I felt a strong wish to see her. So we went to her flat and she told me that the previous evening Dadaji had visited her. When he left her, she had the feeling that he had not really left - he seemed to remain with her the whole night. Hearing this story I found myself infused with an enormous flood of love and felt Dadaji very near. This tremendous feeling of love stayed with me all the way to Bangkok, where the next day I departed by plane on a

business trip to Shanghai. In the hotel in Bangkok I sat down to ponder about the happenings in Calcutta and to write a letter to Dadaji.

Bangkok, Oct.14, 1986

My dearest Dadaji:

Utsava - to be immersed in Him. What a wonderful meaning of the word! And a truth, which I never before felt as intensely as in the last few days!

Humans have got no power - you stressed this again and again. Humans are helpless: What a message! It shows us our human limitations, and at the same time asks us to trust alone in Him, to sense His Love. I always come back to this one precious thing: Love. In a perfect way it describes what we can do: Nothing. For love happens - already the longing for it is love, is He. I'm feeling like a log of wood in the stream of His Will, or better: I'm not the captain of my vessel. Wherever it may go - I'm in him. With this feeling horizons widen, new landscapes open up as in my vision in the Utsava Puja room.

His Fragrance is everywhere, I smell it in every breath. I sense it in a very subtle way . Something has changed, but I still do not know what. The gift of the Utsava days was so great that I am still not able to have a clear view of what happened. I feel permeated by Him: *This is My Body! This is my Blood*! I hear the inner voice clearly. What will I have to do? I do not know, I know nothing. All comes through Him.

In this moment I see all the shining faces of the sisters and brothers around, I sense with the common heart beat the Oneness. I'm holding Tom in my arms and Anju... Hope, they are better again.

And you, Dadaji, my nearest and dearest, are with me, we cannot be separated. You are going to Delhi today, I'm going to China. But what is distance, what are the miles

between us? An illusion of the mind. I'm still sitting with you in the upper room, feeling the radiance - it was a silent encounter with Him.

I'm writing this in your presence, full of love - full to the brim and ready to overflow.

With an ever thankful heart,
Affectionately,

Yours Peter.

Wherever I was in Bangkok or Shanghai - I smelled His Fragrance. I didn't have the impression that others also smelled it. The Aroma lasted throughout all the Shanghai days, and when I came beack to germany the last week in October. I still felt in tune with Him in this special way.

CHAPTER NINETEEN

Sharanye: Always remember Him

Diary November 25, 1986

It's always the same message: You can do nothing; destiny has to work itself out; Name will save you; do your duty with patience, but the duty of duties is to be in Him. Mahanam: Sometimes I recognize His Name in everything around me. The branches of the trees write His Name on the sky... His Name can be read on the front wall of the house. Name is time and eternity, is word and silence. And I'm tied in it all through breathing. It is a cleansing power when the Name rises from within: Gopal Govinda, Ram Ram.

Mahanam, the Great Name, is the Whole; the small names (everything created) as parts of the Whole would not exist without the Whole. The Whole existed before the parts and rings within the parts. Name means Origin. The parts emerged from and merge back into the Whole, representing temporarily the Whole in a limited way. He looks at me out of the parts: trees, houses, people, animals, etc. Overwhelming! The *Bible* says that God created us in His own image; but through egoism the humans construct images of themselves and the God.

Dearest Dadaji, in such wonderful moments - in tune with Him - I lose all sense of property. What are my thoughts? Thoughts come and go, I cannot command them. I wander around in the garden of thoughts and thought forms, plucking this blossom or that - knowing I haven't been the Gardener.

Mahanam: The Holy Name is the Name of the Whole. He is the Fullness! He is the Gardener! At

Utsava, I sensed such a strong energy while sitting next to you in the upper room! Sometimes I feel like a blind singer, like someone with damaged eyes: I hear and feel, but can't see. Things around me have a deeper dimension; I know this, but cannot see it...

Tom Melrose wrote a letter about his Puja experiences of the previous year: "I am still adjusting (recovering?) from my experience in Puja. I do not think many people ever realize that they are constantly in the eye and the mind of an omnipotent omniscient God. This realization is not one that I am capable of experiencing all the time, but for a few instants during Puja I felt something and it was shattering. He is with us and in us and around us all the time, but I don't believe it is possible to experience but the smallest taste of Him and stay in the body. He is so far beyond what we think of as love and truth and consciousness that the human mind cannot comprehend Him. Yet somehow, for some reason, He takes an interest in us. We are all totally ignorant and totally insignificant and yet He guides us individually through this strange and wonderful existence. I don't understand anything." I often remembered this description and found myself intensely enriched by it. In January 1987, I found time to write Tom a letter.

Destedt, January 6, 1987

Dear Tom :

Thank you very much for your nice letter of November 30, 1986, which I should have answered long ago. I have tried to devote as much time as possible to my family, so did not find leisure time to respond until now.

You write, "I do not think many people ever realize that they are constantly in the eye and in the mind of an omnipotent omniscient God." How right you are! Many profess that God is watching their doings all the time, but after they leave church show clearly

they only had a nice picture in mind, not Reality, not Truth. Dadaji likes to use the phrase "sitting in His lap always." This is another way to express your feelings which I understand so well. The last time I was thinking, I somehow had the impression of plucking flowers not belonging to me. I mention this, because I was socialized academically with the idea of inventing one's ideas (which can then be quoted or cited by another scientist). What nonsense! What we think is not our property, it is all in His mind, and the more we realize this, the more humble we become. I do know nothing. There are some flowers in His Garden which have opened to the sun. In realizing this you taste, smell, feel His Sun. It is so wonderful to enjoy His Light, which at the same time is Life and Love. Of course, the sky is not all the time blue and clear with the sun shining brightly, but remembering Him on cloudy days intensifies the longing - and He is even in the longing. The sky becomes clear in time. I have a strong feeling that we should meet and am planning to come to the States if He wills so. Wishing you a happy New Year in Him!

Peter.

The previous October during Utsava in Calcutta, Dadaji wanted me to go to the United States. This came true half a year later. The day before I departed I came across a remarkable comment by Sri Sri Ram Thakur about the Divine Mother: "The Mother abides here then everywhere - on earth, water, and the sky above. I know of naught existing but the Mother who, in the calm deathless profundity of Her uncreated Being, interpenetrates all the universes. Know this for a fact that you are always in the lap of the Mother and can in no circumstance be anywhere else" (*Veda-Vani*, Vol. III, pg. 45). When I sat in the plane I started pondering about these words and was reminded of Dadaji's letter from

January 8,1979, where he wrote: "Be an on-looker through His 'specks', seated as you are in His lap always." Was I seated in His or Her lap? I asked myself about my feelings and didn't find any difference between Him or Her. Of course, this warmth of caring, of being protected and loved - wasn't it motherlike? At the same moment I felt that the distinction between Her and Him was absolutely unimportant for me. Didn't Dadaji say so many times, "You are all female"? And he made clear that "He loves women." There was also another explanation of Dadaji's hint at the femininity of all human beings: No supremacy of one of the sexes! All human beings are equal in Him and have to live together in love. When we talk about the Divine Father or the Divine Mother we only project the human sexual difference into a realm where it does not exist. We don't have words to describe what we really sense and feel.

Long ago an old friend told me that Rukmini Devi was in close relation with the Divine Mother. I vividly remember an evening in February 1962 in her flat in New Delhi where she used to stay as Member of the Raja Sabha (Upper House of the Indian Parliament). It was the last day of my first visit to India. I never will forget the intimate conversation we had in which she explained the importance of the female aspect for our culture and the often neglected impact of the Divine Mother, the Star of the Sea, the Feminine Principle. I have to confess that this evening fundamentally changed my outlook on life, for I realized that the wholeness of our human existence needs both, men and women, as partners. Listening to Rukmini's words I could not imagine that three days later in Germany I would meet my own partner for life, Uta, as told already in Chapter 11. When we talk about love, we take our examples basically from that relation. He or She? I cannot differentiate.

With these ideas in mind I started my journey to the United States. I landed on April 6, 1987, in Los Angeles to see Ann Mills and to talk with her about the plan of the present book. At this time

she was living in Ojai, California, and was editing a book on Dadaji and a collection of his sayings: *The Truth Within*. She asked that I read the manuscript and offer editing suggestions. Sitting in the garden between blossoming bushes and orchids, for two days I was in closest relation with Dadaji and felt overwhelmingly inspired by the text I was reading. Ann rang up Dadaji in Calcutta to inform him about my visit and I told him that I was just reading the wonderful book Ann was working on. He seemed to be delighted; I had the feeling that he sent me to Ojai to contribute to it.

Indeed, it was a wonderful endeavor, and the excellent preparation for two talks I gave for some friends Ann had invited to meet with me. When I spoke about some of my encounters with Dadaji, I felt his presence and utter gratitude to Him for the opportunity to speak about Dadaji to those interested in hearing about him.

From California I went to Boulder, Colorado, to see Tom Melrose. I had taken a copy of *The Truth Within* with me to finish the corrections during my stay in the States. I was happy to talk with Tom about our experiences with Dadaji, and I also spoke with him about my plan to write this book. He was ready to help in the production of a camera-ready copy of *The Truth Within* on his laser printer and I, being a trained publisher, became interested in the details connected with preparing the manuscript. Unfortunately it only was a short stay in America, for I had taken a weekend from a business itinerary.

Two months later I was together with Dadaji in Lochristi near Gent, Belgium. He came from London, where I had tried to contact him by phone, but in vain. When Dipu Bhadra and I met him at the airport, he looked like a very old and tired man, walking unsteadily with very small steps. When we sat together in Dipu's car Dadaji smiled at me and simply said, "I'm very glad." We drove in silence to Lochristi. Dadaji seemed to be

lost in thought. Suddenly he uttered, "What is time? What are five hours (his journey from London to Gent)? Time is nothing!" Then I witnessed a miraculous change. When I described my relationship with him with the words, "Love loves Love", he smiled and instantaneously became young! I was taken aback, for he changed his appearance so suddenly while taking my hand! I remembered Dadaji saying, "He loves you." This fact makes me, so to speak, more inclusive,not exclusive, for it includes all other human beings, includes nature and everything in life, for He is included as Life and Love in all existence.

When we left the car Dadaji was again the same as when we met at the airport. He appeared to have difficulty walking and orienting himself. Since I had seen him in Calcutta the previous year, I heard from others that Dadaji's health was not good. Very often he seemed to be far away with his awareness and on this visit I found him appearing overstrained and overtired.

Diary June 6, 1987

I learned that Dadaji was better today. He came out of his room and cautiously went downstairs to the living room. There he took a seat near Mrs. Surender Singh, who came with him from London. Looking at him I was very moved and knelt down at his feet. He made some strokes over my head and back, and then took my head between his hands. He said, "We know each other since a long time." "Since an eternity," I heard myself adding. Dadaji looked at something far away, he seemed to be beyond mind. But I felt his closeness intensely. My eyes were filled with tears when he touched my hand. He was far, far away, unapproachable, but also the nearest and dearest.. At that moment the telephone rang and it was Uta. When I took the receiver from Dipu, all of a sudden Dadaji was mentally present. I was still too moved

to speak properly and handed the receiver to Dadaji, who in that moment was sheer love. I have forgotten about what Dadaji spoke with "his daughter Uta", but I remember the words " Calcutta" and "United States". After quite a while, when I got the receiver back, Uta said that Dadaji had been very sweet and full of love. When I ended the short conversation with Uta, Dadaji appeared far, far away again....

Dadaji's apparent disorientation and unapproachability characterized his three-day visit to Lochristi. Inspite of this I enjoyed the usual atmosphere created by his presence. Of course, Dadaji met many guests during these days, but he hardly said a word.

One afternoon a large group of guests was sitting together with Dadaji in the living room, listening to Sitar music. When the music was over, Dadaji told me that he felt very tired. He left the room and went upstairs. I followed him. To my surprise he went into my room and sat down on the bed asking, "Where do you stay?" I answered, "In Him!" Dadaji seemed to be very content with this and stretched out on my bed. We were together in silence, I sat by the bed on the carpet.

After a while a very personal conversation started between him and me. I found I was once again with the Dadaji whom I had known for so long - not an old, disoriented man. We spoke about the plan of this book and I asked for his consent. He answered, "Very excellent! Whatever you do will be all right. You must know it from within." Dadaji was also interested in details of my family life and my professional career. It became a long, intense conversation. When I asked him whether it was advisable to decide things without asking him, he remarked, "You rely on yourself. He unerringly will guide you." Dadaji behaved like a father or a caring mother and I was very moved. Before he left my room, he took my head between his hands and murmured, "Jai Ram, Jai Ram!"

On June 7, 1987, Dadaji went back to London. Some days later he left from there for the United States. When he came back to London one month later, I contacted him by phone. He told me, "My health is not good, I'm tired," and indicated that he would go back to Calcutta in two days time. I had the feeling that all this travelling was far too much for him.

During our conversation in Lochristi, which took place in my room, Dadaji had asked me, "Will you come with me? Will you go with me?" I taped this, and whenever I listen to Dadaji's voice and those sentences, I know that I never will be able to leave him. In America he told Ann, "Gradually I will desert everyone." And in the following weeks I learned about people, who had been quite near to him, who were deserting him. I couldn't understand why this happened, but felt in myself an even stronger relationship with Dadaji than ever before.

One morning in July, driving to my office I pondered over a book I had just read. All of a sudden, I heard Dadaji's clear voice from within. I spoke on tape what I heard.

Diary July 20, 1987

"The mind is chewing the mind. You are trying to digest mind-stuff. What is behind the veil of mind, what is in everything? It is He. You never will understand what He wishes. You can only experience Him. And out of those experiences grows some sort of momentary understanding reflected in the mind; partial flashes of insight occur, but you never will understand the whole picture. That is because He is beyond mind. So do not forget Him within the context of your reasoning. Mind is fickle, tries to go its own way, tries to measure, to compute, to bottle Him. It is impossible to do so.

But, you don't acknowledge this impossibility. You people do not confess: I know nothing. Surrender! He is the only One, we are nothing.

Always remember Him. Don't judge the Lila of your Dada. This must happen. People come and go, only a few remain. It is egotism, which divides people. It's their destiny not to stay on. This has nothing to do with 'good' or 'bad' people. All these judgments your Dada does not like. What needs to happen, happens. We are all One, don't forget that. You plan to come to India? You always will be welcome. You are my nearest and dearest... So don't judge - love! He is everywhere. He is Love - and to love means 'to breathe forth the Fragrance of divine life' (as you like to say).

Fragrance? There is an unsmelled Fragrance within every atom, everywhere. The whole universe is filled with Fragrance. And here and there we are able to smell it. I don't know how it happens that you smell it...

One who feels cheated by Dadaji is actually the cheater. One who thinks in such categories is bound to be cheated. Cheaters cheat themselves. But He is Truth. Don't concentrate on outer things, don't concentrate on inner visions - live and love!"

I'm not sure today whether it was really Dadaji's voice or was I 'listening' to my own thoughts. It doesn't matter, as I felt Dadaji present. During the following days I 'listened' again and again to this voice. In this way thoughts were corrected and ideas presented. Here is an example.

Diary August 7, 1987

(I asked myself whether Oneness is something like Gestalt which is more than the sum of the parts:)

"Oneness has nothing to do with Gestalt, it is far more than all parts. Gods may be Gestalts, but Oneness is He. As long as there is a difference between you and Him, you have not sensed Oneness as Ultimate Truth. Oneness may emerge out of 'seeing parts together'. But it is not the fruit thereof, it is not built up from below like a wall of bricks - you add the last brick and it is completed. Oneness is an independent quality in its own right."

One day in August I sat down for a letter to Dadaji. I had a full heart and wanted to share this with him.

Destedt, 11. August 1987

Dearest Dadaji,

For over one week I have been trying to contact you by phone, but either Calcutta is not reachable from Germany or your number is engaged. I heard from Abhi that you are in good health, but I would like to hear this from you personally. Long journeys are always strenuous and I remember our last talk, when you told me, "My health is not good." This was one day before you left London for India; Please let me know how you are. Since our last meeting in Belgium I have had many enlightening 'inside' conversations with you. Dada, I never have seen a teacher like you! Listening to many reports partly from people in Europe, who are 'disturbed' by you, I know: You (?) are teaching on so many levels, but mostly from within - it is indescribable!

But I have to put a question-mark behind the word 'you'. Guru is within: This truth I learned not only from Dadaji, but also through my own experience. And this Master is my teacher - the Teacher within. He who is seated in the cave of my heart and is also present in everything - and especially present in you - is the Teacher. Dada, I love you! It is my wish to

live in submission to the Name, a wish fortified by love and experience: He has done so much good for me - whatever He does is well done. My love for Him asks for no return; love is selfcontent, and I know that He is this love. I only have the wish that my egoism might melt away in the fire of love which is He, and that I get rid of the notions of 'mine' and 'thine'. But, is this wish real? I only love Him. This is enough, for He is with me - what could I wish?

Who am I? Sometimes I feel like I am naked, without any belongings, without all property... Did He not say to me, "This your body is My Body! This your blood is My Blood!"? What is left? I see no difference between myself and Him, I'm contained in Him .... and I'm clothed with His Love.

But I guess, most of the time there are veils of the mind left. I'm patient: I will see my pilot face to face, when I have crossed the bar...

Dearest Dada, I learned that Utsava will be very early this year, on the last days of September. Please let me know the exact dates. I'm planning to come to Calcutta around September 17th or 18th, more than one week in advance of Utsava to have some time with you. Unfortunately Uta will not join me, for there are some family duties which prevent her from leaving home.

This time I have difficulty awaiting patiently the hour when we meet again. I would love to rush into your arms this very moment! I will cable the exact time of my arrival and the flight number. Directly after Utsava I have to go back to Germany. With much love, also from Uta,

Affectionately,

Yours Peter.

The inner conversations with Dadaji went on and on. Mostly they followed a pattern. When I had a problem or what I thought to be an insight, then this inner voice helped me, consorted with me and made comments - always in English and in what I may call 'Dadaji's style'. I tried to speak these sentences and comments on tape as Dadaji recommended and afterward noted them down in my diary.

Diary August 12, 1987

(As an answer to my intense longing for Him:) "My child, I'm always with you. You cannot see me, but I'm in your eyes; I'm the Seer. You cannot hear me; I'm in your ear, for I'm the Listener. Can you see yourself? Mirrors show only false images. You cannot look into your eyes as long as you cannot look out of the eyes of others. Reality is here. It has many faces, and yet one. I am the Fullness, I am the One, I am."

Diary August 14,1987

(In a letter Abhi wrote me about Dadaji as 'He'. This caused a certain problem for me. I heard Dadaji's comment:) "He who cannot be seen is in everything. And the moment you are conscious of this, you are beyond mind and in Him. I'm in the beyond-mind state: Where is the difference between Him and me? When you see Him in one person only and are not experiencing Him also in others and outside, you are not in His consciousness. Remove the error that this man is doing all things. I am no God, I am a lump of clay. But when I merge in Him, it is always He." (Angrily:) "Stop this Guru fuss! Belief in Gurus creates hatred and is totally wrong! I'm no Guru. I'm always with you - but it is He who is with you. In Him I'm always with you.

It's all ego, this mine-and-thine business. Don't ask who I am. There is no answer. You never will understand. People try to understand and thus bring it down to their mental level. This is extremely false. Take it as it is. Destiny will work out everything." (My eyes become wet.) "No tears needed, you are in Him. He loves you."

Diary August 17, 1987

(I have the idea that Dadaji's spiritual or physical nearness is needed for inspirations.) "Why not always walk with Him? What is in the way of being always near to Him? There is no distance. It is not a matter of distance, but of being filled with His Love. When you are in His Love, your heart is full and ready to overflow. *This* is remembrance: Always remember Him. You have to be aware that He is with you all the time, till the end of your days. You must know how to recall Him. Twenty-four hours He is ready, never absent. You need no telephone. This is also part of the play. Come into my arms and realize that you have been there all the time!"

On September 9, 1987, I received a short note from Dadaji.

Calcutta 2/9/87

My dear Son,

Received your letter. I am so glad you are coming. I am also longing to see you. I am a little better now. My love to you, Uta and the kids,

Yours - father - Dadaji.

P.S.: Utsava is on 30th September and 1st October '87.

I never will forget the Utsava of 1987. It was a very special one, a meeting of Dadaji's closest people. No Puja, no lectures - a get-together in Him. I was invited by Mr. and Mrs. Barun Das to be their guest in their beautiful flat in Minto Park, Calcutta. When Dadaji contacted me there by phone for the first time, I heard a fresh, young voice. He asked me to come to his place. Upon arriving there, I was taken by surprise: Sitting on his bed, Dadaji's upper body was naked and he looked exactly like that vital man I met nine years before! It was a veritable wonder! His skin was firm, and his strong radiance filled the whole room. He looked young and energetic. I remembered the scene years before when I rushed into his arms, but this time although we embraced, there was no Fragrance.

As always, Dadaji was very interested in hearing about my family. I noticed that while speaking to me, he was involved in something beyond my understanding. He was very near, I sat close to him and sensed his intense love, but at the same time he was far beyond this very life, permeated by 'Life'. It was a miracle: Dadaji was a loving father talking to his son, and at the same time a universal being. I sensed a stream of love, far more important than our conversation. During the following days in Calcutta I would experience this radiant presence many times.

The following morning Mr. Jaiswal brought me to Dadaji's house. I noted this entry in my diary about our visit.

> Diary September 23,1987
>
> When I arrived, Dadaji had just received a massage of his legs and feet. He sat up on his bed and exclaimed, "Oh, wonderful...", and I embraced him. "I'm so glad that you have come," he said several times. I took a place on the small carpet in front of his bed.

Dadaji asked me whether I liked Bengali sweets. "Yes, I love them," I answered. Dadaji asked Mr. Jaiswal, who was still standing in the doorway, which Bengali sweets might be the best and where to obtain them. Mr. Jaiswal mentioned some names of sweet shops or companies, but Dadaji seemed not to be content. This conversation went on for a while, Dadaji always rejecting Mr. Jaiswal's proposals. Finally Dadaji announced that he would offer me "the best sweets of the world." He went to a dark corner of the room and came back with a parcel. "Be cautious," he warned me. I unwrapped an earthen pot, covered with parchment and tied with a red string. I felt my heart beating: Rasmalai, my favorite Bengali sweet? Yes, it was Rasmalai!

Dadaji enjoyed my surprise. I knew these sweets were from Madras where I had obtained them for the first time at a Bengali shop. They had a delicious taste and melted on my tongue (and I especially enjoyed Dadaji's happiness as he watched me eating the sweets).

A wonderful atmosphere full of love evolved. Dadaji carefully broke a cigarette into two pieces, lighted one half and looked at me through the smoke. Then he stretched out on his bed and said with a low voice, "I'm happy." Only this, nothing else. The room was full of tenderness. My consciousness was a silent lake, no breath of air touched its surface. Resting in the light of the sun, one should be able to look through the still water to the deep center of the lake... I closed my eyes and felt a wonderful silence. No wish, no will. Only the silence of certainty. Radiant silence...

(Now, noting this down two hours later, the silence is still radiating. This feeling of being in good care is delicious. It is an enormous stream; although I

don't feel any movement. "Be like a log of wood in the stream of His Will.")

Again and again I slowly opened my eyes and looked at Dada who now and then whispered with Mr. Jaiswal or rested on his bed in silence.

This feeling of being in good care - in the silent stream and the sunlight - was a feeling of intense joy, disturbed by nothing. I was there with Dadaji, looking at everything and having nothing to ask. (There was no 'Why'. The silence lingered, a delicious silence. Everything was good.) Didn't Dadaji's body radiate? For a moment I had the impression, but then I again fell back into the questionless silence. I felt my smile (as when I remember Mahanam constantly rising). For a short time I seemed to look out of Dadaji's face. (Normally such silence fills up with pictures, but not this time. When I write metaphors of 'lake' and 'stream', I try to describe an indescribable state. It lasted nearly one hour and I wasn't surprised by it. It was a self-evident fact. Not a dreamlike state from which one wakes up: no, something very real - far away from the play of thoughts, beyond all contents of knowledge.)

Dada rose and went to the bathroom, but my state didn't change. It was 10.35 a.m. Thankfulness streamed into my consciousness like the light which was filling it.

Dada came back and sat down on the bed. He said, "I have to go. You come again tomorrow morning." I rose and he opened his arms.

Looking back at this most wonderful experience I'm not able to compare it with anything else. It was far, far above the feeling of inner silence I remembered from my long ago practice of meditation. But, this time I hadn't meditated, I hadn't longed for

anything - it happened. "Meditation is an utterance of egoism," Dadaji once told me; "take life as it comes, all strivings to reach Him are false. He comes when he comes, not as a result of training or ascetic behaviour." I didn't remember Him through Mahanam. Was it the essence of Mahanam in which I found myself? This total emptiness, this void was at the same time an all-embracing Fullness. It wasn't only a memory... This 'streaming silence' became the keynote of my days in Calcutta and this Utsava 1987.

The following morning I was sitting on the balcony of Barun Das' flat, looking over the lovely Minto Park grounds.

Diary September 24, 1987

Again and again I remember the wonderful silence with Dadaji, a silence without questions. What do I expect? There are no expectations left. Do I not have wishes that Dada could fulfill? I sense the silent stream within and have no wishes. Only 'His Will be done'. (But this happens anyhow.) Dadaji smiles: "You are who you are." All questioning seems artificial to me (and I don't have questions), the silence is the message. The silent stream or the clear lake. That is: I am (in contrary to 'I have'). This 'stream', this 'lake' for me describes a basic condition for the indescribable experience of Reality, out of which everything else comes by mental differentiation. The 'Stream' permeates everything: Do I do the same? A bamboo grove at the edge of the big lawn is in my vision... Back to Dada: Yes, there it is again: Stream, Lake. Pure existence. It washes around the bamboo grove, and the song of the birds, and the crawing of the crows. Everything is He, also I. To listen. To see. Everything is in His Stream... I remember the words of Dadaji; "He indeed is I; I indeed am He. If there is no beginning or end of Him, then there is also no beginning or end of me."

On Tuesday, September 29th, I was with Dadaji again. I felt the stream of energy he was rediating, a deep, deep Stream. To my delight Dr. Lalit Pandit had arrived. He spoke with Dadaji in Bengali, but then I heard Dadaji saying in English, "Humans can do nothing!" "That is a fundamental truth," Lalit answered. (How could it be otherwise in the Stream of His Will - it is a self-explanatory truth.) I'm Void, looking at Dadaji who has stretched out on his bed. I'm a log of wood in the Stream: Humans can do nothing. Householder is He...

Being logs of wood we are bound to the surface of the stream till we are so soaked with the Waters of Life that we can sink to the Ultimate Depth. We dance on the waves and in the whirls; thereby we often forget what is carrying us, the wonderful stream. We look at the ripples and the waves and are not aware of the deeper flux of Life. He is the waves as well as the silent Stream! Sometimes we try to dam the Stream, to hold on at a cliff or to reach silent backwaters. Life is movement, it is the great dynamic force and at the same time the Great Silence...

Afterward I met Abhi and told him my inner experiences with this mighty Stream, naming it 'Ganges'. He answered, "How do you know? Dadaji said yesterday, Ganges is inside." How did I know? I knew it since the day before, since a mighty experience of being in tune with Him...

Later I remembered a passage from a letter from Dadaji, written on September 16, 1980, saying that being 'in tune' with Him "you immerse yourself ... in the water of Ganga (i.e. integral consciousness) and are nestled in 'the point in the lotus', as you say, with a dying ecstasy never experienced before." In the light of my experience these words became much clearer to me.

Utsava came. As always, I was in Somnath Hall, sitting amongst our friends next to Dadaji. A young Sadhu in ocher robes came;

beautiful dark eyes in a shining face. He prostrated before Dadaji, touching his feet with his forehead, an age-old gesture of veneration. Dadaji looked at him, smiled and began to talk in Bengali. The young monk seemed to be fascinated. Then Dadaji leaned over down to me and said, "Sadhu has come for me. Such people bow down before Dadaji. What do you think?" "The best they can do, Dada!" I answered.

In the meantime, the Sadhu lighted an incense stick and started to make ceremonial movements in front of Dadaji. Dadaji didn't pay any attention to him and remarked in a low voice, "This is all bluff. Churches, temples, rites - all bluff! He is everywhere!" Afterward Ann told me that the monk had been a crippled child, whose parents brought him to Dadaji. Healed by Dadaji, the boy disappeared, coming back now as a monk probably of the Ramakrishna order.

After his ceremonies the Sadhu started to massage Dadaji's feet. He did it for a long time and then joined in singing a short song about Krishna. Dadaji called me near and tried to explain something, but I could not catch all his words. I only understood that Sri Sri Satyanarayan, the embodiment of Truth, is higher than Krishna. Then Dadaji called the Sadhu near to me, and he pointed at Dadaji simply saying, "This is the Supreme."

That day I wondered to myself what outsiders would observe in Somnath Hall. Does something happen? Looking in from outside, one would only see an elderly man in a silken Kurta lying on a cot. Eighty to hundred or more people sit on the floor in front of him. Silence. Some have conversations in low voices. The elderly man in the Kurta speaks to some Indians and Westerners near to him. No music, no songs, no lectures. Ann called it the most important Utsava in the series of annual celebrations. I felt immersed in the inner Stream I experienced already days before. Later that day when I came back to Minto Park, Barun Das said, "Oh, you are shining! You seem to be on cloud nine!"

On October 2nd, I had to leave for Germany. I went to Somnath Hall to see Dadaji and to say good-bye. Dadaji was speaking to a group of friends about Krishna. "I will now talk in a very old language," he said. Nobody was able to understand the beautifu sounding text. "This was about Krishna. He was a person, bu there was also another Krishna - far beyond," Dadaji explained. He seemed to mean the Krishna state he sometimes was speaking about. I asked him, "Similarly to Jesus, the person and the Christ?" Dadaji didn't answer, but quoted another beautiful sounding text. Then he said, "God is no person!"

I embraced Dadaji and said good-bye. On the way to the airport I read these words of Dadaji: "Listen, do not try to understand with your intelligence. The moment you disturb yourself with your intelligence, mind becomes supreme and will create confusion. Quarrelling on questions of virtue and vice, good and bad ... these ideas are reflections of the mind. He is above all these things" (*The Truth Within*, pg. 76).

Indeed, it was an incredible Utsava! For a long time afterward I remembered the days of the silent Stream in Calcutta.

The months went by. Again and again I felt immersed in the mighty inner Ganges. In December 1987 I saw Dadaji in Frankfurt Airport in transit to Los Angeles. From California he called me by phone and told me, "I'm so happy. I now feel much better after an eye operation. Will you meet me?" Of course, I was lucky to have the opportunity to see him again.

When I met Dadaji and his wife at the airport on January 3, 1988, they were accompanied by Pavitar Singh from London. Dadaji didn't say much. He spoke about time as an illusion, but I could not understand him properly. It was only a short meeting and I enjoyed seeing Dadaji. Pavitar and I brought the two to their

seats in the plane to Delhi and said good-bye, hoping that they would have a pleasant flight. The next day I went together with Uta and Veronika to the Black Forest for our family holiday. There I had time for a letter to Dadaji.

Todtnauberg, Jan. 8, 1988

Dearest Dadaji,

I'm so happy to have had the opportunity of meeting you at the Frankfurt Airport! Today I can still see you smile and I rush into your arms! I hope that the journey to Delhi was not too strenuous for you and your wife.

Together with Veronika and Uta, I am enjoying the beauty of the Black Forest, a hilly landscape in the South of Germany. The little resort here is very quiet. In my heart I have taken the manuscript of a book with me. It will tell the story of my encounters with Him, who is very near to me - with Dadaji. As basic material I'm using our correspondence and my diaries, which are full of memories. But this is not important; more important is the heart which wants to speak, filled with His Love. This very year it will be ten years back since we first met in the house of Dr. Chandrakant Khetani in Witten, Germany. This is my memory, but in a sense I know this to be false: I'm with you not only these ten years, but much, much longer - I don't know how long.

In one of your first letters you wrote: "There is no distance between you and me" - and I became aware of the truth of your statement again and again. All is One, is *in* One. There are also no segments of time in the Eternal Now.

You know that my 'I' has changed, the small 'I', of course. I feel more and more like a log of wood in the stream of His Will.

During last year's Utsava you told me: "Do something for Him." My answer is the current manuscript. Eight years back I tried to write a book, but I was too mind-full, and I failed. This time I will tell the story why I failed - and why everyone must fail who tries to understand Him.

I always have the feeling that I'm not writing a book. The book is already written within and by life itself. I only have to note it down.

Dearest Dada, you know me better than I myself do. Therefore I do not want to write more words. I try to do my duty and remember Him always. May His Love help me.

Ever Your Son,

Peter.

When we came home from our winter holidays, I found a letter from Dadaji which didn't reach me prior to our meeting at the airport. It only contained the dates of his and his wife's transit in Frankfurt and his wish to see me there . Three weeks later another letter from Dadaji arrived as an answer to my lines from the Black Forest. I hadn't expected it and was overwhelmed by this token of his love.

Calcutta, 30. 1. 88

Dearest son,

Your nice letter.

To Him everyone is the dearest. But, with someone He is in special manifestation. And how can Dadaji be otherwise? For, as you know, he is nobody. My journey to Delhi was rather comfortable and I feel fine now.

It is really good of you to take the manuscript of 'Man as Householder' along to your resort-place at the Black Forest. The attitude you evince in your letter is the proper attitude for writing on Truth. Address yourself whole-heartedly to it, and when you lose yourself, you get anchorage in Him. Yes, you are indeed 'a log in the stream of His Will'. But, don't say 'Eternal Now'. We do certainly use such expressions. For, our language is defective. 'Now' itself is a segmentation, a limitation. If, however, you mean perfect identity in love in its penultimate stage, or higher still, the state of perfect absorption of multiplicity into an integral consciousness, i.e., the state of Kaivalyanath, it is quite in order. The Absolute may somehow be described only as 'Eternal Existence'.

Yes, don't try to understand Him. Even then understanding will shine in you through the radiance of His love. Dada considers you a perfect vehicle for propagating Truth. Remember it and remember His love. And all will be done as a matter of course. Be of good cheer.

Love to you and your family.

Affectionately Yours

Dadaji

In this letter of January 30, 1988, Dadaji comments on my "Eternal Now", with which I denote His presence beyond time. Dadaji regards this terms as a dividing one, as "a segmentation, a limitation" and I found him to be right with this. For the "Now" stands for a part of the stream of time - the present. Dadaji speaks about the "Eternal Existence" (in contrast to the transitory existence) and refers to the all-embracing experience of the Unity in Love, "or higher still, the state of perfect absorption of multiplicity into an integral consciousness, i.e., the state of Kaivalyanath."

The term "Eternal Now" does not cover this subject, Existence. Rather it denotes the sudden and unexpected 'falling out of time', a special quality of experience inherent in the Eternal Existence. However, I like the phrase "Eternal Now" because it exists in relation to "His Presence" and "present" (as a form of time). The "Now" (or, in German, "Nu" of Master Eckhart) means instant, something very quick, not measurable in time, momentary, insensible. This "Now" or "Nu" is eternal...

Dadaji is constantly in this consciousness 'beyond mind' and speaks out of a different world about "Eternal Existence". For me the "Eternal Now" is more a flash of insight. This is a difference in quality, indeed.

The year went on with Dadaji. I tried to do my duties and always remember Him, or better: I could not avoid remembering Him! Dadaji was always in my mind, watching my activities, often giving commentaries.

On March 31, 1988, the news on the radio said that the Iraqi army of Saddam Hussein was using poison gas in its war against Iran, ruled at that time by the Ayatollah Khomeini, and 5,000 Kurdish people had been killed or hurt. I was alarmed about it, and then I heared 'Dadaji's voice' with a commentary.

Diary March 31,1988

"Things will become still worse. Be on your guard. Be friendly to everyone. No pessimism, no optimism: Realism! In all this trouble is He. He loves. Everybody is born with Mahanam, the two sounds which are He. But due to egoism people don't know. When He comes, nature will be full of joy.

What is death? There is no such thing. Death, where is your sting? Don't worry, He is with you

all the time, wherever you are. This is the only gospel, the Gospel of Truth within. Don't be led into temptations of mind: You never will understand, because there is nothing to understand. Cling to Truth and don't forget: Remember Him!

You can do nothing. You cannot change the world, although you have to do your best: This is your duty. The world is following the law of righteousness which is love. His Love is the agent, His Love is the Guru, His Love (being the same all the time!) will bring forth destined 'change'. My son Peter knows this quite well, so don't be afraid. Everything will happen at the destined time. He is with you; He is in you. Be with Him, be in Him. Good Friday (forgetting Him) is followed by the Easter Day (remembering Him)."

One day I had a vision which seemed to describe the situation in which I found myself. I don't know how it happened but the following picture appeared spontaneously before my inner eye. It happened during the day in my office. I noted the details in my diary.

Diary May 17, 1988

I'm walking on a path the direction of which is unknown to me. I proceed step after step, always remembering Him. Then I turn back and am frozen with fear: My way led me on a rope swaying over an abyss! He held and guided me.

In front of me stretches the broad path, whose destination I still don't know. Life: An act of balance? I'm proceeding step by step in remembrance of Him. I'm not a tightrope walker. How could I hold myself on the narrow swaying rope? I can do nothing. Each step may lead to an awkward fall. Every day is a

> miracle, for it is a day with Him - following a night with Him. He is the Fullness and I'm ready to overflow. What else can I say? I never felt my inability, my helplessness, my powerlessness as much as I did today. Nothing special happened. I only saw, all of a sudden, the pathway and the rope. I'm nothing, everything is His gift. He alone is the Doer.

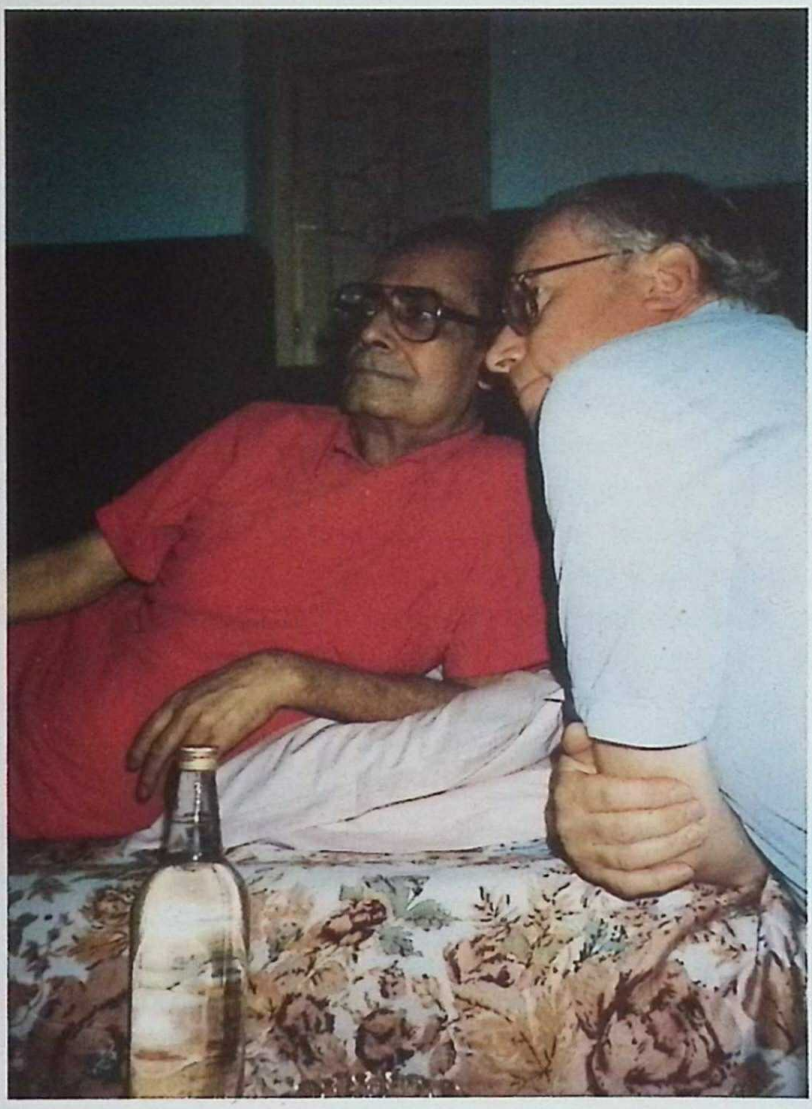
On June 5, 1988, I met a seemingly young man at Frankfurt airport: Dadaji! He was full of love and told me that he felt much better now. As in the previous year, he was on his way to Los Angeles for a second eye operation. Dr. (Mrs.) Chandrasekhar was accompanying him. She told me that G.T. Kamdar had been very sick. "He was in agony," she said. But after Dadaji's visit he miraculously recovered.

I told Dadaji that Uta, I and our daughter Veronika were planning to travel through California in a motorhome. He said that he was staying with Harish Jambusaria near Los Angeles and I should try to see him there. Dadaji had only two hours in transit to London and I enjoyed the time sitting with him. We talked about this and that, and all of a sudden he said, "we are in relation from the beginning." The tenderness with which he uttered these words was overwhelming.

★

When Uta, Veronika, and I arrived in California, Dadaji had already left the States and was on his way back to Calcutta via London. We visited Harish Jambusaria, who told us that fortunately Dadaji's eye operation was not needed. So Dadaji left after only four days.

Harish and I were sitting on a sofa in his living room and were talking about Dadaji, when suddenly we found ourselves in a cloud of Dadaji's well-known Fragrance. Both of us had the feeling that Dadaji was with us at that moment, greeting us with Aroma.



Listening

Having come back to Germany I rang up Dadaji in Calcutta. It was a bad connection, so I tried another time. But still I could not understand Dadaji on the phone. I was ready to replace the receiver, when I heard Dadaji shouting, "Wait! Hold on!" Immediately after these words we had a clear connection. When I asked him how this was done, he only laughed. "I have been with you in California," he said. Of course, he had been with us! When I told him that I wasn't sure if I could come for Utsava this year, he replied, "You must come!" Hearing this I realized that the journey to India would happen.

I arrived in Calcutta on October 16, 1988. It was extremely hot. Pummy Paul fetched me at the airport and drove me directly to Dadaji's house. The place was filled with people, some of them waiting in the corridor next to Dadaji's room. He was lying on his bed and I went to him. He seemed to be surprised and I embraced him. I found him looking old, very frail and small, but he had a strong radiance. Dadaji didn't say anything to me, but addressed those present in Bengali. I guess he was saying something about me.

A visitor asked some questions which seemed to disturb Dadaji. He asked him to leave. When this man had gone, Dadaji looked at me. I went close to him and said, "I'm very happy, Dadaji." "I'm also very happpy," was his response. To express my feelings at that moment I said, "Dadaji, I love you," He harshly replied, "You shouldn't say that for you know better. You *are* love, and love is God." He sat up on the bed and held his right palm tenderly against my face. I smelled a faint sweet Aroma. He touched my chin and made strokes over my larynx and heart . Then he also stroked along my spine and pressed his right thumb against the cervical vertebra. At the end his hands caressed my head and he pressed his right thumb against my forehead. All the time he was murmuring something unintelligible to me.

Having done all this he made a sort of cross motion with one hand. Then he pressed his palms together close to his heart and bowed his head. This customary Indian gesture called Namaste symbolizes the lovely verbal greeting, "The God within me salutes the God within you."

Throughout the moving experience, which was received by many people over the years and is considered to be a wonderful Blessing, Dadaji had been very serious. When he was finished, he said with a smile, "Now go, take a bath and have rest. I will see you tomorrow." I dared not embrace him before I left, as he looked venerable and far away.

When I came to see Dadaji the next day, he enthusiastically shouted, "Ram! Ram!" and pressed my hand for a long time. Dressed in a fashionable green polo shirt and Lungi he looked like a vital, handsome young man. Dadaji took me with him by car to see Harish Jambusaria, who also had come to Calcutta with his family and was with his relatives.

It was a very busy morning. Many, many visitors came to see Dadaji there and he healed sick people and spoke with others. I was a silent observer, fascinated by the love Dadaji was radiating in a multitude of ways.

The following day, I came to Dadaji's house in the early morning before Utsava started. I found him alone in his room, some people waited with Abhi in the adjacent room.

> Dairy October 18, 1988
>
> Dadaji was bathed in Fragrance. He sat on his bed. We shared a long, tender embrace. I sat down on the floor in front of him. And then something

indescribable happened: Dadaji started singing a melodious and heart moving song! With beautiful gestures he seemed to sing for me alone. Then others entered the room. Abhi was totally enthused about the scene. In full concentration Dadaji sang for me, undisturbed by the growing number of people in the room. He was pure happiness and I found myself spellbound. He ended his song with a Namaste greeting gesture and bowed his head. After a while I asked him what he sang. "I'll tell you later, " he answered with a smile. Manjit Paul told me that it was Sanskrit. She only understood one line, "to be bathed in His Love."

We went to Somnath Hall in the car, with Dadaji's daughter-in-law and Manjit in the back. I sat in front together with Pummy. The car was filled with Fragrance and I felt the intensity of Dadaji's glance from the backseat.

Somnath Hall was already packed full of people when we arrived. Soon the singing started, but Dadaji wasn't happy with it and exclaimed. "Too loud! The rhythm is not clear!" Again and again he stopped the group of singers. At the end he asked me whether I would sing. He overlooked my dismay and said, I should try it. " But Dada, I don't know the text and don't have a nice voice," I said in despair. He seemed to be content with my arguments and asked Ann to sing. She replied. " Dada, I'm a writer, not a singer!" Also this was accepted. I proposed Roma Mukherji as a good singer, but she hadn't come yet. When she arrived, Dadaji asked her to sing for us. She also seemed unprepared, but obeyed and began to play the little harmonium. Under Dadaji's guidance she started singing.

Then the ultimate rescue came in the person of Bappi Lahiri, the famous singer, and his wife. I enjoyed their song thoroughly.

On the following day it was difficult to reach Somnath Hall. Over night torrential rains had flooded all the streets. I had to make a long detour to reach my destination with dry feet and came under time pressure. But it was early enough.

Dairy October 19, 1988

Dadaji finally arrived at 11 a.m. Everybody wanted to greet him. He seemed to be in a beyond-mind state. As usual I was the last greet to him. When I knelt down before him as everybody had done, he shouted at me like he had the previous day, "Ram! Ram!" I was overpowered by his love and knew that this moment was my Utsava.

Because of the flooding of the streets only a small number of people had come. Dadaji was sitting on the cot, he seemed to be tired and was nearly falling asleep. Suddenly he called me near and said, "I had a very bad night, couldn't sleep. It was raining so much." He looked tired and young at the same time. Strange.

Then came a young singer, a beautiful lady who sang songs of Mira Bai the day before, she had a lovely trained and melodious voice. Today she refrained from singing because of hoarseness. Dadaji called her near and made strokes over her throat. "You sing," he said to her. And she sang with a beautiful clear voice.

Dadaji enjoyed the song, as did I in the vitalized atmosphere.

In the afternoon, again Dadaji was not content with the music and the rhythm. First he tried to correct the musicians, but apparently in vain. So he shouted, "Stop!" He looked around and then ordered the young Sadhu, whom I had met at last year's Utsava for the

first time, Ann, Harish Jambusaria, a young American lady and me to sit down in front of him. First Dadaji sang the song and then asked us to start, but our singing wasn't perfect. I listened to the strong voice of the Sadhu next to me, who knew the text. How complicated! I looked at Dada who was beating the time with his hands. He told me to sing louder, and instead of him, I should beat the time. I tried my best and Dadaji seemed to be content with the beat, but not with the volume of my voice. I found it difficult to sing very loud in a language not known to me. It was a song written and composed by Dadakji:

Chorus :

Ramaiva Sharanam, Ramaiva Sharanam, Ramaiva Sharanam. Sharanye.

(I take refuge in protection of God, my Saviour. Always remember Him.)

Solist :

Rama Narayana, Rama Narayana, Rama Narayana. Sharanye.

(God is the source of all existence. Always remember Him.)

(Chorus)
Solist:

Sharanagato'yam, Sharanagato'yam, Sharanagato'yam. Sharanye.

(I take repose in Him, my Refuge. Always remember Him.)

(Chorus)
Solist:

Prabhu, Kripa hi Kevalam, Kripa hi Kevalam, Kripa hi Kevalam. Sharanye.

(Lord, Grace is the Ultimate Path and Refuge. Always remember Him.)

(Chorus)
Solist:

Namo Ramaya, Namo Ramaya, Namo Ramaya. Sharanye.

(I bow down and offer myself to Thee, my Refuge. Always remember Him.)

(Chorus)
Solist:

Namah Sri Gurave, Namah Sri Gurave, Namah Sri Gurave, Namo Namah.

(Holy Guru within, I bow down and offer myself to Thee.)

Chorus:

Jai Rama, Jai Rama, Jai Rama, Jai Rama, Jai Rama, Jai Rama, Jai Rama.

(Victory to God.)

I was beating the time with my hands and sang louder and louder with growing certainty. What a beautiful song ! I heard it so many time over the years, but now I really enjoyed singing. Dadaji reclined on the cot and looked at us with a smile of happiness and satisfaction. My heart was filled with joy as I did my duties for Him - singing and beating time. What an experience!

On the last day of our 'family gathering' with Dadaji I didn't know that this was the last Utsava I would attend. I am in a wonderful, joyous mood, and feel the unity of all people present. Everybody seems to be radiant and permeated by love. I get lost in this widening experience of Oneness - Utsava...

Suddenly Dadaji waves me near and asks, "Everything right with you, Peter?" I'm only able to nod and to hold his hand. But then he, "You sing!" Fright sweeps through me. "I alone?" I exclaim. Looking around I see the beautiful young lady who sang the Bhakti songs of Mira Bai on the first day of Utsava. She sits behind the harmonium and smiles at me. Yes, I cannot do it alone, she is the partner I need! She starts to sing with her sweet and strong voice and I accompany her, " Ramaiva Sharanam, Ramaiva Sharanam, Ramaiva Sharanam - Sharanye."

Sharanye: Always remember Him!

It is like a dream: I relish singing thoroughly, bathed in the melody and vibrating His Love. But most wonderful is Dadaji's shining face. He smiles at me and then shuts his eyes. He is far, far away, unapproachable and lost in infinity, but at the same time there is no distance between Him and me - we are 'in tune'...

My consciousness is flooded by the words *This is My Body* and *This is My Blood* - and *This is My Voice to sing* and *This is My Ear to hear.* All is Love.

Lost in Him I sing in praise of Him, and sing and sing and sing...

EPILOGUE

Originally I intended to close this book with the last sentence of the previous chapter. A dear friend, David Loye from Carmel, California, who first came to know of Dadaji through reading a draft of the manuscript, suggested that I briefly describe what happened to the 'main characters' after Utsava in the fall of 1988.

On the last day of that remarkable Utsava, where Dadaji made me sing, he appeared exhausted. Even then I was troubled by the idea that such public appearances and large celebrations might be too much for him. Home in Germany, one month later, what I heard about Dadaji, didn't sound good. I learned from Abhi that Dadaji wasn't well and had stopped meeting people. He wished not be disturbed.

When I rang Dadaji up in Calcutta on 8 January 1989, I was surprised to hear his familiar powerful voice on the phone. I was so overwhelmed by the warmth and love reflected in his enthusiastic reaction to my call that for a moment I could hardly speak. I told him about my plan to visit India in March with Uta and Veronika, and that we would come to see him in Calcutta. He seemed to be very happy about this. When I added that the first chapter of this book was ready, he exclaimed, "Excellent, excellent!" Indeed, the book was "writing itself" as he had said it would .

After our morning arrival in Calcutta on the 11th of March, Uta and I took Veronika and her friend Wiebke Mosel to see Dadaji. Although he was very friendly, I had the impression Dadaji was far, far away. So we didn't stay long. In the afternoon, I went alone to see Dadaji.

> Diary March 14, 1989
>
> He embraced me and made me sit next to him on the bed. After some time I was inclined to move and sat on the floor at his feet; Dadaji's response to this gesture was a sweet smile. He spoke with a very

low voice, so I hardly could understand him. I didn't dare to impose myself on him by asking questions. Most of the time we were together in silence. This silent togetherness lasted one hour or so. From time to time he rose from his bed and walked up and down the room. He expeditiously smoked a cigarette, two times offering it to me; I refrained.

When I saw him playing with the cigarette box and the match box, I was reminded of his unforgettable demonstration of the relation between God and the human being...

Near the end of my visit he left the room and came back with his wife, daughter and son. Boudi, his wife, complained to me that the last time Dadaji was "very restless"; although he was physically in good health, he had often shown what she called a "distorted mind". His son and daughter also spoke about Dadaji's "absentmindedness" and said in the last year he changed and had "become another one". I wasn't able to comment. During this conversation Dadaji stood in silence with an extremely reserved expression on his face behind the three members of his family.

When the three left the room, Dadaji touched his forehead as if to show me the distortion of his mind, but then with a knowing smile he shook his head. The wordless gesture was so impressive and followed by such a deeply earnest expression on his face that I instantaneously understood: Dadaji was now living on another level of consciousness; something was happening within him that I was not able to grasp. He was far, far away and still very near. Then he indicated it was time for me to depart and I returned to Uta and the children.

The following days and weeks I couldn't forget this encounter with Dadaji. It signalled to me that my personal interaction with

him would change. At the end of the Indian journey we visited Abhi Bhattacharya in Bombay. Following Dadaji's advice, Abhi didn't have any contact with him. As Abhi explained, Dadaji was in a "seclusion". This would last for a long time and we all should respect it. Abhi indicated this "seclusion" during the last period of Dadaji's stay in this world with us, was foretold by Dadaji himself many years before.

I wondered how Abhi who always had been so very close to Dadaji, was able to bear this situation. Abhi's reaction to my question was, "But, Dadaji is with me all the time!" Wasn't this the same with me? Indeed, upon returning to Germany I realized over and again that Dadaji was not only with me in my dreams, but also during the day with his commentaries to my thoughts and actions. There were ongoing and very special kinds of encounters with Dadaji who, as I knew, was thousands of miles away in Calcutta, and at the same time he was always with me in this indescribable way. I witnessed a growing sense of independence, illustrated by the following dream.

> Diary, April 28, 1989
>
> I am with Dadaji in a concert hall (or is it a church?). He behaves in an unconventional manner, rising during the performance (or rite) from his seat amidst the people; I follow him. We pass by the silent audience and go to another place apart from the people. My feeling is that of strong independence, of no more being involved in such rituals or performances; it is a wonderful feeling of inner freedom. Dadaji constantly radiates love; He is very near to me, at the same time far away - a Great Being.
>
> I woke up with a strong sense of certainty, trying to remember everything I had seen. In my dream I wasn't with the Dadaji I met in Calcutta a month earlier: The Dadaji in my dream was younger, with

full dark hair, but it was unmistakably him with his strong radiance of love.

The strengths of his presence in my dream contradicted all signs of bodily decay. Then I knew for certain that when Dadaji would die one day - it would not effect his very presence.

In August 1989, Uta had a serious accident while in the forest with the dog; a surgical operation was needed to repair her left knee. It took her a long time to recover and to learn how to walk normally again. Thus September and August, and the time of Utsava went by and I later learned from Abhi that there had been a smaller Utsava gathering held in a home near Dadaji's house. The "singing Utsava" of 1988 had been my last one.

News I heard about Dadaji was only that he didn't meet but a very few people and wasn't well. To my astonishment I wasn't troubled by such news. On 5 January 1990, I got a letter from Abhi that mentioned he had been with Dadaji. "He is now in another sphere," Abhi wrote. He also reported that Dadaji had gone to the U.S.A. to see Mr.Jambusaria, who during Dadaji's previous visit to Los Angeles had been helpful arranging doctor's appointment with eye specialists at the University of South California Eye Hospital.

In the first months of 1990, I was extremely busy with urgent managerial tasks following the dawn of the unification of Germany. I organized and held seminars for top executive managers of the East-German automotive industry in Zwickau/ Saxony, at that time still a town in the German Democratic Republic. These seminars dealt with the role of the industry in the transition from planned to market economy. Although I was fully absorbed by this fascinating job, Dadaji was with me all the time. I didn't long to meet him in person, for I knew that he would call me if this was necessary.

On 15 February 1990, my friend Dr. Sideshwar Saxena told Uta by phone that Dadaji was in London on his way back to India, and that Dadaji would like to see me the following day while he was in transit at Frankfurt Airport. When I rang Sideshwar back, he didn't know the flight number, so I simply relied on my assumption that Dadaji would take the same plane as in previous years. I was very moved when Sideshwar told me, "Peter, when I mentioned your name to Dadaji and that you would meet him, he started crying." With a heart full of love I drove to the airport.

Diary February 17, 1990

I was already quite sure that I had missed him, when Dadaji finally appeared as the last disembarking passenger. He was seated in a wheelchair: A frail, old man, his head covered with a violet shawl, out of which a small, earnest face was looking. Ivy, his daughter, was with him, and another lady, an Indian doctor.

I'm sure that Dadaji recognized me. His extremely reserved face began to radiate, and for a moment he was the Dadaji of years past, whispering tender words into my ear, which I hardly understood. I embraced him, but the moment of intimate openness was brief. His hand gestured as if to keep me away and his face once again showed the same withdrawn expression.

Unfortunately I was not allowed to stay with Dadaji in the transit lounge but I could watch him through a window. He didn't move in his wheel chair. In a long conversation with Ivy I learned that Dadaji often sang classic Indian devotional songs and was in a cheerful mood. He had physically recovered after treatment for diabetes in the States. While there he had seen a few visitors and astonishing healings of others occurred in his presence. Ivy also told me

about Abhi's recent heart attack and apoplexy. He miraculously recovered in a very short time. I promised to ring up Abhi to inform him of Dadaji's arrival in Bombay.

In the following months I very often felt nearly overwhelmed by work, but at the same time helped very much by Mahanam and 'His Presence'. One day I was nearly swept away by a wave of undirected love welling up from within. Suddenly I had the urgent wish to write some lines to Dadaji.

Destedt, Oct. 14,1990

Dearest Dada,

I'm full of love: You are with me all the time! Or should I say: Because He is present? I cannot differentiate, being so very permeated by His Love. He is Love, and so am I. Had my Utsava just now! Name is everything, all-embracing! Difficult to write a letter to a beloved One trying to bridge distances which do not exist. *How strong is your presence!* Still I'm longing to have you in my arms....

Whatever you have told me is correct by one hundred percent. Duty and remembrance are a Unity! With love, also from Uta and the children,

Yours Peter

I must confess my inability to describe clearly what happened to me before I wrote the sentence, "Duty and remembrance are a Unity." However, I referred to Dadaji's most important advice, "Do your duty, but always remember Him". In daily work I discovered that *doing my duty was nothing but remembering Him.* I couldn't avoid remembering Him, just as I couldn't avoid breathing! I felt so very blessed and loved. At the same time I sensed this feeling of blessed Love, of its own nature, would flow to others. I probably became fully aware of this state of

consciousness, because it was at least to some extent new to me. To avoid an errant thought suggesting itself, I have to add that 'to be blessed' is not a state one achieves 'doing good and avoiding bad'. Love happens. It is a constant state of blessedness of which we become aware spontaneously and naturally as we go about daily life. To quote Dadaji, it is "to vibrate His Love through the actions that come our way." We cannot do this voluntarily or through our own efforts.

When you are certain within of the truth: "He loves you!", it is like a wonderful stream welling up from your heart: Mahanam. Your approach to others is fundamentally changed and becomes: "He loves you also." It is amazing how people usually react to such an inner 'declaration of His Love' (which isn't uttered or shown). Very often their reaction is that of unusual helpfulness, exceptional kindness, an extraordinary readiness to cooperate in partnership. In my experience of these phenomena it is totally impossible to divide Love from Truth. All becomes One.

Dadaji never answered my letter. Did I write these lines rather to myself? This idea came into my mind when I pondered about Dadaji being present all the time - not as a person or an image, but in all-embracing spirit. Yes, I felt enormously inspired by him, and this new consciousness was very helpful for I again had started to proceed with this book about my encounters with him.

For a fortnight I was on Lanzarote with the whole family and it became my main duty to go on with this book. We arrived two days before Christmas and I divided the days: In the morning I was alone in the house concentrating on the book; in the afternoon the whole family was together, sometimes exploring the many beautiful spots of this volcanic island. I wrote nearly five chapters of the book; it was as if a pent up stream was breaking free! Very often I heard what I thought to be Dadaji's voice: "Mind is also He. He moves the mind. He enjoys the play of the mind. It is not like: 'We are here and He is there! He is with us. Remember Tokyo: 'This is My Body. This is My Blood'" (Dec. 24,1990).

When in the course of these powerfully intimate moments, I had an awesome awareness of His overwhelming Greatness and Presence. I spontaneously wanted to prostrate before Him, but knew in the same moment that this would be inappropriate and unnecessary. (Who prostrates before whom?) 'Dadaji's voice' disturbed me: "Your go on with the book. You are sitting in His lap always, Peter" (Dec.29). Looking into the old diaries I asked myself to what extent I had changed during the years with Dadaji. In response to my reflection the 'voice' commented: "Change is only in the mind. What you *are* is unchangeable. Nothing more, nothing less. Go on with the book, it will help you understand why you have to write it. It has to be born now, as it is already written in your soul. But remember, it is a book on Truth. Truth or Love - no difference. Love is your way to encounter Him. Go on with writing! He who is within will help you and see you through your troubles. Trust always in Him alone. He is no guiding spirit - He is you. You! Nothing mystical; it is very normal. Dadaji has always been with you as a voice - your voice. Never try to cheat people with this. I'm with you. No difference between you and me. And now go on with the book" (Jan.1, 1991).

This serves to explain what happened not only during the days on Lanzarote, but also during the following weeks and months when I was again confronted with my normal duties. During the week I had no time for the book, which went on " to write itself" on Saturdays and Sundays. Through Abhi I heard that Dadaji was again in "seclusion" and preferred not to be disturbed.

Before I go further, I want to add one important dream to my account of the Lanzarote experiences. It was on 25 December 1990. At 5 a.m. I suddenly woke up thinking intensely of Dadaji's death. I couldn't get rid of this thought. I felt him very near at the same time. It was a peculiar experience, forcing me to think about the possibility of such a loss. My only reaction was that of profound acceptance.

On 18 August 1991, a call came from Pavitar Singh from London. He reported that one week before Dadaji had fallen and broken his hip. Boudi, Dadaji's wife, told Pavitar by phone that Dadaji was suffering a lot. Immediately I had the picture of a frail, old Dadaji before my mind; but it wasn't only a picture, he was also close by. I tried to reach Abhi but didn't have luck with the telephone connection. When I spoke Abhi some days later, he didn't have any news about Dadaji. "Don't worry about it," he told me, "he is suffering for others".

The next day I telephoned Pavitar in London. He had tried in vain to reach Dadaji in Calcutta. So he rang up Bappi Lahiri's father in Bombay, an old schoolmate of Dadaji and very near to him. Some weeks before this old man had fallen down the stairs at his house, but miraculously he was able to catch himself, so nothing happened to him. At exactly the same time, in Calcutta Dadaji's daughter Ivy brought her father to the bathroom. He was not prepared to go there, and he slipped on the wet floor and fell. He was brought to the hospital and x-rays were taken. They showed a "fracture of the hip bone". The doctors wondered how Dadaji was able to sit upright and walk.

I listened to this story and tried to understand what it meant to me. Although I was not willing to jump to conclusions, I'm absolutely sure that such vicarious suffering is possible. Having heard many reports of this kind already in connection with Dadaji I wasn't surprised, but I wondered why I wasn't deeply touched by Dadaji's suffering. In fact, I felt a little bit guilty due to my neutral response concerning Dadaji's health. Whenever I tried to imagine how Dadaji was suffering, I felt that I was not allowed to do so. To the contrary, I sensed a warm stream of love coming from him, which disallowed worries of any kind.

Since 1990, in addition to my normal professional duties I became heavily involved in the promotion of developing industrial and political partnership relations between West and East Europe by

organizing joint congresses and workshops. This was a task near to my heart, but soon it became more and more difficult to find time for the book on Dadaji. I became worried about this situation. One day I clearly heard Dadaji's voice: "You shouldn't discriminate between different duties. Do what comes and be unattached. You will know what to do. It is all He. He looks after Himself. Peter, your are my son. You cannot do wrong. No decisions. Everything is predestined. Go your way. - Be not discontent, you are full. It all happens by time-factor. See what comes. I'm with you, don't worry" (Nov.7, 1991)

What came next was the unforeseen opportunity of meeting with Ann Mills in California and talking with her in detail about the manuscript. I also had occasion at that time to meet a group of people who knew of Dadaji and to speak about him. Afterward I learned that my strong feeling of Dadaji being with us was shared by all those present at the informal gathering.

The second half of May 1992 Uta and I were on Lanzarote for a fortnight. Here I was able to finish most of the manuscript. Like last time on this lovely island I was in a dream like state and wrote the chapters, always having in mind how Dadaji would react to the book. During the previous months I hadn't heard much about him. Abhi's reports about Dadaji's health were not encouraging. The last one said Dadaji had not left his house for a long time. Also his poor health hadn't changed.

When we came back from Lanzarote, I telephoned Pavitar Singh in London. He told me about an astonishing development. Pavitar relayed the news Dadaji had for the first time in many months left his house to visit the parents of Anju Walia. Ivy, Dadaji's daughter, reported this favorable development in his health and thought Dadaji might soon be able to travel to U.S.A. No more strange behavior or "absentmindedness"! This was on 5th June 1992. I joyfully imagined how it would be to see Dadaji once again in London or to visit him in Calcutta. Three days later, on

8th of June, Pavitar rang me up in the early morning and said Dadaji had died the evening before. "He passed away smiling, no pain," Pavitar said. Ivy was with Dadaji, accompanied by the sister of Anju Walia.

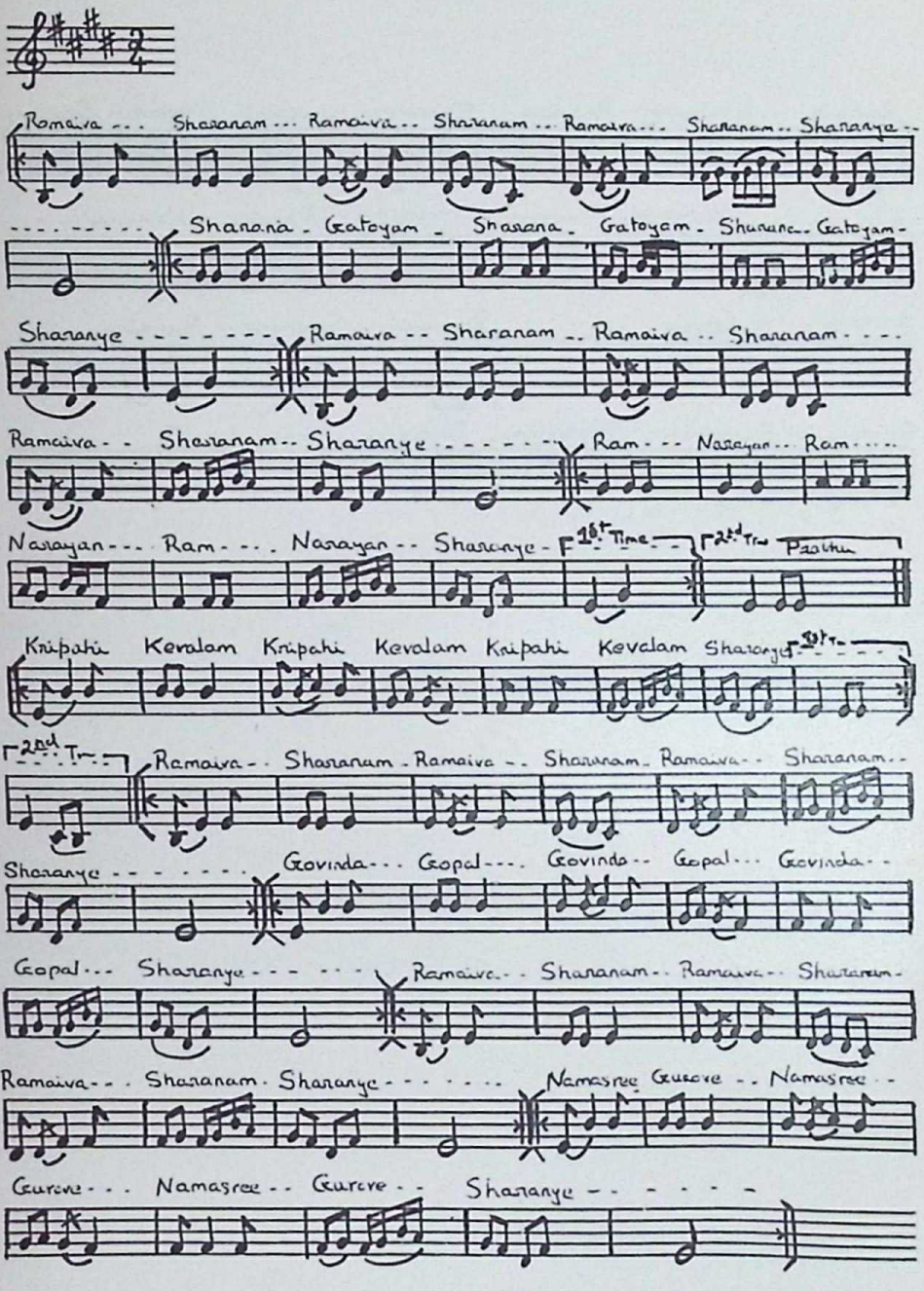
When I learned about Dadaji's death from Pavitar I realized I had vaguely expected this since I heard about Dadaji's recovery and his cheerful mood. But my own hopes of possibly seeing him again were so much in the foreground of my mind that I had forgotten my precognition of his death.

I later found out from Boudi that on the morning of the 7th June 1992, Dadaji told his family that he would be leaving them in a few hours, but they did not take him seriously. A few hours later, at 4:00 p.m. Calcutta time, Dadaji asked for a drink of coconut water. He drank it, smiled, reclined and stopped breathing.

Abhi was extremely happy about Dadaji's passing. He went to Calcutta for the cremation which had to be done quickly. I found myself in a difficult emotional state with tears in my eyes and deep thankfulness in my heart. At the same time I felt his strong, radiant love and felt him hugging me like on my first encounter with him in Calcutta. When I sat down at my writing table, my eyes caught the text of a letter I wrote to Dadaji in 1985: "Seven years with Dadaji, seven years of remembering Him always. Truth has come like the thief in the night taking away all my belongings. I'm verily left as a have-not, but I'm richer than the richest man in the world: I am. I am in Him. I am in Truth."

Another seven years had gone, seven years of being in tune with Him. What could I add to my statement from 1985? Only one wish was and is left for now and the future: To always remember Him and to vibrate His Love through the actions coming my way.

Ramaiva Sharanam Song
Written and composed by Dadaji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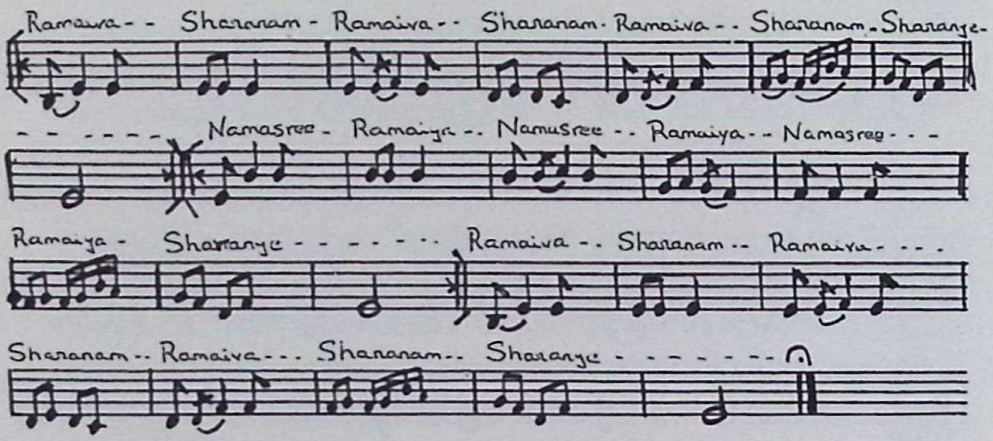
Sharana . Gatayam . Sharana . Gatayam . Sharana .. Gatayam .
Sharanye ... Ramaiva .. Sharanam .. Ramaiva .. Sharanam ...
Ramaiva .. Sharanam .. Sharanye ... Ram ... Narayan .. Ram ....
Narayan ... Ram ... Narayan .. Sharanye . 1st Time 2nd Time Pathu
Kripahi Kevalam Kripahi Kevalam Kripahi Kevalam Sharanye
2nd Time
Ramaiva .. Sharanam . Ramaiva .. Sharanam . Ramaiva .. Sharanam ..
Sharanye ... Govinda ... Gopal .... Govinda .. Gopal ... Govinda ..
Gopal ... Sharanye ... Ramaiva .. Sharanam .. Ramaiva .. Sharanam .
Ramaiva ... Sharanam . Sharanye ... Namasree Gurave .. Namasree ..
Gurave ... Namasree .. Gurave .. Sharanye ..

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Namasree - Ramaiya - - Namusree - - Ramaiya - - Namasree - - -
Ramaiya - Shararye - - - - - - - Ramaiva - - Shararam - - Ramaiva - - -
Shararam - - Ramaiva - - - Shararam - - Shararye - - - - - - -

I am very much indebted to Mrs. Arpita Saha, Bombay-India, who did the notation.
Peter Meyer-Dohm

Appendix

GLOSSARY OF INDIAN TERMS AND SELECTED NAMES

The following owes much to Dr. Nanilal Sen's 'Glossary of Terms' in *The Truth Within*. *Italicized words* within a definition are defined in this glossary.

Abhinaya : Expression, gesture in *Bharatanatyam.*

Acharya : A teacher of ethics in any domain of life, spiritual or mundane.

Advaita : Monism. The view that Reality is One, without a second. Dadaji says He is a monist.

Amrita : Originally in Vedic and Hindu mythology the elixir or beverage of immortality. The fragrant honey-like nectar which, as a reminder of Truth, also appears in far-distant places and has the Aroma of Dadaji.

Ananga : 'Anga' means body, 'Ananga' bodyless.

Apana : Downward moving breath of Life, responsible for exhalation. *Prana.*

Arjuna : The youngest Pandava whose charioteer in the *Kurukshetra* War is Lord Krishna. The *Bhagavadgita* contains the teachings of Lord Krishna for Arjuna.

Ashram : Originally one of the four stages of Hindu life. (*Varn-Ashrama Dharma.*) Commonly used to refer to a hermitage, the living quarters of a religious community or the

abode or a recluse of a spiritual teacher. According to Dadaji, the world is His Ashram, the physical body is His Temple and the other is all business for the purpose of making money.

Asura : A demon.

Atman : The inner Self or individual Life-principle; it is the Spark of the Eternal Flame, the Supreme Being or *Paramatman* ('Param' means supreme).

Avatar : Incarnate of God like Lord Krishna, Christ,etc., or a representative of God.

Avidya : Ignorance, lack of true knowledge (Vidya).

Ayurveda : The 'Veda' (science or knowledge) of 'Ayus' (vitality, health). The traditional system of Indian medicine.

Baba : Lit. 'father'; a term of reverence used to address an elderly, venerable person.

Bali : Religious offering.

Bhagavadgita : Lit. 'Bhagavad' refers to Almighty God, 'Gita' means Song. Song of God. Spiritual poem comprising a symbolic dialogue between Arjuna and Lord Krishna on the battlefield of *Kurukshetra*, representing the great spiritual struggle of the human soul.

Bhagavata Mela : A rather primitive form of *Bharatanatyam* from the Tanjore District in Tamil Nadu. The theme

of Bhagavata Mela dance dramas is devotion to God.

Bhagavati : Epithet of the Great Goddess as Creatrix of humanity.

Bhagwan : Almighty Lord; also used to denote the rank of a Guru.

Bhajan : Song praising God.

Bhakta : A devotional lover of God.

Bhakti : Pure loving devotion. Attachment to the personal God (*Saguna-Bhakti*) or/and the impersonal God (*Nirguna-Bhakti*) without self-interest.

Bhakti Yoga : Practice or path (Marga) of loving devotion as taught by Lord Krishna in the *Bhagavadgita.*

Bharatanatyam : Classical South Indian dance, based on Bharata's Natya Shastras (Science of dancing), a work of great antiquity. After a period of degradation and disappearance the renaissance of Bharatanatyam was ushered in during the 1930's in which Rukmini Devi Arundale played a decisive role with her Academy of Dance, *Kalakshetra*, in Madras.

Bhuma : Infinite; state of supreme liberation. The Absolute.

Brahmacarya : According to *Varn-Ashrama Dharma* the first of the four stages (Ashramas) of traditional Hindu life, containing chastely studies of

ancient wisdom. Dadaji understands Brahmacharya as conscious apperception of the One Reality through the manifold of existence, i.e., living in and through Him, feeling His Presence in every experience.

Bustee : Slum in Calcutta.

Chandra : Sandal paste, holy ash.

Chapati : Wheat flat bread.

Charanjal : 'Charan' means feet, 'Jal' means water. Originally water with which Lord Narayan has been bathed, denigrated into the water sanctified by the touch of a holy person's feet. Water which by Dadaji's touch, directly or indirectly, becomes transformed into milky, delicious perfumed, liquid, known for miraculous healing powers and the transformation of consciousness it brings about gradually. Related to the flow of Integral Consciousness or *Ganga*.

Dadaji : 'Dada' in Bengali means Elder Brother, 'Ji' is the suffix added to show respect and affection. This is the superficial meaning generally approved by Dadaji to fool his admirers, for he calls himself nobody. Esoterically, he is *Prana* (Life-principal) which precedes mind that we are. So, he is Dada. Ontologically that is from the root 'da' which is one

who has appeared being immersed in Mahanam and bestows It on all and sundry. Possibly, Dadaji was first addressed as such by Sri Ram Thakur.

Devi-Mahatmya : The first comprehensive account of the Indian Great Goddess in Sanskrit, composed some 1500 years ago.

Dharmakshetra : 'Dharma' means religion, 'Kshetra' means field (of battle). According to Dadaji, the reference in the *Bhagavadgita* is to a person's physical body wherein resides mind and God. The battle occurs between the attitudes of "I-and-mine" and "I-am-in-Him-and-His".

Dhoti : Indian men's traditional, skirt-like wrap around attire worn from the waist and hanging down to the ankles.

Dhritarashtra : A blind person. Refers to the blind King in the *Bhagavadgita*, who according to Dadaji symbolizes the individual mind, blinded by the ego or I-sense. One who is attached to the body.

Dhyana : Meditation, contemplation. Accor- ding to Dadaji, doing our work for Him and with him in mind with full attachment is Dhyana.

Diksha : Initiation, revelation. Misused by Gurus to initiate followers into a so-called spiritual path by whispering a *Mantra* in the person's ear, often for

a monetary fee. Dadaji says this is business since no one can come into this world without prior initiation by the Creator, for It (*Mahanam*) is the source of respiration, therefore life.

Durga : Hindu Goddess, epithet of the Great Indian Goddess. *Devi-Mahatmya.*

Durgotsava : Festival of *Durga*, Durga Puja.

Dvapara Yuga : Lit. 'Dva' means two, 'Yuga' means age. Age when only two of the cardinal virtues are in operation. Age of serving the image of the Lord or the Age of work as worship. Third cyclical time period or Age, which according to tradition is twice as long as the *Kali Yuga* and ended with the death of *Krishna* of Dwaraka.

Ganga water : Flow of Integral Consciousness. The Ganges River is a major river in India used for religious ceremonies.

Gita Govindam : Song of Govinda. Poem by Sri Jayadeva (12th century A.C.) about the love story of Radha and Krishna.

Gopal Govinda : Two names of the Lord standing for the bipolarity of all existence. The vibration of these two sounds of Mahanam is responsible for our respiration. One goes out, Govinda, the other comes in, Gopal. One, Gopal, is the manifestation of joy in His Creation; the other, Govinda, is

the reintegration into the tranquil bliss of existence. The two sounds draw closer and closer to each other with progressive immersion in Spiritual Ecstasy. When the two coalesce, we are said to die, and then Govinda only remains. The Great Name of God (*Mahanam*) chanting within each person giving Life. Source of Existence. Experienced in a visual, auditory and vibrational way in the presence of Dadaji.

Gopis : Cowherd girls who had amour with Krishna of Vrindavan. According to Dadaji anyone, male or female, is a Gopi whose mind is totally immersed in God, both in outer and inner circumstances.

Grihastha : According to *Varn-Ashrama Dharma,* the second of the four stages (Ashramas) of traditional Hindu life, the stage of the active family man and householder. For Dadaji, the real Grihastha is He Himself dwelling ('stha') in the body ('Griha'). The highest stage of complete merger in thought, feeling, and will, i.e. Griha and its Indweller are perfectly identical. The nascent Satyanarayan state.

Guru : Spiritual preceptor. One who has disciples. According to Dadaji the Supreme Almighty resides as Guru within each person: "God alone is the Guru."

Gurubhai : A brother or sister having the same Guru. Used by Dadaji to say that the world is an organic whole in which everything is our Gurubhai, i.e. interconnected in Him.

Gurudom : Used by Dadaji to denote Guru business. According to the traditional doctrine one cannot reach God without a human Guru or spiritual guide. Dadaji strongly rejects this, calling it a moneymaking business and the worst sort of theft and hypocrisy.

Hamsa : Lit. a swan. Our inhalation makes the sound 'Ham', our exhalation the sound 'Sa'. The meeting place of these two sounds is the void in the region of the heart, where the two sounds of *Mahanam* are constantly being chanted by the Supreme Creator. Mahanam is responsible for Hamsa. It also represents the Lord in a playful mood within us.

Idli : Rice dumpling.

Jagatbandhu : Lit. friend of the world. Name of the Spiritual Master of Faridpur, recognized by Dadaji as an Avatar.

Kailasha : A mountain peak in the Himalayas, said to be the sacred abode of Lord Shiva.

Kaivalyanath : State of perfect absorption of multiplicity into Integral Consciousness.

Kalakshetra : 'Kala' means art, 'Kshetra' means field or place. Name of the famous

institution of Indian Dance and Art in Madras founded by Rukhmini Devi Arundale in 1936.

Kali : Hindu Goddess. Epithet of the Great Indian Goddess.

Kali Yuga : The last of four periodic cycles of time, making up a Mahayuga. the Age when only one-fourth of the cardinal virtues are in operation. Age of strife. Age when singing hymns of Divine Names occurs. Kali is the current Age, ending in 1980 according to Dadaji. Kali refers to darkness, meanness, and violent destruction. It is the worst of times due to the breakdown of all structures and the abundance of ego. It is the best of times because due to the breakdown, the explict personification of *Mahanam* (Dadaji) appears to bring about the *Satya Yuga*, Age of Truth. *Yuga*.

Kangra paintings : Miniature paintings of Kangra style first discovered in 1910 and named after the Kangra Valley, North India, which became from 1750 onward a center of a school of painting which has won a unique place in Indian art. The translation of poetry like Jayadeva's great Sanskrit love poem *Gita Govindam* into painting gives the Kangra style a lyrical quality.

Karma : Lit. action. Whatever one thinks, feels or does is Karma, whose fruits we must reap in the world.

Karna : Great *Mahabharata* hero. The eldest *Pandava* dispassionately fighting on the side of the *Kauravas*.

Kauravas : The family of *Dhritarashtra*, the blind King, who symbolizes the individual mind. Kauravas engage in battle with the *Pandavas* (symbolizing the five senses). According to Dadaji this battle shows the conflict between the mind-created concepts of 'evil' and 'good'.

Keshab : See *Keshava*.

Keshava : Epithet of Lord *Krishna*.

Krishna : Great *Avatar* of India. Krishna of Vraja is different from Krishna of Dwaraka. However both are Avatari aspects of the Absolute.

Krita Yuga : See *Satya Yuga*.

Kumara-Muruga : The Divine Child. Tamil name of the Lord *Subrahmanya*.

Kunti : Mother of the *Pandavas*.

Kurta : Indian collarless shirt.

Kurukshetra : Battlefield in the *Bhagavadgita*. According to Dadaji this symbolizes the inner battle between 'I - and - mine' and 'In-Him-and-His'.

Lila : Divine Play or Sport. The earthly career of an Incarnation of God, whose Life is as though a sport since He is not bound by impelling force of past actions (*Karma*).

Lingam	:	A symbol of generative power. Phallus. The Lingam cult existed already in pre-Vedic times. Sign of Shiva.
Lungi	:	Indian men's traditional, skirt-like, wrap around attire worn from the waist and hanging to the ankles.
Mahabharata	:	An epic book of heroic literature, which has over one hundred thousand verses. The longest poem of the world, it interweaves idealism and practical wisdom with a passionate longing for spiritual vision.
Mahajnana	:	Supreme Wisdom.
Mahamantra	:	Great prayer.
Mahanam	:	Great Name of the Supreme. Truth. See *Gopal Govinda*. Name of God chanting within, residing just below the heart and giving each individual life. (See *Hamsa*).
Mahaprabhu	:	'Maha' means great, 'Prabhu' means God. The Lord Krishna Chaitanya (also referred to as Gauranga or Nimai Pundit), who appeared 500 years ago is so called. He was a forerunner of Dadaji as was Sri Ram Thakur. In fact, Mahaprabu unequivocally asserted he would be coming twice again in quick succession, in progressive ascendancy of manifestation.
Maharishi	:	'Great Sage'.

Mahayuga	:	Cycle of four *Yugas.*
Maheshvara	:	'Great Lord' or 'possessor of great power'. Epithet generally applied to *Shiva.*
Mahotsava	:	See Utsava.
Manjari	:	Budding seed. Dadaji uses this to refer to one whose mind is merged in *Mahanam*, one who is a mind pure and blossoming in His Love and yoked unto Him.
Mantra	:	Word or formula with magical or divine power.
Manu	:	First person. Progenitor of humanity.
Math	:	Monastic institution.
Maya	:	Lit. 'that which can be measured'. According to Shankaracharya, that which is subject to change, hence illusion. Dadaji uses it to refer to the manifesting potency or Creative Force of the Absolute, which manifests in physical nature (*Prakriti*) and is, therefore, His Infinite Grace to us.
Mira Bai	:	Rajput Princess of the 16th century, famous poetress of the *Bhakti* movement of her time. Her devotional poems, dedicated to Lord Krishna, are classics and still sung today.
Moksha	:	Liberation of mind. First stage of liberation of negative nature being simply absence of bondage. The second is *Prapti* and the third *Uddhara.*

Muruga	:	See *Kumara-Muruga.*
Mridangam	:	South Indian drum.
Nama	:	Supreme Name. The Source of Life residing within us from birth as *Mahanam.*
Nama-Japa	:	Ritualistic, mental repetition of the Name of God. Dismissing such mechanical mental gymnastics, Dadaji asks us to listen to what is being chanted within us around the clock, *Mahanam.*
Nama Song	:	Ramaiva Sharanam Song, written and composed by Dadaji.
Namaste	:	See *Pranam.*
Narayan	:	God in the created image of a person. Source and support of all 'Naras', which means beings.
Nataraja	:	King (Raja) of dance (Natya). See *Shiva Nataraja.*
Nirguna-Bhakti	:	Loving devotion to the unmanifest and impersonal God.
Pandal	:	Big tent.
Pandavas	:	The five senses including sight, hearing, touch, smell and taste, which when turned inward and merged with Him into One, bring the mind to submission. Then one can relish the taste of His Divine Love. Name of the family representing 'good' in the *Bhagavadgita.* According to Dadaji the Pandavas symbolize the mental concepts of 'good' in its inner struggle with 'evil'.

Paramatman	:	'Parama' means Supreme, '*Atman*' refers to Supreme Being.
Parvati	:	Epithet of the Goddess. Wife of Lord *Shiva.*
Prabhu	:	Absolute God.
Prakriti	:	The world of physical nature.
Prana	:	Life-force or vital breath. Upward moving Life-breath. Life-principle; *Apana* is the downward moving breath of life in exhalation. Krishna is Prana or Prana-Shakti (Life-energy). See *Pranayam.*
Pranam	:	Lit. obeisance. The traditional Indian greeting, clasped hands held in a prayer-like position in front of one's heart region or forehead. Inner meaning is that one's whole body, heart and soul greets the person one loves and respects ('The God within me salutes the God within you'). Pranam refers to traditional greeting by touching the feet of an elder, the inner meaning is both obeisance and willingness to following the footsteps of the revered elder.
Pranarama	:	'Prana' is the vital breath of Life, 'Arama' is solace. Krishna is *Prana* and Satyanarayan, beyond Him, is Pranarama.
Pranava	:	The sacred syllable AUM or OM. The eternal syllable of which all that exists is but the development. Past, present and future are all included in this one sound. The Word.

Pranayam : The moment the movement of *Prana* and *Apana* is arrested. Esoteric breathing practices leading to the control and purification of breath. Dadaji rejects such rituals as egotistical and unnecessary.

Prapti : The second stage of liberation, positive in character as when one recaptures the bond of Love with Truth. The stage of egoless loving which yokes one to relishable Truth. Realization. The first stage is *Moksha,* the third is *Uddhara.*

Prarabdha : The unavoidable evolutionary process of one's life. Destiny or fate. The unfolding maturation process of all physical, mental, and emotional aspects of one's being.

Prasad : The Lord's Grace. Any food distributed after being ceremonially offered to a God.

Prema : Unalloyed, instinctive Divine Love.

Prema Dharma : Religion of Love as preached by *Mahaprabhu.*

Puja : Lit. worship. According to Dadaji the real Puja means that the worshipper, worship and the Worshipped become One. See *Utsava.*

Pundit : Sanskrit scholar.

Purana : A collection of tales of ancient times. In the post-Vedic times the Puranas became the medium to convey Vedic teachings in popular

versions mainly to the unlettered. There are 18 major Puranas (Mahapuranas), amongst them the important Vishnu Purana, and 18 minor (Upapuranas).

Purusha : Lit. male. Refers to the Eternal Supreme Male beyond individual mind. According to Dadaji the Life-principle.

Radha : Female consort of *Krishna.* Through analogy, refers to a pure mind without modalities, attuned with the Almighty. The External Absolute as the counter-whole of the Internal Absolute, Krishna. Radha is the flow of Krishna, who is *Rasa.*

Radha-rin : Debt to Radha or nature.

Raja Sabha : Upper House of the Indian Union Parliament.

Ram, Rama : The hero of the Indian epos *Ramayana*. Regarded as *Avatar* of Lord Vishnu, the Maintainer of Creation.

Ram Thakur : (1860-1949), messenger of Truth in India. *Avatari*, who succeeded Sri Krishna Chaitanya (*Mahaprabhu*). Sri Ram Thakur is the immediate forerunner of Dadaji. Sri Ram Thakur spoke of his Advent again in a new body after 22 years after his death. Dadaji's first major manifestation occurred in 1971.

Ramayana : Classical Indian epos. See *Rama.*

Rasa : Lit. taste. Refers to relishing the taste of the Divine Love of God,

		which is the reason we come into this world. Also, refers to the perfume of a flower, the pure delight of pleasure.
Rasa-Lila	:	Divine Play or sport of Lord *Krishna* with the Gopis in *Vrindavan.*
Rasmalai	:	Famous Bengali sweet.
Rigveda	:	Collection of sacred songs or hymns of praise, the oldest part of the *Vedas.*
Rishi	:	A sage or seer.
Sadhu	:	Derived from 'Sat', meaning Truth. According to Dadaji, it refers to every living being, as Truth is within all. Erroneously used to refer to so-called 'holy' people doing austerities and religious display.
Saguna-Bhakti	:	Loving devotion to a personal God.
Samadhi	:	Lit. directing together, uniting. Perfect union of all faculties. According to Dadaji, this occurs only at the death of the body.
Sanjaya	:	Counsellor of King *Dhritarashtra.* Had the power of clairvoyance. Dadaji calls Sanjaya 'conscience' or 'middle I' in the state of ecstatic joy.
Sannyasa	:	According to *Varn-Ashrama Dharma* the crowning of the four stages (Ashramas) of traditional Hindu life, the stage of renunciation. According to Dadaji

		Sannyasa is the first stage, meaning complete surrender to Him through evaporation of ego.
Sannyasi	:	Renunciate, recluse. One who is on the *Sannyasa* stage.
Sarvodaya	:	'Welfare of all'. Mahatam Gandhi's ideal social order based on all-embracing love and understanding.
Satyanarayan	:	'Satya' means Truth, 'Narayan' means support of all 'Naras', i.e. beings. Supreme Truth, Existence Itself within each being. According to Dadaji, He is the Absolute.
Satya Yuga	:	Age of Truth and goodness, or Golden Age. Age of fulfillment and integral righteousness. Also called Krita Yuga. It ushers in a new Mahayuga, a cycles of four Yugas. According to Dadaji, the new Satya Yuga has set in toward the end of 1980 and will progressively manifest after 1990.
Shabdabrahma	:	'Shabda' means sound, 'Brahma' refers to God, the Essence of Existence. Word as God.
Shakti	:	Divine power or energy, personified as female.
Shastra(s)	:	A rule, treatise or law-book. Shastras belong to the post-Vedic period.
Shiva	:	Lit. Auspicious. Indian God.
Shiva Nataraja	:	Shiva as 'Lord of the Dance'. A name applied to Lord Shiva when He

performs the cosmic Tandava Dance, representing the continuous creation, maintenance and destruction of the universe and indicating a perfect balance between life and death.

Siddhi : Miraculous power. Eight Siddhis are achieved temporarily through Yoga practices. Dadaji says these Siddhis belong to God along and anything achieved by a person by doing certain practices is temporary, egotistical and unnecessary.

Sitar : Indian string instrument.

Sreekshetra : Abode of Divine Love.

Sri : Holy, graceful, auspicious, revered.

Srimad-Bhagavatam : The sacred book on the Visnu-*Avataras* and the life of *Krishna,* embodying the culmination of Vedic wisdom. Considered as the representative in scriptural form of Krishna of *Vraja.*

Subrahmanya : Indian God. 'Su' means joy or auspiciousness, 'Brahma' is God or the Supreme Reality, 'Nya' denotes whatever derives its origin in the Supreme reality. Thus Subrahmanya means the 'One who took his origin from the Supreme Reality which is joy, and is inseparable from that Reality'. Ancient Dravidian folk-divinity with the Tamil name Muruga or *Kumara-Muruga.*

Surya : The Sun-God of the *Rigveda.*

Swami	:	Master, Lord. Also used as honorific for saints.
Tamasha	:	Playful application of occult power.
Tandava Dance	:	See *Shiva Nataraja.*
Tapasya	:	Penance, austerity. Dadaji says that to earn one's keep and to bear *Prarabdha* is our penance.
Treta Yuga	:	Lit. Age of Triads, Tri means three. The age in which three-forth of the cardinal virtues are in operation. One of four cyclic time periods. See *Yuga.*
Trimurti	:	Lit. Having three forms. The Hindu triad, the three manifestations of the Supreme Being, represented by Brahma, Vishnu and Shiva, each being associated with a specific cosmic function.
Uddhara	:	Salvation, resurrection into the Absolute after leaving the final, subtle body. Third and highest stage of liberation, the first being *Mukti* and the second *Prapti*. According to Dadaji the only way to liberation, realization and salvation is *Mahanam.*
Upanishad(s)	:	Lit. 'At the Feet of God'. Concluding portion of Vedic scriptures which poetically expresses the full splendor of inner vision. The central theme is that the outer Truth of the universe and the inner Truth of individuals are One. Essential message: That Thou Art.

Utsava	:	Lit. 'Ut' means giving up, 'Sava' means body. The occasion when Sri Satyanarayan manifests in the Puja and one is illuminated by Supreme Truth. A gathering of brothers and sisters to experience Utsava was first held in 1970 in Dadaji's home. In 1972 it was moved to Somnath Hall, Calcutta, to accommodate the larger Utsava gathering held in October.
Vac	:	The primal omnipotent Sound as the matrix of all Creation.
Vaishnava	:	Follower of Lord Vishnu or Lord *Krishna.*
Vanaprastha	:	According to *Varn-Ashrama Dharma* the third of the four Ashramas (stages) of traditional Hindu life, the ascetic life in the forest after the busy life of *Grihastha.*
Varn-Ashrama Dharma	:	The traditional 'Code of Right Living' of the Hindus, dividing the ideal cycle of individual life into four stages (Ashramas): *Brahmacarya, Grihastha, Vanaprastha, Sannyasa.* Dadaji speaks of three stages in a different order: First comes Sannyasa, then Brahmcarya, and the highest stage is Grihastha.
Veda	:	Lit. Knowledge. A term specifically applied to the four collections called Vedas: Rigveda, Samaveda, Yayurveda, Atharvaveda.

Vedanta : Lit. End of the Veda, i.e., the complete knowledge of the Veda. A re-interpretation of the basic truths in the light of the revelations of the *Upanishads.*

Vibuthi : Manifestation of superhuman power. Also the ashes with which Lord *Shiva* smears his body.

Vidura : Step-brother of the blind King *Dhritarashtra*. Vidura had *Mahajnana* (Integral Knowledge).

Vraja : The region or landscape where the Divine sport of *Radha* and *Krishna* (Vraja-Lila) is manifested. Also called *Vrindavan* or the Divine State.

Vraja-Lila : See Vraja.

Vrindavan : The solitary Abode within each person, wherein Divine Name exists. Symbolically represented by the playground of devotional love between Lord *Krishna* and His resort *Radha.*

Yajna : A sacrificial ritual. According to Dadaji the only true sacrifice is the passive performance and completion of work, that is, selfless work done without concern for the results.

Yati : An Ascetic.

Yoga : Lit. Union or the 'act of yoking (to) another'. Originally the yoking of mind and body without religious connotation, going back to pre-Vedic

times. There are various systems of Yoga, the system of Patanjali being the most prominent. According to Dadaji these systems of physical and mental practices are unnecessary and ego-based.

Yogi : Master of Yoga. According to Dadaji a true Yogi is one who lives in a natural state and does everything with God in mind.

Yuga : An Age, cycle or period of time, particularly the four Ages that include *Satya Yuga* (Age of Truth), sometimes also called Krita Yuga, *Treta Yuga* (Age of perfection), Dvapara Yuga (Age of serving through work), *Kali Yuga* (Age of destruction). Commonly believed to total 4,320,000 years, which is termed as a Mahayuga. However, according to Dadaji, the span of the Yugas each varies from 3,000 to 5,000 years.

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